THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

APRIL 2, 1949

15¢

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BATTLESHIP KILLER

THE WAR'S STRANGEST STORY

OUR REEKING HALLS OF JUSTICE

What America Means to Me

AVIATRIX . . . See cover story page 10

APRIL 2, 1949

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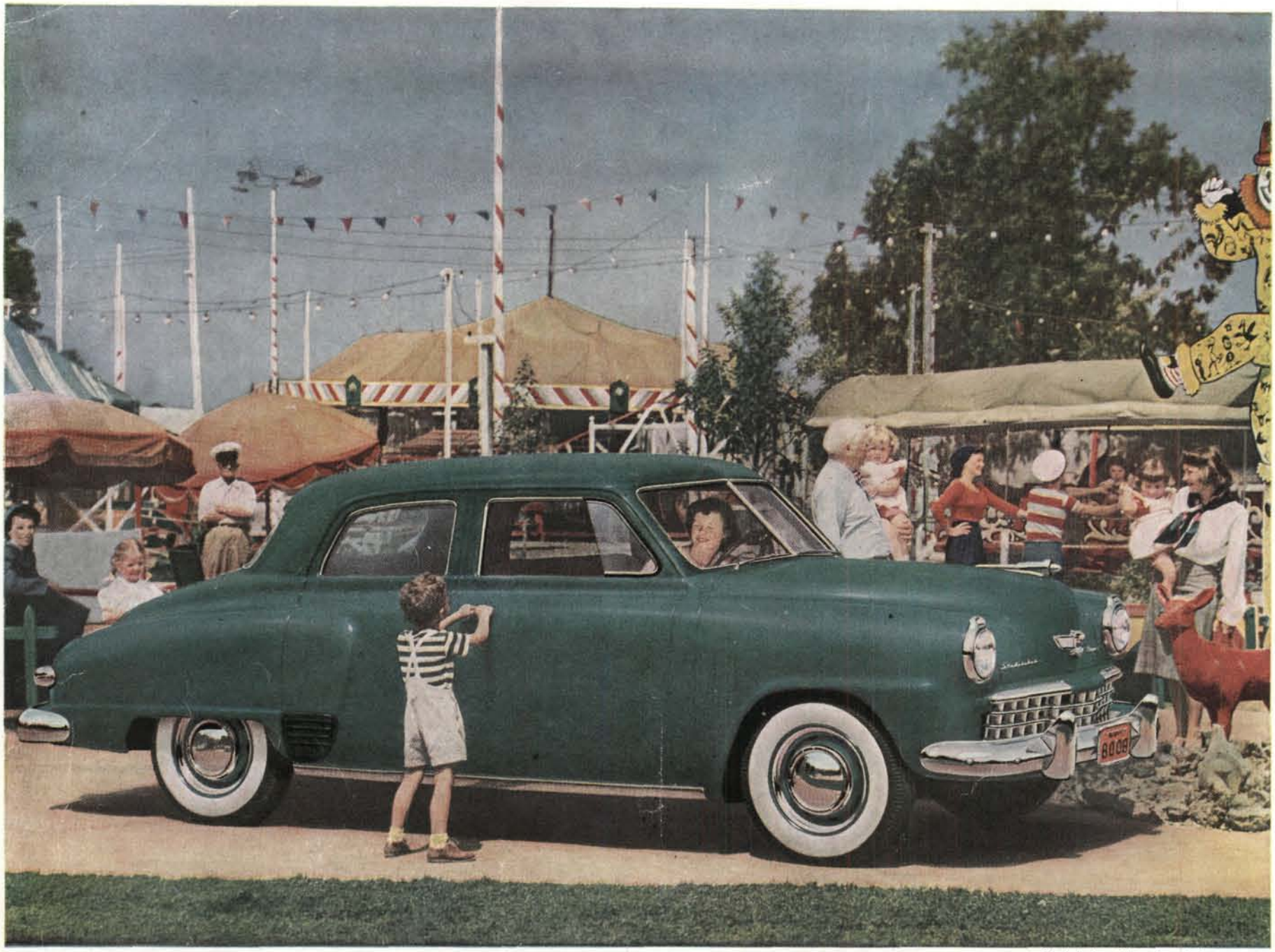

Studebaker Champion 4-door sedan

Studebaker's the '49 buy word

for a welcome new kind of low-cost mileage

ALMOST everyone likes the flight-streamed design of the new Studebaker—but the really big distinction of this postwar dream car is the way it holds down operating expense.

In gasoline savings alone, a new Studebaker does much to help keep many a family's income in balance with outgo.

What's more, owners of new Studebakers hardly ever face the problem of finding the money for costly repairs.

Even the brakes of a new Studebaker rarely require maintenance attention. They automatically adjust themselves to lining wear. You have the firm brake pedal feel of a brand new car for thousands of miles.

It's smart to be fussy this year in buying a new car. Make Studebaker's low-cost mileage your measure of real money's worth.

White sidewall tires, wheel trim rings and license plate frames, available on all models at extra cost.

A new vision of loveliness—Smart decorator-fabric upholsteries grace all the 1949 Studebaker interiors. One of the luxurious new Champion interiors is illustrated here. Studebaker's Land Cruiser sedan is upholstered in nylon.

New thrills and new thrift—Automatic overdrive at its finest heightens the pleasure of Studebaker performance. Riding's like gliding. Studebaker's overdrive costs a little extra but starts repaying you in extra savings right away.

You make your own "weather"—Studebaker's exclusive Climatizer has revolutionized car ventilating and heating. Draft-free fresh air—heated or not, as you prefer—circulates evenly throughout the car. Moderate extra cost.

Trustworthy structural soundness is built into every Studebaker by America's most painstaking automotive craftsmen. Many of them are members of unique father-and-son teams.

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So you're afraid to wear that blue suit...

AFRAID those telltale flakes and scales may stamp you as a careless person . . . may shout to the world . . ."Infectious dandruff!"?

Well Brother, here's good news for you. You can put that blue suit back in service when you get started with Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

Real results quickly

It's wonderful how often this method gets results. Why rely on so-called cures of the overnight variety? It's wonderful to see how quickly flakes and scales begin to disappear . . . how soon scalp and hair start back to normal.

You see, *Listerine Antiseptic treats the infectious type of dandruff as an infection should be treated . . . with rapid germ-killing action.*

As it bathes scalp and hair, Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale), the germ that many dermatologists claim to be a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Every time you wash your hair

If you have the slightest sign of flakes and scales (and particularly if they persist) make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a regular part of hair care. It's a wonderful precaution . . . a healthful treatment.

Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

Incidentally, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

The "BOTTLE BACILLUS"
(PITYROSPORUM OVALE)

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night.

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week to guard against infection.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC — Quick! FOR INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

P. S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?

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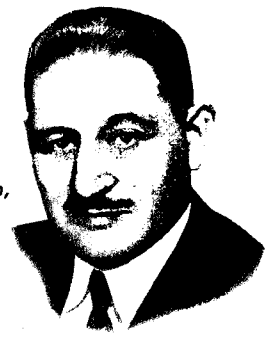
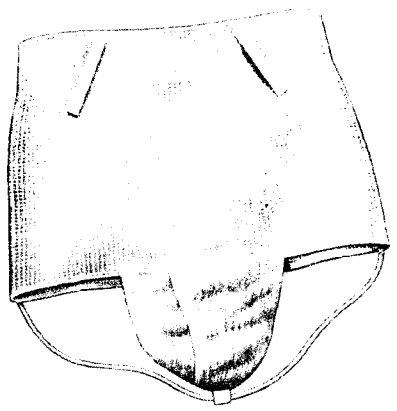
"I've tried 'em all"

says truck driver Ephraim Goldstein, Chicago



"and none gives the support and comfort of 'Bracer*' Royal!"

SUPPORTER BELT



Thanks, Mr. Goldstein. Men everywhere say "BRACER" Royal helps them stand right, feel right, look right.

In a class by itself, "BRACER" Royal has a full 2-way stretch, all-elastic eyelet knit waistband, lightweight, cool and comfortable. It gently but firmly holds your stomach in—you stand straighter, feel better, your clothes fit better. Exclusive tubular elastic leg bands . . . no crease, no curl, no roll—roomy, self-adjusting fly-front pouch is perfect for all-day wear.

Ask at your department, men's wear, drug or surgical store for the finest garment of its kind . . . "BRACER" Royal $5.00

"BRACER*"—a popular priced garment with many of the same features..... $3.50

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago 16

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The Week's Mail

A QUEND IN NEED IS A KEND INDEED

DEAR EDITOR: Here are some suggestions for coining a new $1,000 word meaning "someone who isn't quite a friend but little more than an acquaintance," as requested by William Tecumseh Beeches, in The Week's Mail for Feb. 12th. Take a little of acquaintance and a little of friend and you have acquend or quend. After thinking it over kend came to me and I like it best. Kend sounds like akin to friend and it also sounds like a kind of friend.

ASTRID TIPLER, Wenatchee, Wash.

. . . I am pleased to offer "wixbet," coined from the phrase "betwixt and between." Thus: "He was a wixbet of mine."

KENNETH K. MCCLURE, Greenville, Pa.

. . . In reply to Mr. Beeches' request for someone who isn't quite a friend but is more than an acquaintance may I submit the word "creditor"?

THOMAS M. HARRIS, Ontario, Cal.

. . . May I suggest "conviviant"?

FRANK R. HORTON, Dumont, N. J.

. . . Why not use the first four letters of acquaintance, and the last four of the Spanish word friend, which is *amigo*, thusly "acqumigo" and pronounce it ac-qua-me-go?

C. C. COUVILLON, Pomona, Cal.

. . . The word is "in-law."

H. DONOHUE, San Leandro, Cal.

. . . How about offering a Roosevelt dime for the best word for Webster to ignore to use when speaking of one who isn't quite a moron but is a little more than a boob?

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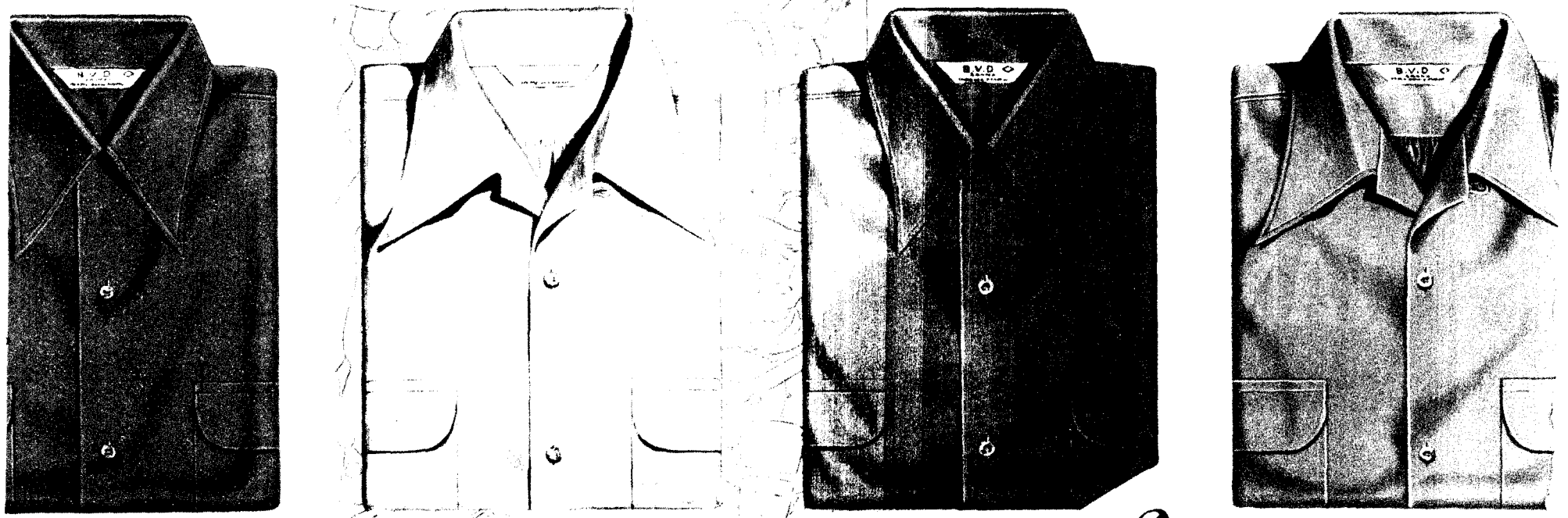
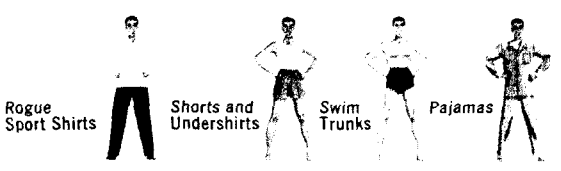
something worth
celebrating!

B.V.D. SPORT SHIRTS
in new

Confetti Colors!



"Next to myself I like 'B.V.D.' best!"



What a welcome you'll give them... B.V.D.'s newest, neatest group of Ruggers shirts in summery "Confetti Colors"! Soft, cool, fresh tones...tones to make you the smartest party in any crowd! You'll say "Hooray" to B.V.D.'s smooth, washable, long-wearing fabrics and B.V.D.'s freedom-of-action tailoring. You'll cheer the famous convertible collar, with its loop closure that makes it look right, open or with a tie! So inexpensive you'll want to celebrate with a whole collection. In the gay Confetti Colors shown—gray, gold, rust and blue. $4.95

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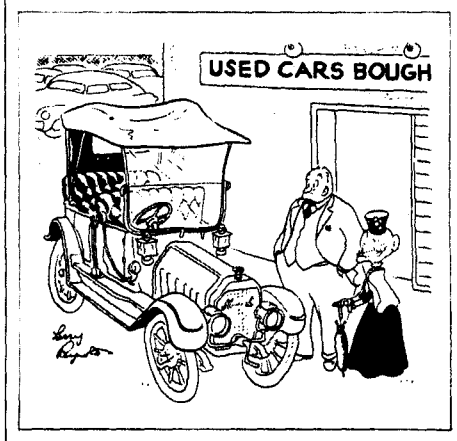
Directed by SAM WOOD • *Screen Play by Jo Swerling and Herman J. Mankiewicz*
Original Story by Paul Gallico • RE-RELEASED by RKO Radio Pictures Inc.

Maybe Broadway has a word for it, but we haven't in Chicago.

E. P. HERMAN, Chicago, Ill.

ROLLING STOCK

SIRS: The really funny thing about Larry Reynold's cartoon (Jan. 29th) is that there are hundreds of rabid "veteran motorcar" fanatics who would give Granny up to a



"It's hardly been used. I had it up on blocks during both world wars"

thousand dollars for her well-preserved pre-1914 relic. Some early models bring more now than they did brand-new, thirty or more years ago.

PAUL ST.-GAUDENS, Cambridge, Mass.

ABE

DEAR EDITOR: Have just finished reading W. B. Courtney's The Face Everyone Knows (Feb. 12th). Think it is a lovely tribute to a great man. Thank you and Mr. Courtney for it. Would it be possible to get a larger picture of Argudin's painting?

MEDORA VANSCOY, Elkins, W. Va.

TALE OF A TUB

SIR: Re original bathtub item, Keep Up With the World (Feb. 5th), my grandfather, Mr. Ralph Gilpinson, who was a boy in Mishawaka, Indiana, recalls that the family down the road got the first tub in the area in the winter of '58. All the boys wanted to go over and take baths, but their mothers wouldn't permit it till the weather got warmer. For the first six months after my grandfather's home got a tub, he wanted to take a bath every night, but his parents insisted that too-frequent bathing "wasn't a good thing for a young boy." Winston's Book of Home Remedies cautioned that overbathing was "likely to cause serious internal disorders."

After a few months, however, the novelty of bath taking began to vanish. About the same time, parents decided bathing wasn't such a bad thing for their offspring after all, thereby ending one of the greatest paradoxes in the history of parent-child relations. LEONARD BEZARK, JR., Chicago, Ill.

FIVE OF A KIND (AND ALL TRUMPS, TOO)

DEAR SIRS: We have just finished reading Three Little Girls Wore Blue (Jan. 29th). Our hats go off to Matt Taylor for such an amusing yet true characterization of life as an air-line stewardess.

"FIVE LITTLE GIRLS WHO WEAR BLUE,"
Seattle, Wash.

SWEET, CLEAN, NEW-FASHIONED GIRL

DEAR SIRS: In reply to Mr. V. Hombeak's letter in which he wistfully mourns the demise of the sweet, clean, old-fashioned girl, if woman has become degenerate (assuming she has) it is because man besotted and depraved himself, has demanded women who can shine equally well in barroom, bowling alley, dance hall and what not; who can match him wisecrack for wisecrack, cigarette for cigarette, and drink him under the table. And since man, lost in his own egoism, firmly believes that woman was created merely as a complement to him, to shine in his reflected glory, then the poor, sincere, demure girl sitting home alone, vainly waiting for the long-extinct Prince Charming, is surely a pitiful creature. Could it be that now you don't like the thing which you have created? Do you think you can now banish woman from the parlor and return her to the kitchen?

Oh, Mr. Hombeak—too late!

TERESA M. DONATO, Malden, Mass.

POLAROID DARKNESS

DEAR SIR: J. C. Furnas in Darkness Is Danger (Feb. 12th) says that "the Polaroid headlight may prove to be a great lifesaver." The Polaroid headlight has been available for at least ten years. It will never save any lives until national legislation is enacted forcing all manufacturers to adopt it. Since it is more costly to install and no commercial advantage could be gained by it auto makers have given it the cold shoulder. For some, darkness is death.

A. M. CAMPBELL, Seneca, Mo.

B-36

DEAR SIR: In Our Aerial Arsenal (Dec. 25th) you said that the B-36 was the world's biggest bomber. As I recall another article elsewhere Russia had the biggest bomber in the world, eight engines. Which is the larger bomber?

RONALD L. BRANDENBURG, Adak, Alaska

The B-36 will carry the largest bomb load the greatest distance at the highest speed, possibly at the highest altitude. If the Russians have a plane that can outperform this, we don't know about it.

WORRY WART

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: I worry about everything and when nothing goes wrong, I worry because I have nothing to worry about. Recently I've worried because I've not been able to sleep.

One night I read It's Smart to Be Stupid (Feb. 5th). John E. Gibson has convinced me I am *not* a moron (sometimes I wasn't sure) and that I must have a very high I.Q., and that *that* is what keeps me awake nights.

Now that I know the answers, I won't worry any more, and I'll turn in *early* tonight, and get a good night's sleep.

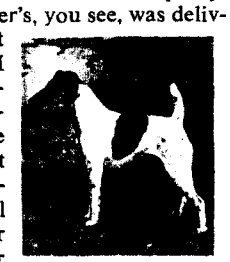
But if I *do* stop worrying, and get that night's sleep, maybe I *am* a moron after all! Oh, dear—it'll take me till 3:00 A.M. to figure it out!

MRS. DOROTHY AHRENS, Nutley, N. J.

DOGGONE SMART DOG

DEAR SIRS: Having long known that dogs were smart, I wasn't too surprised to see a letter (The Week's Mail, Jan. 29th) from one of your canine readers, smooth-haired fox terrier Tippy Tarantous, in which he said a lot of nice things about his fellow smooth, the late Champion Nornay Saddler. What floored me was his gift of mental telepathy.

That issue of Collier's, you see, was delivered to my door not two minutes after I had put the last period to the last chapter of a book I have been writing about Saddler, greatest dog-show winner of all time and a wonder dog in many other ways, too. Fact is, I was twice floored. Your caption over Tippy's letter was "I'm An Old Smoothie." My book's title is Old Smoothie.



Champion Nornay Saddler

If Tippy sends me his address, I'll send him a copy of the book when published, even though he spelled Saddler with one "d." Never did meet a dog who could spell worth a darn anyway.

DON REYNOLDS, Croton on Hudson, N. Y.

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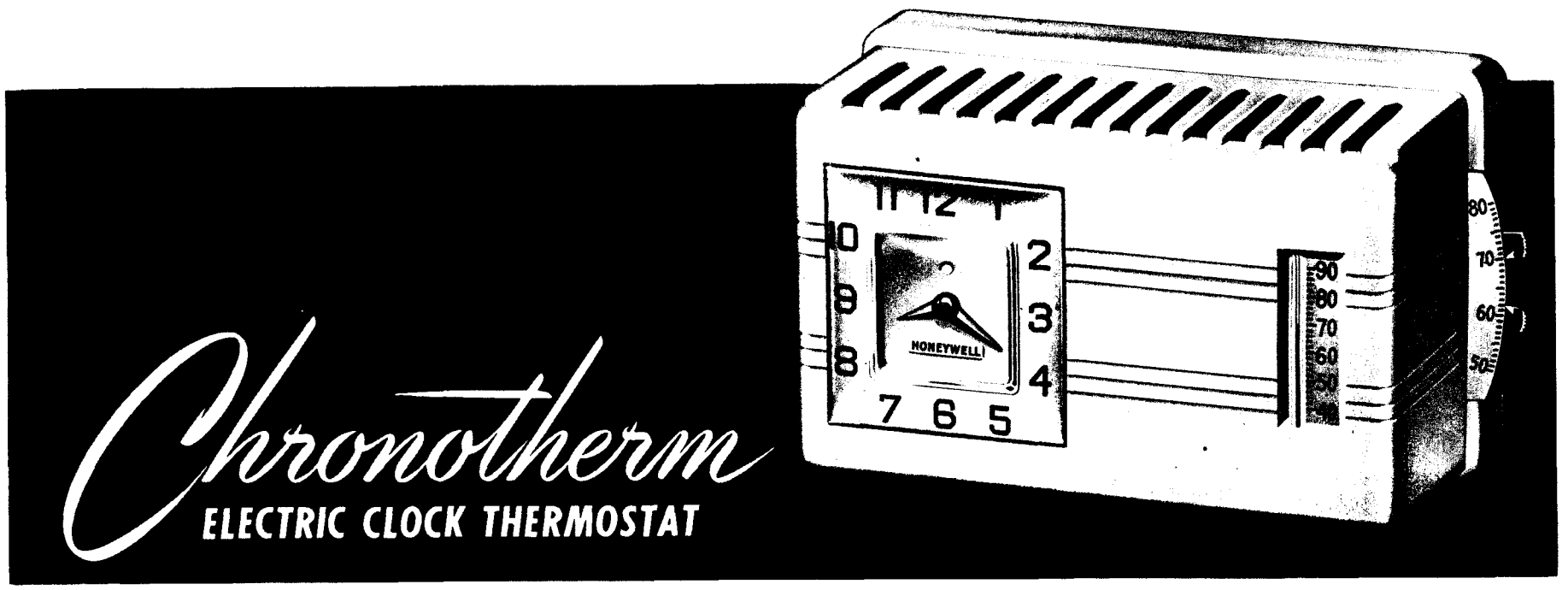
HOME OWNERS say that the two things they want most from their heating plant are comfort and fuel economy . . . Chronotherm, Honeywell's electric clock thermostat, gives both . . . It switches to lower fuel-saving temperature at night, then restores daytime comfort in the morning before you arise—*all automatically!*



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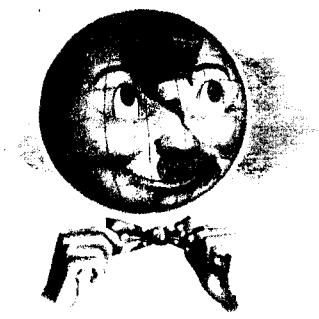

Keep Up with the World

No event in hotel history ever caused such a furor as the opening of the Tremont House in Boston in 1829, because it surpassed, in accommodations, all other inns and taverns in the world. Instead of making four or five strangers sleep together in one bed, the Tremont gave each guest a whole room with a lock on the door and clean linen on the bed. Instead of having to use an outside pump to wash, each guest was supplied with a bowl and a pitcher of water. Another of the Tremont's numerous innovations was the employment of bellboys whom it called "rotunda men."

A unique disaster, which occurred in Boston at noon on January 15, 1919, was the explosion of a tank containing 2,000,000 gallons of molasses. As the sides of the huge cylindrical structure toppled over, they crushed ten buildings, causing property damage of more than $1,000,000. Twenty-one persons were killed and 50 were injured. The victims were either caught in the falling buildings or trapped in the sticky deluge of molasses in the adjacent streets.—*By David J. Thomas, Brockton, Mass.*

Some years ago at Harvard, a chemistry professor lost a wager and, consequently, kept his promise to "eat his shirt." To make it digestible, he dissolved the garment in an acid, neutralized the acid with a base, filtered out the precipitated material, spread it on bread and had it for lunch.

The least known of the traffic signals used by U.S. railroads is the blue flag or blue light. It is placed on each end of cars and locomotives undergoing repairs on a siding or work track and means *Do not move for any reason,* thus safeguarding men who may be working under them.

Between 1917, when Ivar Kreuger of Sweden began to monopolize the world's match industry, and 1932, when he committed suicide in Paris, this man became the greatest swindler of all time. By faking the financial statements of hundreds of his companies, many nonexistent, he sold large issues of their stocks and bonds, using capital to pay dividends and interest. When Kreuger's financial structure had become so big and complex that he was no longer able to handle it and, therefore, killed himself, he had swindled investors out of $500,000,000, half of which had come from the United States. During these years, although a bachelor, he had maintained three country estates and seven homes in five cities and had personally spent an average of $160,000 *a week.*

The largest recorded meteorite that ever hit the earth was the Tunguska Meteorite which crashed in a forest in Siberia on June 30, 1908. While the shock caused the ground to tremble for hundreds of miles and was registered on most seismographs in the Eastern Hemisphere, the damage done was not known until 1927 when an expedition was sent to report on it. The mass was estimated to have weighed about 40,000 tons. The explosive violence of its impact had not only broken it into 200 pieces, but had also felled some 80,000,000 trees within a radius of 35 miles.

No sea mystery was ever more baffling than the disappearance of the 9,000-ton British liner Waratah off the coast of South Africa, presumably on July 28, 1909. The ship, which was returning to London from Australia on its maiden voyage, had left Durban for Cape Town with 211 passengers and crew members. It was traveling in a busy lane within sight of land, and had it fired them its rockets could have been seen by other ships and from the shore. Yet no one saw any distress signal, and the five vessels that searched for weeks failed to find any trace of the missing Waratah.

American Negroes have a special national anthem, Lift Every Voice and Sing, which was composed by Rosamond Johnson and his brother James Weldon Johnson. It has been sung on all important occasions in Negro institutions since its introduction on Lincoln's Birthday in 1900 by the colored school children of Jacksonville, Florida.

A London firm specializes in the manufacture of a large variety of "antiseptic" canes, lashes, straps and whips and has 10,000 steady customers—schools in England and overseas which flog students for disobedience.

The only bird whose wings, owing to their soft plumage, make no sound during flight is the owl.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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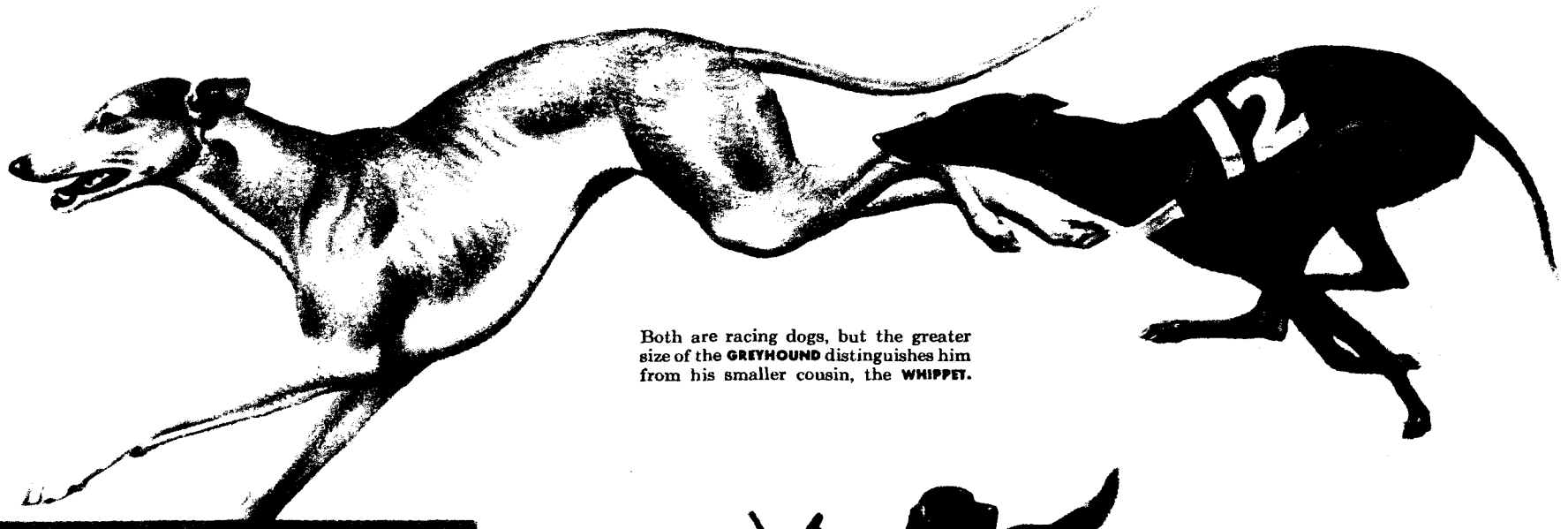

Both are racing dogs, but the greater size of the **GREYHOUND** distinguishes him from his smaller cousin, the **WHIPPET.**

When you see these dogs

THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*

distinguish the breeds

**Prepared in cooperation with Arthur Frederick Jones, Editor, American Kennel Gazette.*

All three are setters — but the "Trade-marks" of Nature distinguish each breed.

The **GORDON SETTER** (*left*) always has a black coat with tan markings.

The **ENGLISH SETTER** (*foreground*) is white, usually with blue, orange or lemon markings.

The **IRISH SETTER** (*right*) is identified by a coat of rich red mahogany or golden chestnut.

The short, crooked forelegs, heavier set body and the loose folds of skin on the neck, head and face of the **BASSET HOUND** (*left*) distinguish it from the **BEAGLE** (*right*).

The **COLLIE** (*left*) is identified by a long, tapering profile with almost no break at the brow. The **BORDER COLLIE** is smaller, his head is shorter and broader, and the forehead is more pronounced.

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THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL"

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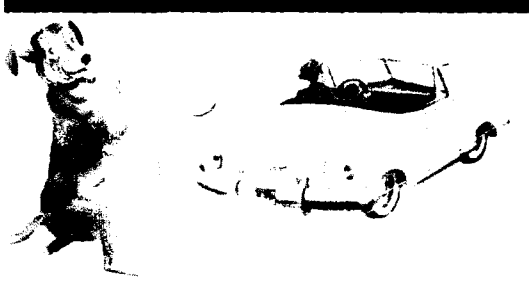

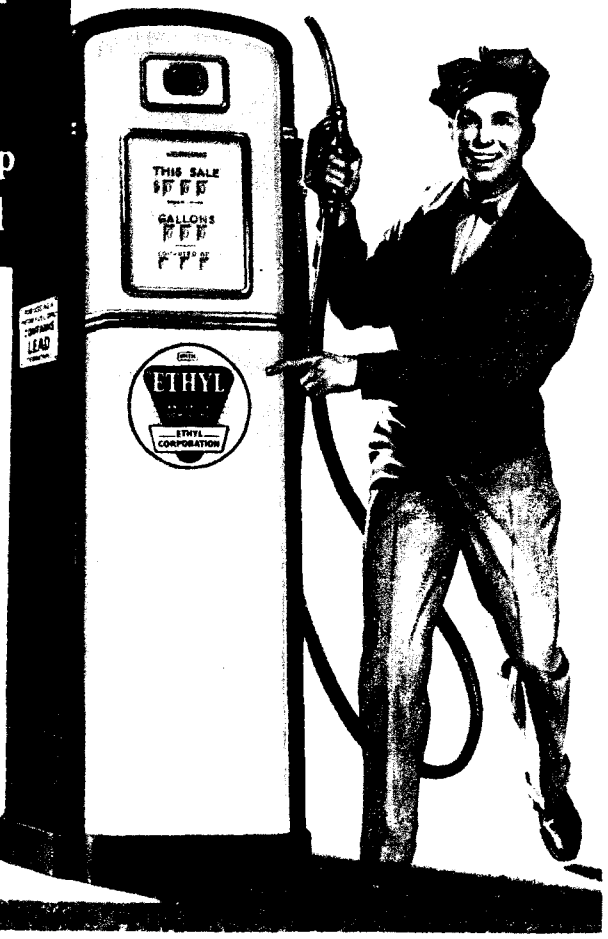

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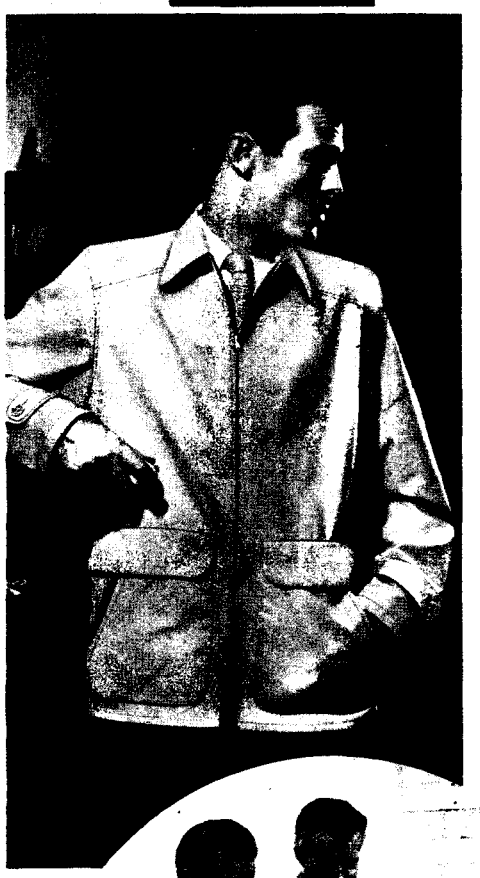

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(top) "GOLFER"—WASHABLE! With zipper score card pocket, pencil holder, tee slot under pocket flap. Grey, natural, cocoa tan, blue grey, silver tan, sandune, new green. Sizes 36 to 46. About $12.95.

(right) "SNAPPER"—WASHABLE! Full and roomy, hip length, hidden pockets. Elastic waistband. Silver tan, grey, natural, sandune. Sizes 36 to 46. About $10.

(below) "EASY STREET"—WASHABLE! Full deep double entry pockets. Sandune, natural, cocoa tan, silver tan, blue grey. Sizes 36 to 46. About $12.95.

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The Week's Work

STARRED author of the week for There Are Older Things Than War (p. 13), Benjamin Siegel puts it this way: "I'm thirty-four, married, live in Manhattan. Freelancing since my first sale in 1946 to Collier's broke me of the habit of working for a living. Between pages I like to pick up a guitar and feel that I'm Burl Ives. My ambition is, someday, to live where the sound of a typewriter at three in the morning annoys no one but myself. Without leaving New York, that is. There Are Older Things Than War was written in recall of the happiest time of my generation so far: the period (short) following V-E Day."

THERE are, according to Frank D. Morris (Stampede in Stamps, p. 26), two kinds of stamp collectors: philatelists and phoolatelists. The latter fall into the category of folk who say they had a chance to buy AT & T when it sold for ¼, and Palm Springs for a quarter an acre when it was nothing but baked sand and empty vistas—but didn't. "Like them," mourns Mr. Morris, "I gave up collecting cigarette pictures when I was eight and collected nothing thereafter except dust and money. I never collected a single stamp in my life. If I'd followed the advice I have to offer in my stamp piece, things would indeed have been different."

And evidently different they will be. When last we looked, Mr. Morris was bending over a brand-new stamp album, inserting what looked like a nice fresh batch of Washington and Lee Commemorative three-centers and estimating his profits for 1959.

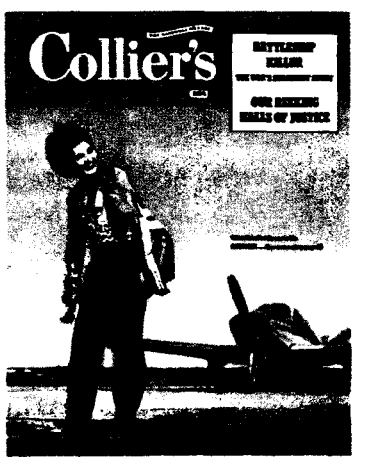
Just to help Mr. Morris on his way, we looked up some of the things Mr. Morris might be pointing toward to round out his embryonic collection. The Scott Stamp and Coin people inform us that at current prices the British Guiana 1856 one-cent magenta, the most valuable stamp in the world, is worth $50,000; the British Guiana 1850 two-cent pale rose comes to $17,500; while the Mauritius 1847 one-penny orange would cost Mr. Morris $20,000 unused, $15,000 used.

Should Mr. M. plan to add some local numbers, the U.S. Postmaster Provisional 1846 Alexandria, Virginia, five-cent blue would set him back $15,000; the New Haven, Connecticut, 1845 five-cent blue on buff and five-cent dull blue on white $10,000 each; and so on.

WE ASKED Bennett Foster about the phrase, *"Where floats the stick, there too goes he,"* he uses so effectively in his Willow Woman (p. 20), and he says that it's old mountain trapper talk. Seems beaver traps were always set in water with a float stick attached. A scent bait was used, so placed that when the beaver scented it, his foot would strike the trap pan, and the poor animal would be caught. In attempting to free himself the beaver would dive, drown and finally end up in Revillon Frères. The float stick, meanwhile, marked the location and allowed the owner to secure the catch. Each trapper has his own marked sticks.

From the sticks came the expression: A man's stick floated so and so, meaning that he was inclined that way or meaning to travel that way. Two trappers meeting might ask each other, "Where floats your stick?" instead of, "How's things, pal?". . .

TED SHANE



This week's cover: Photographer David Peskin found Ann Hamilton, the girl on the cover, at Roosevelt Field, Long Island, New York. As she strode away from her plane, he saw in the combination of space, strength and freedom, a suggestion of the spirit of America. And when he brought the picture to Collier's, we saw the same quality. We asked Miss Hamilton what America meant to her. This is what she told us: "Say 'America' to me and I see a great sweep of wonderful color that seems to fill the world. I was born in Enid, Oklahoma. Out there, everywhere a child turned, he faced the United States. For me there was never any end to America. There still isn't.

"I'm a flier. As a Wasp during the war, I flew just about everything they'd let a woman handle. I know what it is to sit in the sky feeling the thrill of power in your hands. By the time you read this, I'll be in Japan with the military government helping to get the idea of democracy across to people who were once our enemies.

"For America, this job is something like sitting in the sky with tremendous power at your command. The U.S. could take advantage of its strength, but it doesn't—for all of us have grown up with respect for the liberties of groups and individuals. If there are going to be storms ahead, it will be our duty to stay on the beam, to keep our sights on basic human rights. If we do that, we'll continue to be what I call the best bunch of people under God's blue sky."

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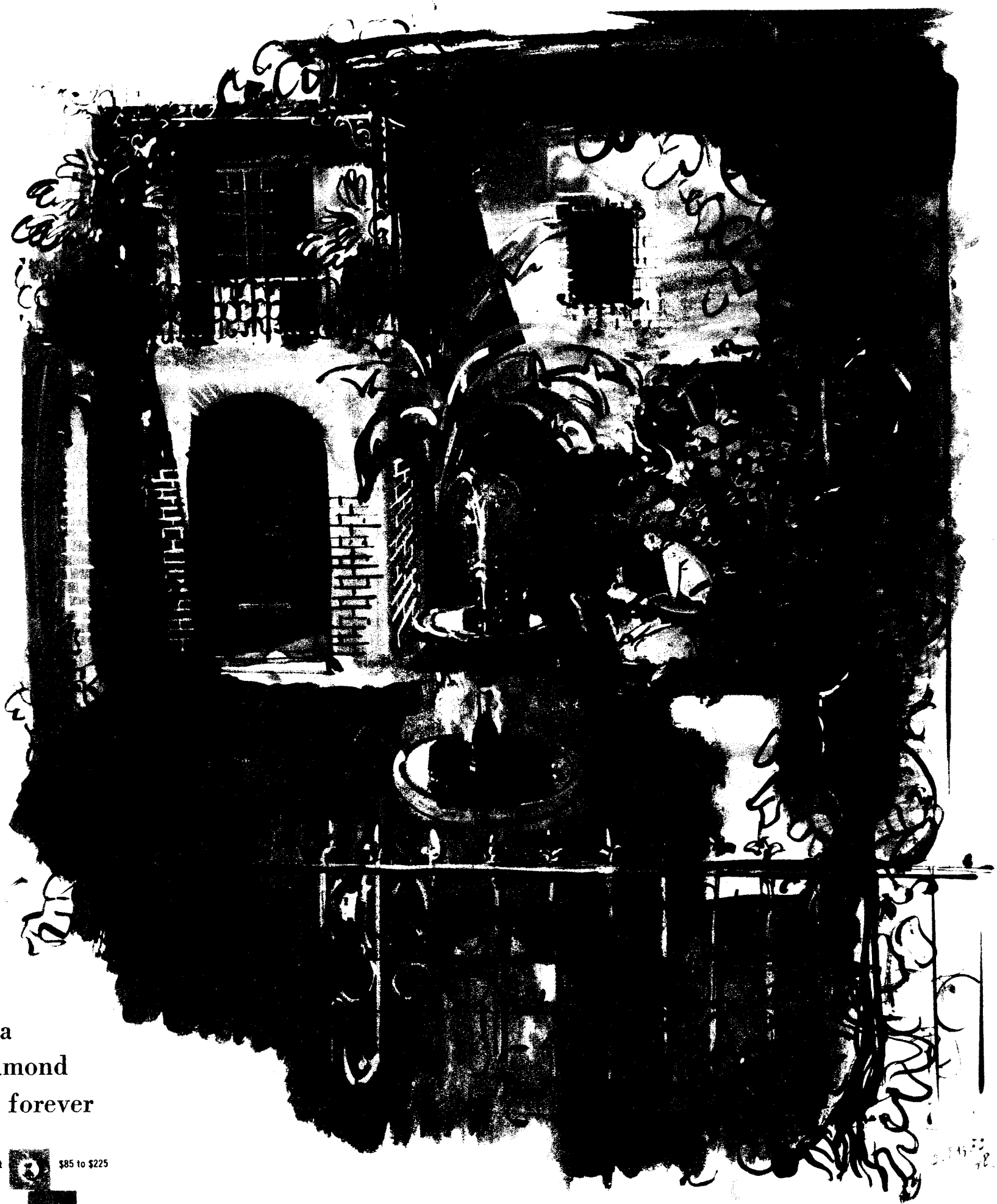

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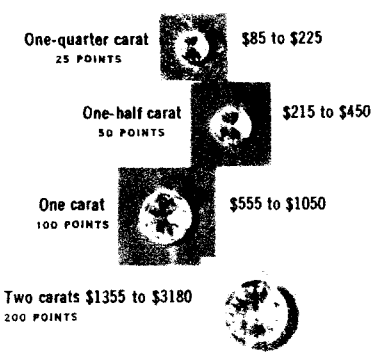

The above price ranges were developed for your guidance through a nationwide survey among representative jewelers in January, 1949. (Exact weights shown are infrequent.) Add Federal tax.

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There's been magic in each passing moment of their new lives . . . in the stirring silence as he waited at the altar steps . . . in the gay laughter as she tossed her bride's bouquet . . . and now, in the quiet beauty of the days they share in love. Such things the heart remembers . . . such things a diamond can recall forever, in lights that grow more bright with meaning through the years. That is why her engagement diamond should be worthy of pride. Her diamond need not be costly, or of many carats, but it should be chosen with care. Color, cutting and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to its beauty and value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser.

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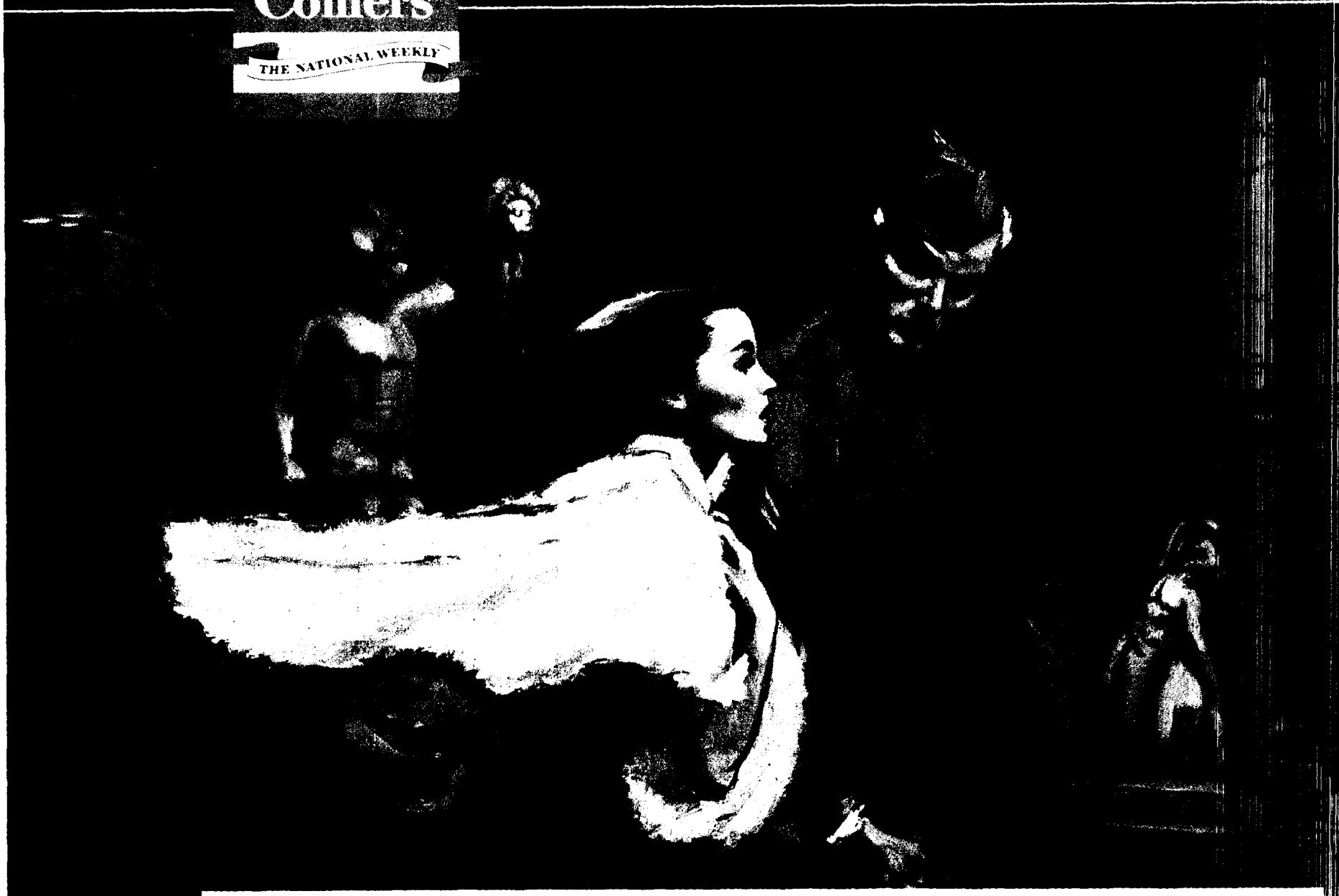

THERE ARE OLDER THINGS THAN WAR

By BENJAMIN SIEGEL

And the oldest of these is love. It can bring people together, or keep them apart. Both things happened to the Italian girl and the American boy, who believed that anything was possible

WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S $1,000 BONUS AWARD
Collier's ☆ STAR STORY

THERE wasn't too much difference between this and a dance at home. The band was about as good as a pickup group for a wedding party. The place was called the Florentine Gardens, on the banks of the Arno. It didn't say that Allied soldiers were welcome, but there were no off-limits signs.

I stood watching the dancing for a while but all the good-looking girls had their *fidanzati* along, and the fiancés watched the girls all the time. I saw a few girls alone whom I would not have minded dancing with, but nobody I really wanted to. Finally a face separated itself from the mob and stayed in focus in my mind while everything around it was a background blur. I watched her for the length of one dance and she wasn't dancing and she didn't seem to know anybody. She didn't seem to belong there, not as if she were embarrassed or a misfit, but because of the calm, quiet way she stood watching the people.

I worked my way around to her when the music stopped and when it began again I said, *"Ballare?"*

"No," she said. It wasn't no, thanks, or, I'm tired. It was just a quiet no. I wasn't sure that she had even seen me.

I danced with two or three other girls and later, between dances, I asked her again, feeling truculent and foolish.

She smiled. It took away her detachment and made her a kid. "The next one. I promised this one."

The band played a very popular Italian song called Polvere di Stelle. Stardust. They didn't sound like Dorsey but you could close your eyes and almost feel back home. I stood that one out. Then they started a throaty continental piece they had taken from the French. Tornarai. I went to claim her. We moved a foot or two through the crowded floor without saying a word. Then I said, "In Italy, how do you ask a girl to spend the rest of the evening only with you?"

She told me and I waited a while and then I repeated it

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

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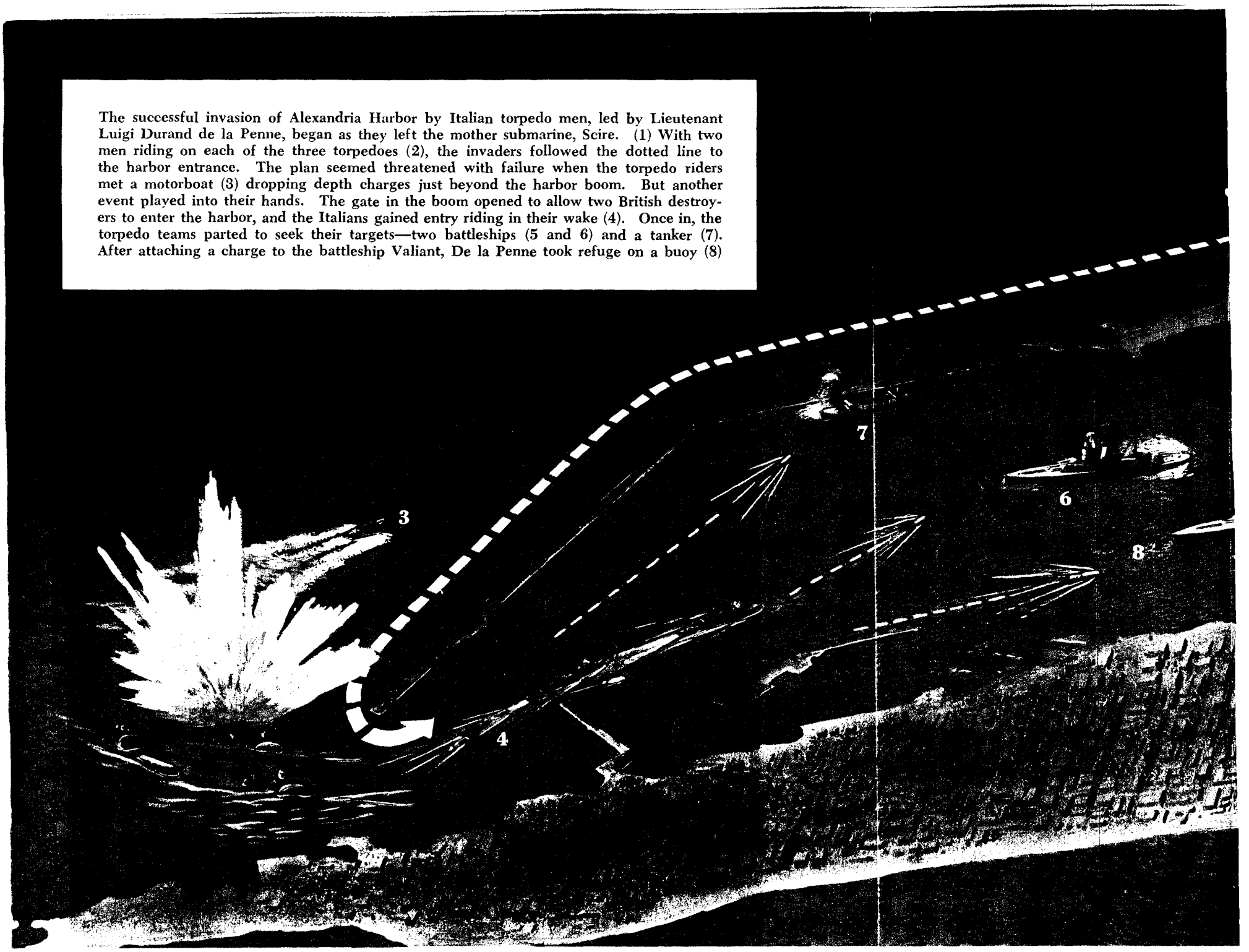
The successful invasion of Alexandria Harbor by Italian torpedo men, led by Lieutenant Luigi Durand de la Penne, began as they left the mother submarine, Scire. (1) With two men riding on each of the three torpedoes (2), the invaders followed the dotted line to the harbor entrance. The plan seemed threatened with failure when the torpedo riders met a motorboat (3) dropping depth charges just beyond the harbor boom. But another event played into their hands. The gate in the boom opened to allow two British destroyers to enter the harbor, and the Italians gained entry riding in their wake (4). Once in, the torpedo teams parted to seek their targets—two battleships (5 and 6) and a tanker (7). After attaching a charge to the battleship Valiant, De la Penne took refuge on a buoy (8)



Battleship Killer-The War's Strangest Story

Prince Julio Borghese (left) commanded the sub that launched the attackers

ONE mild December night back in 1941, an Italian naval officer by the name of De la Penne clung to a buoy in Alexandria Harbor as searchlights from British battleships swept the dark waters. Although the night was warm, De la Penne was shivering. He loosened the collar of his rubber diving suit and took deep gulps of the sweet night air. He was very tired and felt almost relieved when the long fingers of a searchlight caught and held him, when at last a Royal Navy launch came knifing toward him.

Some four hours later the Queen Elizabeth and the Valiant, battleships both, blew up. They settled quietly, evenly in the soft, harbor ooze.

The skill of De la Penne and five comrades that night gave the Axis overwhelming naval supremacy, gun for gun, in the Mediterranean, at a moment when the great tideless sea was the cockpit of the world.

The secret of what happened that night and the months that followed was so well kept that only now, seven years later, can the full story be told—using as sources official reports, interviews with Italian naval personnel and the personal story of Lieutenant de la Penne.

Luigi Durand de la Penne was born in Genoa in 1914. From his childhood he loved the sea, and as a boy he learned to swim like an eel in the warm waters of the old seaport city. He grew into a husky, deep-chested six-footer, whose blond hair and fair complexion proclaimed his half-French parentage.

By the time war came he was already embarked on a promising career in the navy—a popular officer with a Genoese wife, a small son and a friendly, even-tempered disposition.

Just after the war began he joined the 10th Assault (M.A.S.) Flotilla, the fire-eaters whose method of attack was to seek the enemy out in his lair—by motorboat, small submarine, human torpedo or simply by swimming to him towing a few pounds of high explosive.

In the first war the M.A.S. accounted for the impressive total of 47,600 tons of Austrian battleship by such techniques. The bewildered and barnacled old Austrian fleet rarely emerged from its deep-

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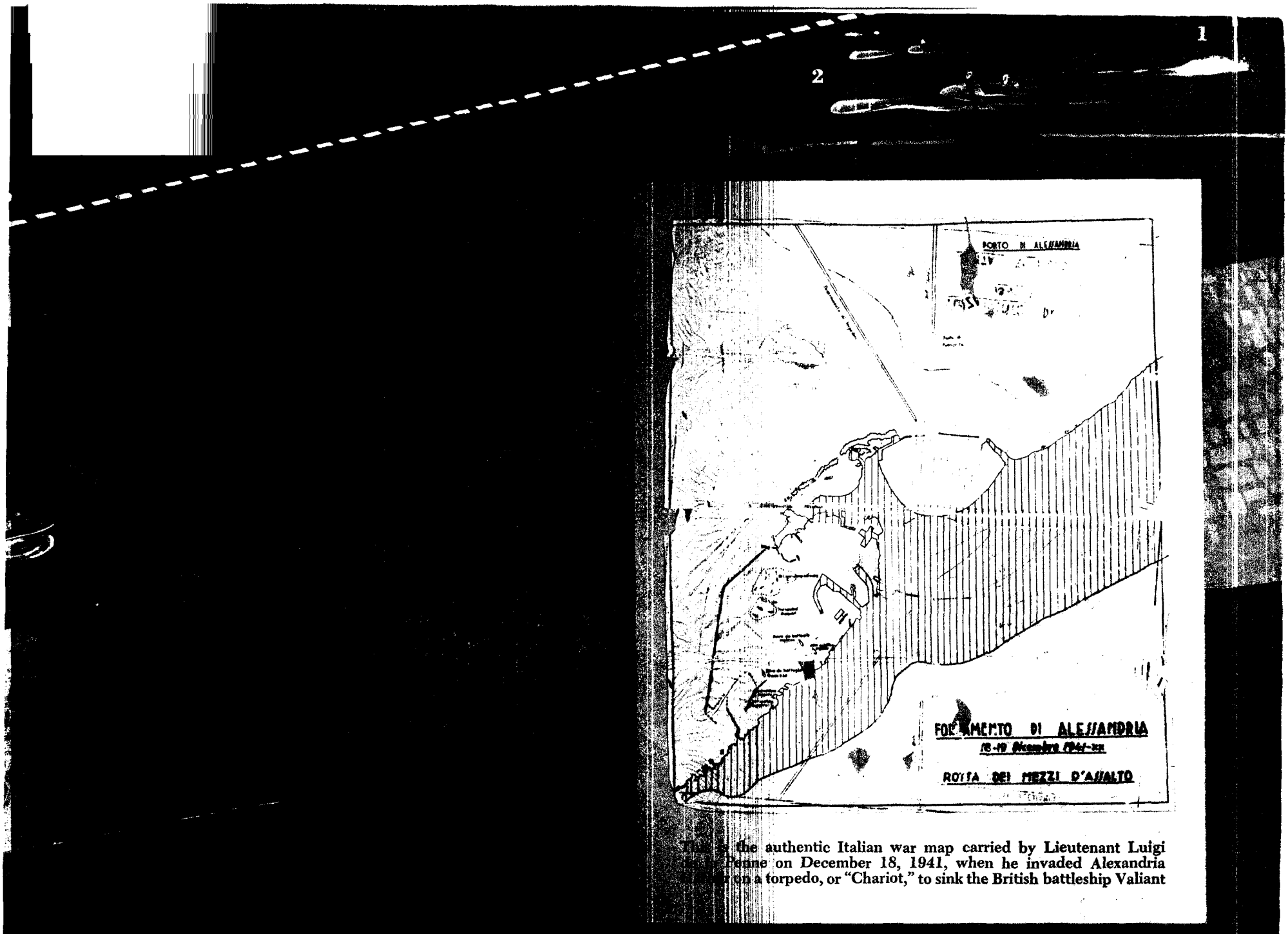

This is the authentic Italian war map carried by Lieutenant Luigi De la Penne on December 18, 1941, when he invaded Alexandria Harbor on a torpedo, or "Chariot," to sink the British battleship Valiant

MATT GREENE

By BURKE WILKINSON

Torpedo-riding Italians sank enough British ships in Alexandria Harbor to give the Axis the advantage in the Mediterranean—but the Axis never knew it! Now, after seven years as a top secret, this amazing, dramatic story is finally told

water anchorages protected by layers of rocky Dalmatian islands. So the M.A.S. boys went in and got them.

Originally the initials M.A.S. stood for *Motoscafi anti-Sommergibili* (antisubmarine motorboats). It was Gabriel D'Annunzio, the poet-lover—never one to lag behind when there was glory to be won or a phrase to coin—who changed the flotilla's initials to a challenging battle cry: *Memento Audere Sempre* (remember always to dare).

De la Penne did not take part in the first gadfly raids after his country's backdoor entry into World War II. He chafed when the news of the motorboat attack on Suda Bay in Crete reached flotilla headquarters, for his comrades bagged the British cruiser York. That was in May of 1941. That year there were three separate attacks on Gibraltar which brought a mixed bag of merchantmen, and a heavy casualty rate for the M.A.S. men as well.

The craft performing these exploits were called human torpedoes by the Italians, but the term is somewhat of a misnomer for they are not intrinsically suicide craft. The British call them Chariots and it is a more fitting name. Picture an oversize torpedo some 21 feet long, with a maximum diameter of three feet. The craft is electrically propelled and can submerge to 100 feet. Two operators—pilot and mechanic—ride astride the Chariot.

At the target area the pair tether it on the bottom, detach the massive, almost buoyant 280-kilogram explosive charge which forms its nose, and secure this magnetically to the keel of the victim. Then they start a time device to detonate the charge, remount their faithful steed—headless now but still operable—and drive away at "flank" speed of something over two knots. Their range: 12 miles.

The operators of the Chariot wear diving masks and respirators and are equipped with lifting devices and shears to make their way under or through harbor nets. The maneuverability of their strange craft, which can dive like a dolphin, and its near invisibility even when running awash are its chief assets.

De la Penne was particularly adept at this devious form of warfare and grew more and more impatient to try his skill. At long last his chance came. In December, 1941, Prince Julio Valerio Borghese, naval captain in charge of the 10th M.A.S. Flotilla, picked him to lead the projected raid on Alexandria.

Picture them, the swarthy, dashing Borghese and the fair-haired lieutenant poring over their charts at the La Spezia headquarters.

"You must realize, my dear De la Penne, that our first try at Alexandria ended in disaster. The mother submarine was caught on the surface. This time we will take no chances. Instead of releasing the torpedo teams from the surfaced submarine, you will board your craft *while we are still submerged.* You understand?"

"But, of course, my Captain."

"There will be three teams. You will have Bianchi as your mechanic."

"We should do well, sir."

"I myself will command the submarine," said Borghese. Resourceful and brilliant, a true buccaneer in the Renaissance tradition, Borghese is a member of the ancient family of popes and princes whose name adorns the pediment of St. Peter's.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

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By LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN

Doctors don't believe in the stork. But this doctor should have—he was murdered by one

THE police car rolled along a Northbank street which thirty years ago had been a neat but not gaudy residential section, before its invasion by supermarkets, Chinese laundries, and corner bars and grills. The car stopped in front of a shabbily genteel yellow brick apartment building. Lieutenant of Detectives Max Ritter got out and in the fading light of dusk paused to examine a sign in a ground-floor window reading "Dr. George Marston." As he opened the adjoining door, a bell chimed somewhere in the doctor's suite.

The lean, swarthy detective sauntered into the empty waiting room. He pushed the limp brim of his dark felt hat back from his somber eyes and surveyed the hunting prints on the walls, the goldfish bowl in the corner, and the litter of magazines on the table. Noting that the receptionist's desk was unoccupied, Ritter looked at his watch. Five minutes to seven.

Dr. Marston had called the police station at three that afternoon, asking that a detective be sent to his office at seven. "I'll have something here then that may interest you people," the doctor had said. "It's rather complicated so you'd better send a fairly literate detective."

Although his literacy did not extend beyond the third year of high school, Max Ritter had come himself. Not only did his native intelligence outweigh his book learning, but Ritter considered that his close friendship with Dr. Daniel Webster Coffee, pathologist for Northbank's Pasteur Hospital, made him a minor authority on anything touching medicine, or the medical profession.

"Hey!" Max Ritter called. "Anybody home?"

There was no answer.

The detective opened the door on the far side of the waiting room. At the end of a white corridor that smelled pleasantly of antiseptics, he saw light shining beneath the closed door of the doctor's private office. The waiting-room door slammed behind Ritter and the crack of light winked out suddenly. There was a faint metallic clang.

Ritter hurried down the corridor with long, silent steps. The fingers of his right hand touched the butt of his service revolver as he flung open the door.

"Hello," he called into the darkness.

There was still no answer.

He stepped quickly into the darkened room, groping along the wall for the light switch. He found the button and pressed it.

Mrs. Marston appeared not to hear. She walked to her husband's desk slowly, sank to her knees and, putting her face against the desk, burst into tears

Dr. Marston was seated at his desk. He was a young, unpretentious, earnest-looking little man. He sat very straight in his chair, with his hands pressed tightly against the desk blotter, and he stared at Ritter with glazed, unseeing eyes. He was dead.

The detective walked quickly around the desk. He touched the doctor's hands. They were still warm. A dark, moist stain glistened on the back of the doctor's coat, as though he had been slapped by a bloody mitten. A chrome-plated paper knife lay on the floor beside the chair, its blade bright with fresh blood.

Ritter's glance swept the room. Behind the red-and-green rows of medical books, a cheap lacquered screen hid a corner washstand. Ritter reached the screen in four long strides, and pulled it aside.

A young woman stood in the corner. She was small and slim and gaily dressed. But her blue eyes were not gay; they were round with fear. She was trembling. Her white fingers opened and closed on a handkerchief that was flecked with red. There was a streak of red on her skirt as well.

"Surprise, surprise," Max Ritter said. "You got a seven-o'clock appointment with Doc Marston?"

The woman tried to smile. "I have a permanent appointment with Dr. Marston," she said. "I'm the doctor's wife."

"Widow," Ritter corrected.

"You—you're sure he's dead?"

"Never saw anybody deader. Why did you kill your husband, Mrs. Marston?"

"I didn't! I came by to take him home, and I found him like this, just a few minutes ago."

"What if we find your fingerprints on that paper cutter?"

"Oh, you probably will," Mrs. Marston said. "It was so horrible to see it sticking in George's back that I could actually feel the pain myself. So I pulled it out, without even thinking."

Ritter's prominent Adam's apple bobbed visibly. "If you didn't kill him," he said, "why did you put out the lights and hide when you heard me coming?"

"I thought it might be Mrs. Waterman coming back. She's the receptionist. She usually leaves at six thirty, but I thought—" Mrs. Marston stopped.

"Did you know Doc Marston asked the police to send somebody here at seven tonight?"

"No, I didn't."

"Do you know why he might have called the police?"

"No. Unless he expected Mrs. Waterman to make trouble. He promised me he was going to let her go today."

"Why?"

"I never wanted George to engage her in the first place, but George was so softhearted. You see, she was in a mental institution for a year after her husband killed himself, and George felt sorry for her. But she'd been acting strangely of late."

"Was Doc Marston in love with her?" the detective asked.

"No. Oh, no. George was in love with me."

"You sure he wasn't planning to run away with her?"

"Quite sure."

"I'm going to have to hold you as a material witness, Mrs. Marston," the detective said.

Mrs. Marston appeared not to hear him. She walked slowly to the desk and gently touched the hand of her dead husband. She looked into the doctor's immobile face and said tenderly, "Forgive me, George, darling."

Then she sank to her knees, leaned her forehead against the edge of the desk, and burst into tears.

Max Ritter, picking up the telephone, watched with mixed emotions. He wondered how much of the woman's performance was sincere, how much skillful acting. He dialed a number.

WHEN fingerprint experts and police photographers had finished their routine, the coroner's assistants had departed with the mortal remains of Dr. Marston, and a policewoman had escorted Mrs. Marston home to her six-year-old child, Lieutenant Max Ritter got to work in earnest. Checking through the sheaf of papers on the doctor's desk, Ritter found a dozen case histories which appeared to belong to patients Dr. Marston had seen during the day. He located the appointment book in the receptionist's desk in the front office and compared the day's list with the case histories.

All the names checked—with one exception. The odd card bore just a name and address: Lucinda Bell, Riverview Apartments. It was attached to a laboratory report dated the previous day. Ritter immediately telephoned his pathologist friend, Dr. Dan Coffee.

"Say, Doc," the detective asked into the phone, "what's a Friedman test?"

"Same as an A-Z test, Max," Dr. Dan Coffee

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL MILROY

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ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BURNS

SET IN CONCRETE

By GEORGE MITCHELL and KATHERINE SQUIRE

MR. INGRAM loved the country with all the passionate devotion of a man who spends most of his life in the city. As he strode down the wooded road he sucked in great breaths of fragrant spring air like a thirsty man at his beer.

Strange paradox, he thought. I spend half my time and energy building civilization and the other half running away from it!

Mr. Ingram was, unquestionably, New York's outstanding lone-wolf real-estate promoter. Now a four-block area in the East Sixties was being cleared for the construction of his latest brain child. Tomorrow morning he would meet J. S. Hubbard, the architect who had recently burst into prominence because of his brilliant and extraordinary concepts, and Ingram would get his first glance at the preliminary plans for the huge, circular apartment house with a spiral ramp up which a future tenant would drive his car to his own front door and park in his private connecting garage.

The voice of his week-end host, Bob Tillinghast, floated up to him off the soft, pungent air and Ingram stood still in the lane and looked down over an area of lush swampland. Where the hill opposite and the one he was descending almost converged he spotted the stocky little artist in earnest conversation with one of his neighbors. Every inflection of their voices rose to him as clear as from a stage to the first row of the balcony.

"Here's your best spot," a lanky man in hip boots and ragged Mackinaw was saying to Bob. "I'd throw the dam from that boulder over there to the base of this maple."

Tall, angular, relaxed, the stranger seemed part of the New England landscape, and Ingram felt strongly attracted to him.

"How high shall we build it?" Bob was asking.

The man in hip boots chuckled. "Depends," he said. "We gotta keep the lake on your property. If it backs up the valley and floods my bean patch, I'll sue you. Where does your boundary run?"

Ingram saw Bob point across the swamp to a line of rocks that had once been a stone wall.

"Now we're getting somewhere," the voice of the man in hip boots was saying. "We'll sight from here and see where the shore line will be when the level at the dam is five feet."

Ingram interrupted the talk. He cupped his hands and called out, "Bob. Long-distance wants you. Chicago. Call Operator Seven Two."

Bob stumbled up the hill. "Give Josh a hand," he wheezed as he passed. Ingram crashed down through the underbrush and joined the man at the dam site.

"Got a transit?" he asked. "You know, a surveyor's instrument. You'll need one, I'm afraid, to get an accurate altitude." Ingram was surprised to find himself hoping the stranger would like him.

"We don't need one," the other said good-humoredly. "We'll be accurate within an inch. And we won't use a transit. Wanna bet?"

"Only bet on sure things," Ingram said, and he grinned broadly at this man who defied modern instruments. Then he watched him tamp with a hoe until it rang on solid stone in the bed of the little stream that drained the swamp.

"This hoe is exactly five feet," the tall man said, bringing it to a vertical position. Then he drew from the pocket of his Mackinaw a large red carpenter's level and balanced it carefully on the rounded top of the hoe handle. "Tell me when the bubble's level," he said to Ingram and, aiming the improvised instrument across the swamp, he stooped and sighted along its edge.

"At five feet the water'll be well below the stone wall over there," he said. "Good. Now let's swing around to that low spot to the right."

Ingram felt impelled to test the man further. "Have you estimated the amount of concrete you'll need for this dam?" he asked. "It'll cost a pretty penny, I'm afraid."

The tall man looked up from his sight. He grinned and said, "We're going to use the beaver method. We'll throw a long log across here and then drive in a double row of stakes and weave 'em together with willow boughs. That'll form a crib." Having discarded all reserve, he was illustrating everything he said with graphic gestures. "We'll pack that crib with stone and clay, the junk we shovel out of here, to make a swimmin' hole."

For so many years now had Ingram's concept of construction been associated in his mind with huge mechanical shovels, derricks and other complicated machinery that he was fascinated by this man's simple, ingenious proposals for building a dam in the heart of the woods.

Driving down the Merritt Parkway early the following morning, Ingram couldn't shake the scene from his thoughts. Here was he, the mighty Ingram, on his way back to the swarming city; back to elevators, taxicabs and upholstered swivel chairs; back to push buttons, telephones, and air-conditioned offices. For this measly mess of pottage he had sold his birthright; the privilege to live simply, using the body as well as the mind to its full capacity.

And all the while his tall friend in hip boots and old Mackinaw, whose annual income was probably less than the dues Ingram paid to the clubs he never attended, sat back there working diligently without tension, enjoying the calm dignity of a man who does constructive work with his own hands.

BY THE time Ingram hit the West Side Highway and saw the New York sky line rising out of the haze—he could count four of his own among the massed buildings—his envy had reached such a pitch that he tried to tell himself he would trade his every possession for those hip boots, ragged coat, and the right to be wallowing through that beautiful swamp, clearing away the underbrush for the projected five-foot dam.

He knew that he could, and he knew that he would not trade. He had become too involved—he had become set in the concrete of the modern way of life.

He hung his hat and coat in his office and walked heavily into the adjoining conference room to meet the architect for the Spiral Building. "Mr. Hubbard," he said, extending his hand in greeting.

A tall man, dressed in a gray business suit instead of hip boots and Mackinaw, walked across the room to meet him. Then both men stopped and stared incredulously at each other.

Joshua Hubbard was the first to recover. He nodded his head by way of recognition. "I have the preliminary drawings if you'd care to look them over," he said, walking to the polished table and untying a large, black portfolio. "By the way," he continued, "the spiral ramp you suggested in your last letter is entirely practical."

Ingram continued to stare at the man who so recently had aroused his admiration and envy. He was a different person now. As he fidgeted with the black strings of the portfolio, Hubbard seemed cautious now, wary, like a poker player in a game with strangers. The face bore the maturity and the shrewdness Ingram had noted the day before, but the youthful enthusiasm had vanished, leaving the features harder and tighter. Then their eyes met, and each man saw in the other the reflection of his own frustration.

Ingram bent quickly over the plans. "Couldn't we eliminate that inside door?" he asked briskly.

"Impossible," Hubbard snapped. "And make the tenant step out of doors to get to his garage? He might get his feet wet."

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Few traffic courts can match Judge John J. Griffin's brand of justice. Though confronted by 450 cases a day he runs his court with fairness and efficiency

Our Reeking Halls of Justice

By MORTON SONTHEIMER

PART I OF A TWO-PART ARTICLE

Many hard-boiled and stupidly incompetent judges are imposing a barbarously low grade of justice in our lower courts—terror for poor or helpless defendants, but laxity for hardened criminals. If you take it for granted that you automatically get a fair hearing and treatment in these American courts, you may have a surprise in store for you.

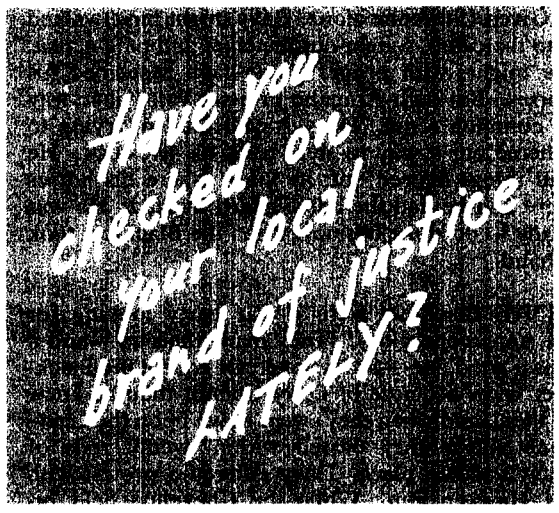
THEY are called—with more significance than intended—the inferior courts. To them, in each community, comes the ordinary citizen to seek protection, to look for justice.

In one of these municipal courts stands a man accused of assaulting his wife. This man is of doubtful mental condition and the court is considering a recommendation that he be sent to the Psychiatric Clinic for examination.

The defendant speaks: "I'm good to my wife and kids when I'm sober, Judge. I just can't seem to stop drinking. I want to, but I can't seem to."

"Do you know what I'm going to do to you?" asks the judge. The defendant lowers his head.

"I'm not just going to send you to the workhouse," His Honor resumes. "Over there they have a snake pit, deep and with slimy sides that you can't



climb. I'm going to have them throw you in that snake pit!" The judge stands up and leans over the bench toward the defendant, then he runs wriggling fingers toward his own nostrils and over his face, and sneers:

"Those snakes will crawl in and out your nose! And your eyes! And ears! And mouth! I'm going to keep you there for six years! Bailiff, take him away! And be sure to mark 'Snake Pit' all over his papers!"

As the bailiff leads the prisoner out, the judge laughs. He turns to reporters and a social worker standing beside his bench and in open court, he says, "My God! Ain't that a hot one?"

This occurred in a domestic relations court, that keystone of social importance where disintegrating families first turn for help in a society that holds the family to be of sacred value. When I witnessed this scene in a Chicago court I couldn't comprehend how much of the judge's graphic oration on the defendant's fate might have resulted from his having seen too many movies or how much of it was actually true, although I knew that he had no power to sentence to six years.

After court, I asked a bailiff about this "snake pit" at the county jail.

"Aw, there's no such thing," the bailiff explained. "The judge was just having fun with that guy. What was actually written on his papers was 'Psychiatric Clinic,' that's all. The judge is always pulling stunts like that. You oughta hear him when he's got a nonsupport case before him. He tells 'em: 'I'm going to sentence you to the prison bakery to work and have them sew your lips shut so you'll know what it's like to be hungry.' And if they got

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PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY WAYNE MILLER

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Willow Woman

By BENNETT FOSTER

It was the Indians' opinion that the only good white man was a dead one. But Davy Connor and the chief's daughter could not agree—Davy was the white man

DAVY CONNOR smoked a pipe in the shade beside Dull Knife's tepee. Near by, a small drum thumped an invitation and at the edge of the shade a dog chewed happily on a large greasy bone. From the lodge a shrill Cheyenne voice issued commands and the scent of stewing meat came filtering. The Cheyenne with their friends and allies, the Arapaho, had made the fall buffalo hunt, Dog Soldier discipline was now relaxed, and the camp babbled cheerfully. Davy knocked out his pipe and cased it.

Above Davy's head, a brand-new Blackfoot scalp dangled on a pole planted in front of the lodge. And in the lodge Davy's Hawken gun, his belt with knife and pistols, his powder horn and bullet pouch hung high against the back wall. Davy's horses, five of them, grazed with the Cheyenne herd, and south about ten miles, four packs of trade goods were cached by the forks of Lodgepole Creek.

A passing Arapaho buck paused to stare poisonously, and Davy returned the look, unblinking. Arapaho, the scalp, his weapons, the horses and the hidden packs comprised Davy's troubles. He was in the middle of a fix. Anybody with half an eye could see hard doin's ahead for young Connor.

It had begun a month ago at Fort Atkinson when Davy outfitted. He was fixing to trap the Madison River, and a Pawnee named Wolf's Shoulder had agreed to go along. Davy bought a considerable amount of trade goods, allowing that he would make his fall hunt on the river and then spend the winter trading with the Crows. But when he told Henry Bronte his idea, Henry was scandalized.

"You'll lose your scalp," Henry warned. "That's Gros Ventre country an' them Big Bellies are bad. An' takin' a Pawnee!" Henry clucked his amazement. "They ain't to be trusted, Davy. That Wolf's Shoulder would put you under for a dram of liquor. He'll stick Green River in your lights an' take your trade. You crazy?"

"No," Davy answered with asperity. "I ain't. There's fur up there an' no Gros Ventre is goin' to lift hair from this child. The Pawnee is all right, too. I know him. Better come with me, Henry."

But Henry shook his head, prophesying darkly. So Davy and Wolf's Shoulder left Atkinson without company. . . .

Two weeks along the trail, nearing the edge of the Cheyenne hunting grounds, Henry's forecasts began to come true. Wolf's Shoulder turned bad as spoiled meat and in an early-morning hour, imagining that his companion still slept, came at Davy with a Green River knife and murderous intent. Davy, who kept an eye skinned, shot Wolf's Shoulder through the belly and left him for the coyotes.

A fearful man might have turned back then, but Davy was an old *hibernant,* a mountain man and a free trapper. He headed for the Madison and he kept agoing. But when he crossed the Niobrara and the South Fork, he became more and more concerned, for the country abounded in horse tracks and there were travois trails running every which way. All the Indians were out, hunting buffalo, and Davy began to think he might have picked a more opportune time for his journey. So he hurried along, wanting to get to the Crow country. The Absarokas were friendly—it was their boast that they had never killed a white man—and Davy craved their company.

At the forks of Lodgepole Creek there was sign of a traveling village, and Davy saw two scouts. Hoping that he had not been seen, but taking no chances, he dug a hole in the bluff above the creek, lining it with robes and saving the sods. He carried the dirt to the creek so that it might be washed away, and carefully put his trade goods in the hole. Rain, falling while he replaced the sods, obliterated all traces of his work.

Davy was thankful for the rain, but he could not bury his horses. He stayed up in the thickets, emerging only at night and never building a fire, until four Cheyenne young men found the *caballada,* searched half a day for its owner, and departed, driving Davy's horses before them. Davy cursed and followed. He couldn't go anywhere without his horses.

The horse trail led to a Cheyenne encampment and bad news. There were Arapaho with the Cheyenne and the Arapaho weren't friendly. Early in the spring a band of their young men had jumped a little party of trappers and tried for scalps and loot, whereupon the hard-bitten mountaineers stood off four charges and emptied six saddles. That made a blood feud, and no Injun that Davy ever heard of differentiated between one white man and the next.

Given Cheyenne alone, Davy might have walked into the camp, sought out the chief and paid a visit. He might, with proper gifts, have redeemed his horses. But with Arapaho present, valor gave way to common sense. Davy stayed hidden, trying to scheme out a way to steal back his livestock. He had things figured out; he knew where his horses were and he had the horse guard located. He was ready to do some business when the Blackfeet took a hand.

THE Blackfeet were a war party looking for horses and glory. They made their try—and it was a good one—at daybreak. Of course the Blackfeet knew no more of Davy Connor than he knew of them, and when they swept down upon the Cheyenne village they passed within twenty rods of Davy's hiding place. Davy entered a protest with his Hawken gun. While the Cheyenne held his horses he had a chance of retrieving them, but if the Blackfeet were successful, the horses were long gone. Davy's shot upset a pony, surprised the Blackfeet and roused the Cheyenne camp. Following it, things were pretty thick, but at the windup the Blackfeet were hightailing north, the horses were secure, and Davy was surrounded by Cheyenne and Arapaho. . . .

Dull Knife, emerging from the lodge, joined Davy in the shade beside the tepee and sat unmoving for a time, then signed that he would smoke. Davy produced pipe and tobacco. The fact that he understood no word of Cheyenne was not a handicap, for Davy could sign-talk with the best, and the sign language was complete and expressive. Loading the pipe, Davy struck steel on flint, ignited the tobacco and took three puffs. Dull Knife, receiving the pipe, also puffed three times, then placed the pipe across his knees and began a conversation.

Soon, he signed, he would dance the Blackfoot scalp; all those who had taken part in the fight would dance. Dull Knife did not mention Davy, but diplomatically Davy signified his pleasure.

Continuing, Dull Knife stated that he was a very powerful warrior. He bragged a while, and then became serious. When could he expect presents from his guest? All white men were rich and it was fitting that a rich visitor give presents to his host.

"I am a poor man." Davy's hands moved swiftly in answer. "I have nothing here. If my father will allow me to depart I will go to my people. When I return I will bring many gifts. I will take my weapons and go now."

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A prisoner in the Cheyenne camp, Davy danced the kissing dance with Dull Knife's daughter. His life was in danger, but the girl could save him—if she would

Dull Knife, stating that he could not bear to have his son depart, got up and went back into the lodge. Methodically, Davy finished the tobacco in the pipe. That was the rub. The Hawken gun and the other appurtenances were what he wanted, for with them he had a chance, while without them the Arapaho would eat him up. And he did not like the news of the scalp dance. Folks got mighty excited at scalp dances, and the Arapaho were already mean. Armed with any sort of weapon, Davy would slide; he'd take his foot in his hand and go. But the weapons hung high.

"My son will not need this," Dull Knife had said when he hung up the Hawken gun. "We will feed him and protect him. He has no need to hunt meat or fear an enemy."

Dang Injuns, anyhow! Davy thought. They got my horses an' they suspicion I got packs somewheres close. They're foolin' with me.

Rising, he left the shade and strolled toward the creek. No one blocked his progress, no one hindered him. At the stream he paused, drank and then walked southward. Before he had gone fifty feet two Arapaho and one Cheyenne brave stepped out before him, causing Davy to turn back toward Dull Knife's lodge. No formal guard was set over him, but two hundred pairs of eyes were alert to every movement, and at night he slept back of the fire in the tepee, the place of honor and also the spot most easily guarded.

Lounging into the tepee, Davy sniffed the kettle and judged that the meat was done. He speared a piece with a sharpened stick, waved it in the air to cool it, and wolfed off a bite. Dull Knife was eating; Dull Knife's two squaws stood back out of the way, and the two other women, Dull Knife's daughters, stared curiously.

DAVY returned the stares. One girl was young, about fourteen, and ripe for marriage. She was a pretty little thing and she ogled Davy, but the other girl lowered her eyes when Davy looked. She was taller and older than her sister, and Davy wondered why she wasn't married. Dull Knife was a big man among the Cheyenne, chief of this band, and wealthy. He was shrewd, too, and should have disposed of so valuable a property. Davy finished his meat, and Dull Knife, also ending his meal, wiped his hands on his hair and stalked out of the lodge his younger wife following him.

Sheer malice dictated Davy's next move. Any man in an Indian camp was privileged to make love to any woman, married or not. Custom decreed it, society sanctioned it, and the women enjoyed it. Davy, catching the younger girl's eye, signed that his heart was big toward her, that he languished without her and could not live. His hands said one thing, his drawling voice another.

"If you was my squaw you'd wash your face."

The old squaw spoke sharply, the girl giggled and ran out. Cheyenne women, Davy remembered, were unusually shy for Indians, and, surprisingly, had considerable to say about things. The Cheyenne squaws made themselves felt and heard. He transferred his attentions to the older girl.

"Now you ain't bad-lookin'," Davy said conversationally, the while his hands spoke broadly of the joys of married life. "Put you in calico an' you'd look like a Kentucky gal." The girl's head went up and her nostrils pinched, whether in anger Davy could not tell.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LOCKHART

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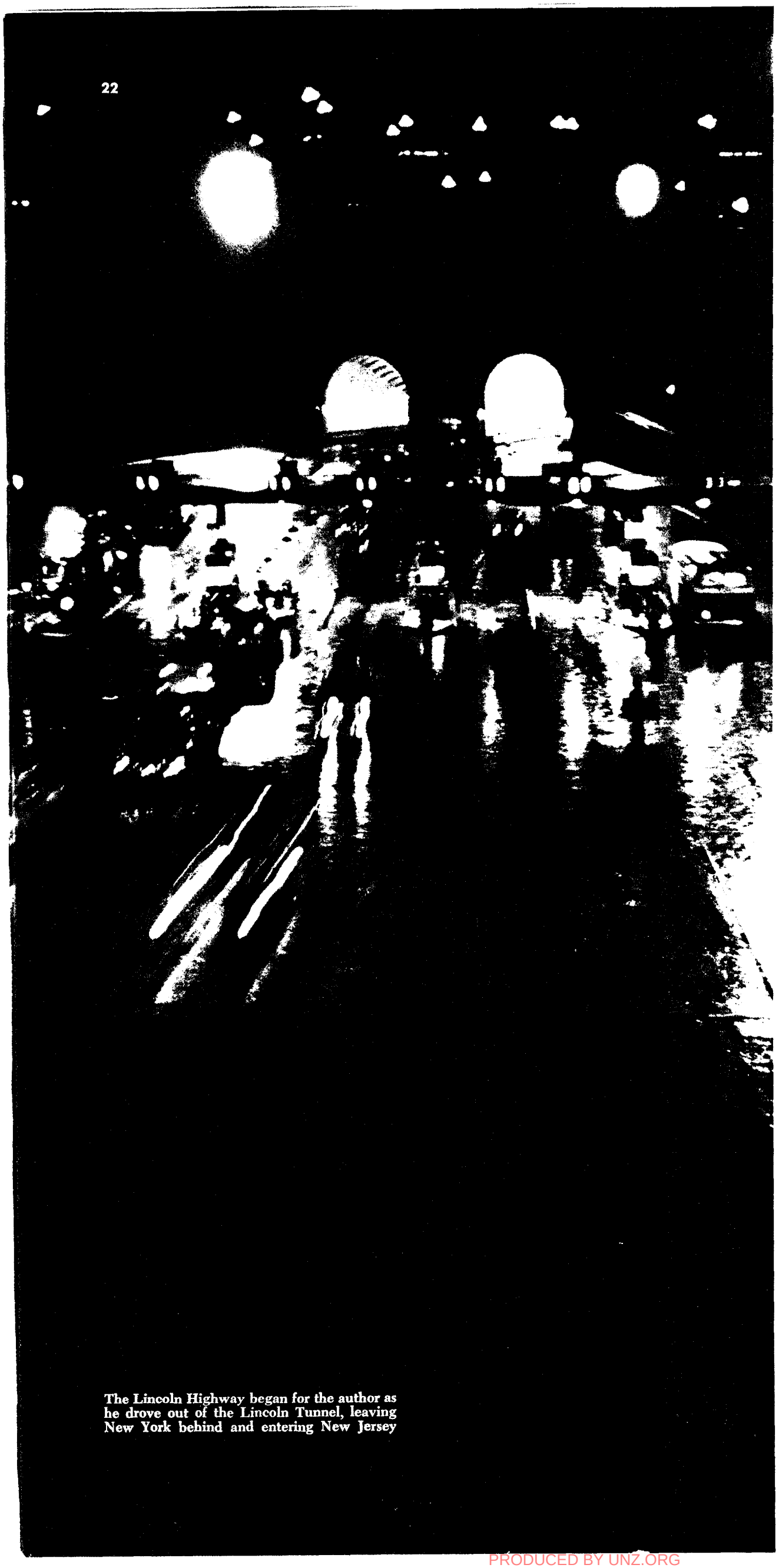

The Lincoln Highway began for the author as he drove out of the Lincoln Tunnel, leaving New York behind and entering New Jersey

The Glory Road

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

Driving over the western half of the Lincoln Highway's cross-country course, scenery, history and local character are more colorful, more flamboyant. The author takes you with him on the last lap of a wonderful trip

CONCLUSION OF A TWO-PART ARTICLE

TRAVELING westward on the Lincoln Highway from coast to coast is like living backward in time from age to middle age to youth—from the original Thirteen States to the newer Middle West to the still newer West. On the Lincoln Highway you cross the borders of 12 states. The only difference it makes is the color of the license plates, but you feel a change of character as indefinable and unmistakable as the difference in handshakes.

You leave the East and enter the western part of your trip when you roll over the Missouri River into flat Nebraska. The horizon begins to expand and the sky looks bigger and bluer and closer to the earth. The cattle, standing belly-deep in waving grass, are fat as dumplings floating in a vast tureen. It is the country of which cowboys used to sing:

"I've worked down in Nebraska,
Where the grass grows ten feet high,
And the cattle are such rustlers
That they seldom ever die."

Late at night you watch the spotlight on a big trailer truck just ahead of you flash on, tilt sharply upward and blink twice. Like twin comets in the black high above you, the landing lights of a low-flying sky train flash a responsive "Hi-ya, pal."

It's all in the spirit of that strange and wonderful community of motion you enter the moment you set out across the continent in your car. You have felt it since you started—the differences that ordinarily separate you from your fellow man take a back seat to the one common purpose that brings all of you together on the highway: You're all going places.

You don't have to know where you're going. And even if you do, you don't *have* to get there. A toothless old man in Wyoming who moved West from Illinois a long time ago remembers: "First one of the mules died, then the wagon broke down, and we was short of grub anyhow, so we stayed right here. I ain't seen Californie yit."

Like the pioneers, the Lincoln Highway follows the Platte River most of the way across Nebraska. When you first see the Platte's broad banks you would say it was cut out to be one of the most majestic rivers in the world. But the Platte just didn't make the grade. Every now and then it goes

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB SMALLMAN

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on a bender and lords it over the countryside, but ordinarily it's just a creek with delusions of grandeur running its muddy fingers through the prairies.

After you've driven west a couple of hundred miles, the grass thins out, the telephone lines begin to quiver and the cattle, looking more alert and self-reliant, stand with their tails against the wind. This is "sand-hill" country. The hills, called "whitecaps" out here, roll westward like surf. They're pocked with "blowouts" where cattle have stamped out or eaten away the grassy covering and howlers have blown away the topsoil and scooped out the red sand beneath.

These open, windswept hills were among the first of the Western lands to be homesteaded and it was tough going for the pioneers. To help them laugh at their hardships, they invented Febold, a sort of Paul Bunyan of the prairies. Then as now the land was almost bare and it was hard to find timber for fence posts—but not for Febold. He dug holes in the fall, let 'em freeze good and tight, then just before the first thaw he dug them up, gave them a good coat of paint and strung barbed wire on them.

Such examples of ingenuity were not lost on one real-life Nebraskan once known as Weenie Wurst Dick. It used to be the custom, whenever men gathered, to hail a boy from the street and send him out for beer in a tin container called a "growler." Weenie Wurst Dick, who hawked sandwiches and tamales on the street, used to wait for the boy to emerge from the saloon, engage him in conversation, and drink his fill of beer through a rubber hose concealed in his sleeve and inserted into the growler. Today, Weenie Wurst Dick is a millionaire.

The real hero in these parts, though, is William Frederick Cody who earned his nickname Buffalo Bill as a meat hunter for the Kansas Pacific's construction crews. Photographs of Cody, with the wide-brimmed hat set at a rakish angle over his long hair, cover more wall space in North Platte than Stalin's image in Moscow—in proportion to population anyhow.

Cody had a ranch just outside of town and it was here, to celebrate a Fourth of July, that he put on the first of his famous Wild West shows.

Most of the Wild West flavor you'll find from here to the coast is a hang-over from the building of the Union Pacific railway, whose tracks you follow much of the way across the West. Huge Congressional subsidies made the building of the railroad a race for empire and gave the Union Pacific almost 10,000,000 acres of Nebraska and Wyoming to dispose of in the land stampede from the eastern United States and even from Europe.

East Meets West on the Iron Trail

The Union Pacific's army of Irish construction workers surged westward from Omaha while the Central Pacific's Chinese coolies raced eastward across the Sierras from Sacramento. Before Congress finally fixed Promontory, Utah, as the meeting place, the U.P. had graded all the way west to central Nevada, and the C.P. clear east to Echo, Utah—with the Irish and the Chinese waging warfare along hundreds of miles of parallel right of way.

"Hell on Wheels" was the name given to the U.P.'s construction camp which moved along the track as it was laid. It housed and fed not only the workers but the gamblers and sundry hangers-on and included a "big top" 100 feet long with a brass band, dance floor, saloon and casino. Wherever it paused to set up a division headquarters, it planted a new town—Kearney, North Platte in Nebraska; Julesburg in Colorado; Cheyenne, Laramie, Rawlins and Rock Springs in Wyoming.

In most cases, land speculators, acting on tips, grabbed up the choice locations at spots picked for the division points and set up the towns in advance. The saloon and brothel came first, then the cemetery, then the post office. In the mad scramble, it was every man for himself, and you were either quick on the draw or it was no breakfast forever.

Those days are long past, but Westerners still like to keep the memory alive. "It's tamed down some," admits the Wyoming cowboy in a roadside tavern. "The last real killing spell we had in this part was last year when they was ten of 'em in a week. Fellas done the shootin' lit out of town and the sheriff had to go chasin' 'em around four different states. The sheriff, he's a family man, he got pretty mad. 'I'm gettin' t'ard of this,' he told the boys. 'Next time I got to pick up a man outside of the state he's a-goin' to land right smack in jail.' "

As you drive westward you'll get your first glimpse of distant mountains an hour west of Cheyenne, where prairie land changes imperceptibly

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)

FREDERICK LYON

A westward trip on the Highway, across the natural wonders of plains and mountains, ends with a view of the beautiful San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge

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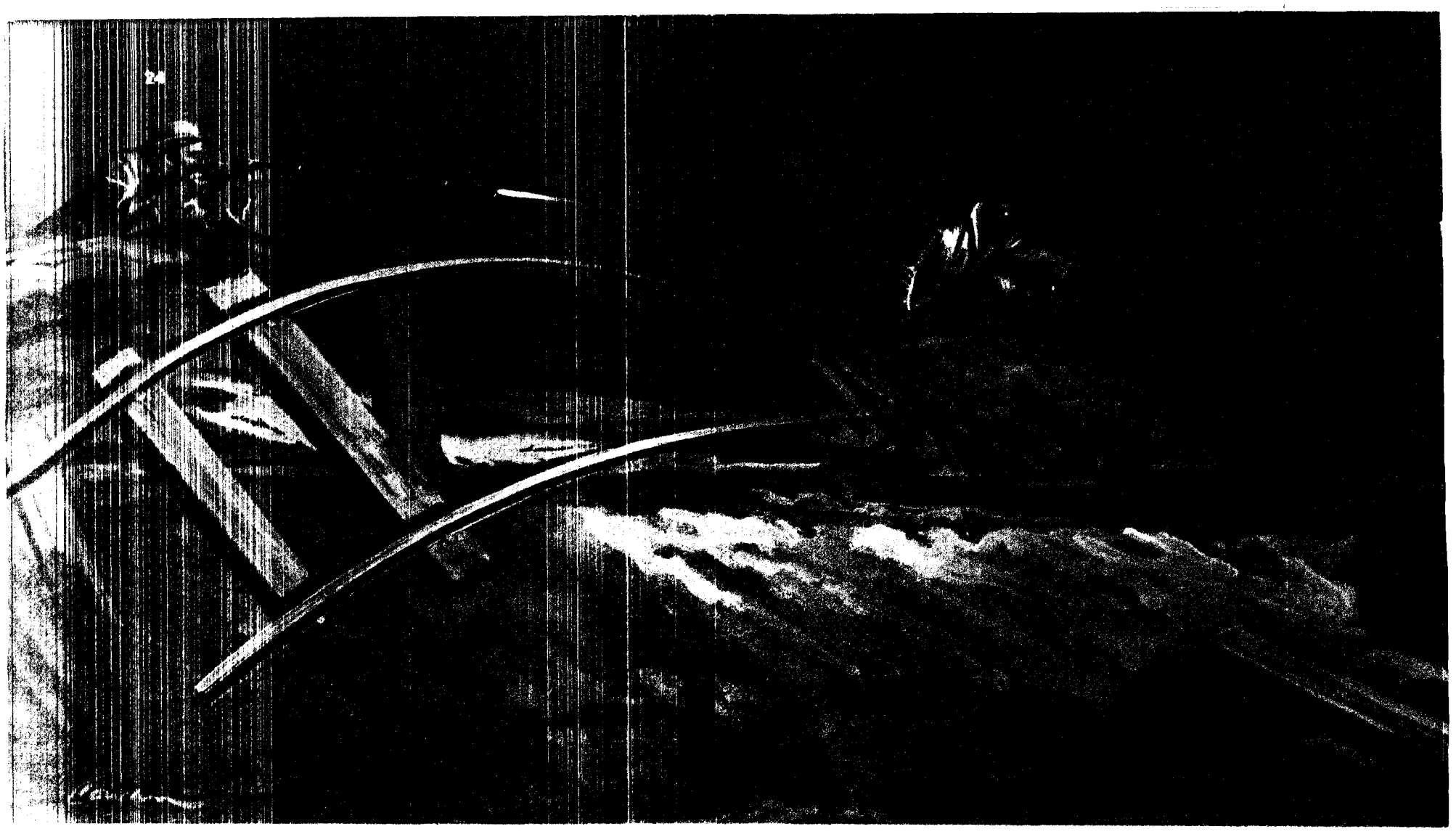

Pride's Castle

By FRANK YERBY

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A WEALTHY RUTHLESS MAN, THE WOMAN WHO MARRIED HIM—AND THE WOMAN HE LOVED

The Story: PRIDE DAWSON was a great brute of a man who could not resist two things—money, and plain-looking SHARON O'NEIL. When he came to New York City in 1870 he had no money, but he soon earned the love of Sharon, seamstress daughter of a ragpicker. Pride loved her with all his heart, but he would not marry her until he had money. Then he got $25,000 by cheating BLACK TOM STILLWORTH, the biggest and richest cheat of all. But with the money Pride got something else he did not bargain for—the passionate and demanding love of Black Tom's beautiful daughter ESTHER. She told Pride she was determined to marry him, and Pride stayed with Black Tom getting richer and richer, and further and further away from Sharon. Finally Black Tom sent Pride to break a strike in Pennsylvania—there the men whom Pride had hired killed some of the strikers. And in one of the bitterest moments of his life, sickened over the death of the strikers, Pride was paid a surprise visit by Esther. In spite of his reluctance, they were married. But Pride left her at the roominghouse where they were to have spent their wedding night. . . . In New York, Pride's old friend TIM MCCARTHY read the news of the marriage and tried to find Sharon. At her shop, he was told that she had gone to call on her parish priest FATHER SHANNON, but hours later, she had not arrived at the rectory. Alarmed for her safety, Tim and the priest started out to look for her.

PART 9 OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL

WHEN Sharon O'Neil left her shop that morning, she had gone straight to the rectory. But at the door she paused. The cathedral stood a little way off, soaring up into the steel-gray sky.

The doors were of heavy oak, hung with strap-iron hinges, and it took all Sharon's strength to get them open. She dipped her right hand into the font, made the sign of the cross on her forehead and genuflected toward the altar. Then going up to the image of the Holy Mother, she lighted a candle before it and murmured a prayer: "Dear Mother of God," she whispered, "give me strength."

Then she stole into her pew and kneeling down took out her rosary. As the beads moved under her stiffened fingers she could hear the murmur of her whispering: "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. But not with me, and I haven't the grace or the strength to bear this thing. Blessed art thou among women . . . Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen. Oh, pray for me, pray for me now."

She lifted another bead and began again, but to her surprise it was the last of the Ave Maria that she began: "At the hour of our death, at the hour of our death, now at the hour of my death, Holy Mother, pray for me!"

She got up slowly. This is wrong, terribly wrong, this is a mortal sin—what God has given you, Father Shannon always said, you have no right to take away.

She fled wildly down the aisle of the cathedral, but just inside the door she paused once more, for there stood the statue of the Magdalen. She would understand. She even more than the Mother of God, for she, too, had been a reckless, passionate woman—

And perhaps in His infinite mercy, God would forgive her, too.

She pushed open the door and went out into the snow.

It was colder now, and the snow came down so fast that she could not see five yards before her. She walked northward, moving without conscious thought toward Shantytown and the house of her father. He was not there now. He had died weeks ago, going out while the trees were still bright with fall. He had loved the red, and rust brown and

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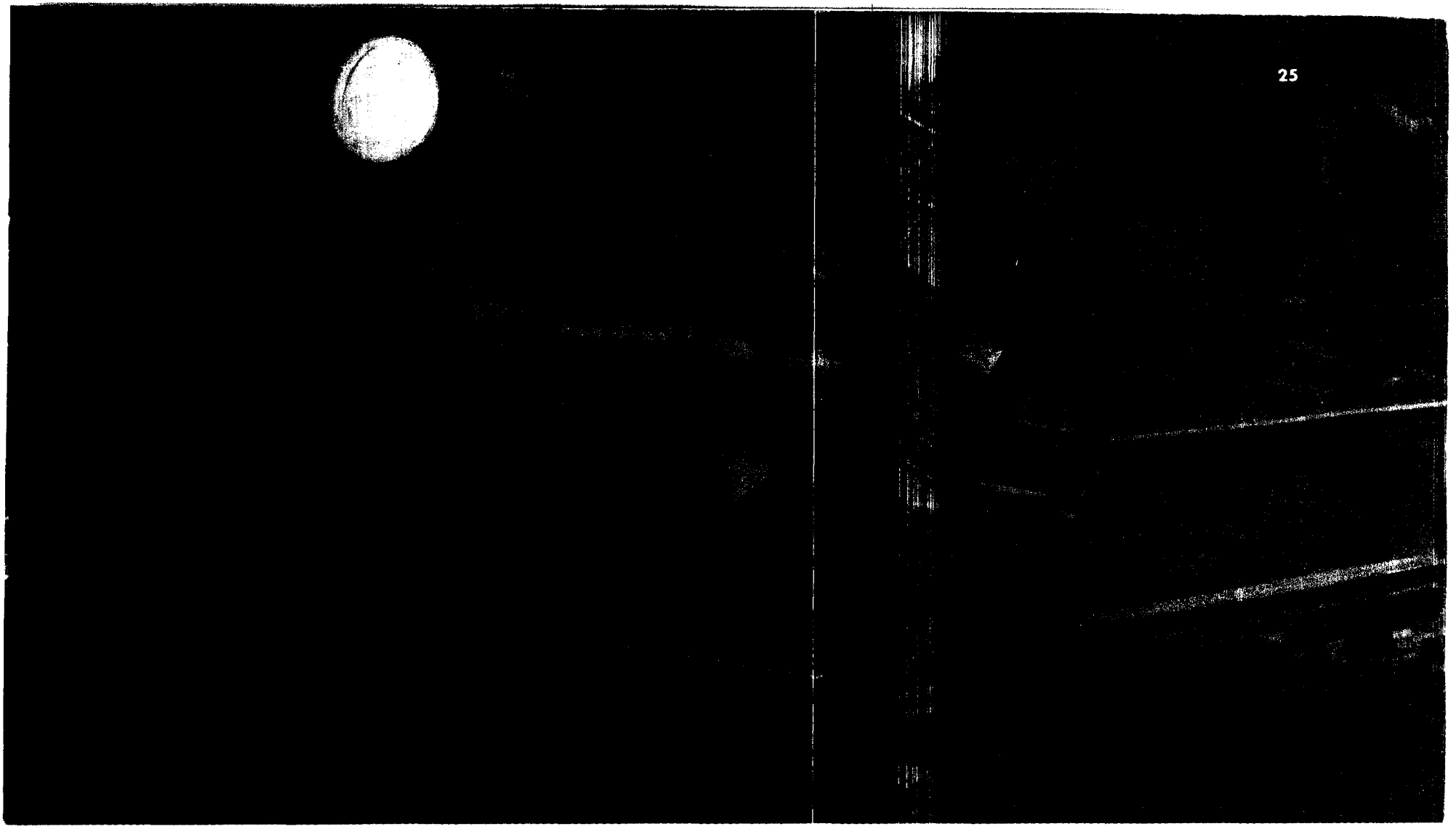

During the war between Pride Dawson and old Black Tom Stillworth, railroad tracks were dynamited and pitched battles fought by the armed trainmen

vivid gold of autumn. "Kind of a glory," he had called it.

She walked very slowly, and as she walked, her lips moved, praying: "It is finished now, O God, the life you gave me. I ask You to take it back again. You let me come to love him, knowing that I had the kind of spirit that could love only once, and then with all my heart and mind and soul and body so that I would be consumed with loving and would live from then on only for him. And now he is gone, forever gone, and there is nothing left for me."

She bent down her head and walked faster, the tears stinging and freezing upon her cheeks. She plunged on through the driving snow, her head bent, hearing old words in her heart: "Don't ever leave me, Pride. Don't you know I'd die?"

She had passed Fifty-ninth Street now and the houses were farther apart. Here there were fewer buildings to break the force of the wind. It tore at her savagely, worrying her clothing; it picked up needles of ice and flung them blindingly into her face. It caught her breath and snatched it away so that her head reeled dizzily and she was aware that her perceptions were becoming strangely disordered.

There were moments that Pride strode along beside her, talking gaily in his deep, rich voice. But that could not be, for Pride was far away and married.

The cold was creeping upward now, along her limbs. They were stiffening but the pain was going, everything was going, the world blurring before her. She went down, quite suddenly, into a drift. She felt curiously warm and comfortable and at peace. She was, strangely, more than a little sleepy —so she burrowed even deeper into the drift and lay there very calmly watching her life go out on the ebb of the storm.

Then, suddenly, annoyingly, her sleep was broken, strong arms were lifting her, and she could see Tim's strong red face, sick with fear, looking into hers, and beside him the kindly old eyes of Father Shannon. . . .

And now the thing upon which Pride Dawson had so often depended, his luck, came to his rescue. From the roominghouse keeper, Missus Tompkins, he received the invaluable knowledge that the farmers of the district were suffering from the lack of a railroad over which to ship their produce to market.

He acted at once—traveling miles to enlist their aid—and succeeded in getting most of the younger men to volunteer their labor for the building of his line up to the hamlet of Saint Croix, on Lake Erie. From Saint Croix he could easily make connection with the lake barges. The lakes would open up such great cities as Chicago and even New York as markets—but railroad construction cost money and though Pride owned the stocks of the Millville and Western Pennsylvania, he had scarcely a dime in his pockets.

IT WAS Esther who solved the problem. Her love for Pride knew no bounds. She traded upon her father's name, and the fact that she was widely known in Pittsburgh, to borrow in small amounts and from various banks one hundred thousand dollars. For security, she offered her trust fund, which would mature in three years to its full value of twelve million dollars, and Pride had his start.

At once he was busy, working with his own hands at the head of his crews and the M & WP crawled like a black serpent through the wilderness toward its goal. So Pride was filled with joy, and came gleefully up to the house that dark, snow-whipped evening on which many of his gravest troubles began.

He entered the house, snow-powdered, happily tired. But to his surprise, Esther did not come forward to meet him. She always met him when he came home, met him and kissed him warmly, and led him to the table to eat the food that she had proudly prepared with her own unaccustomed hands. The house was silent and almost cold, with a brooding air about it that pricked the small hairs at the back of his neck. Pride dropped his short, heavy workingman's coat and went in search of her. He found her at last in the bedroom, face down upon the great bed. When she looked up, he saw that she had been crying.

"Pride," she whispered, "oh, Pride—"

"What is it, hon?"

"There's a telegram on the table," she said slowly. "It came this morning—just after you left. I've—I've been trying to bring myself to destroy it all day but I couldn't, Pride, I couldn't! For"—her voice trailed off into the smallest of whispers—"if I did, I'd never know—I'd never know."

Wordless, Pride crossed the room and picked up the wire. "Sharon is dying. Asking for you." It was signed: "Tim."

He looked up again from the wire to the face of his wife, seeing the color draining abruptly from her mouth, the lips moving, shaping the question, and the utter pain in her eyes as though she knew the answer already.

"You—you're not going?"

"Yes," Pride said. Then without even glancing at her again he turned to his closet and took out his clothes.

Esther sat very still and watched him as he dressed.

"Esther," he said, "I'm sorry."

She stood up then and faced him. "I love you, Pride," she said quietly. "I've always known I was wrong to love you. I've hated myself for it—and hated you for making me want you so. I can't help it. I'll go on loving and wanting you all my life, but the hatred will go on too—until it will destroy us both."

"You've finished?" Pride said, suddenly angry.

"Yes," she said, and walked down the stairs with him to the door. "Suppose I'm not here when you come back?"

"I'll chance it," Pride said. "*If* I come back." Then he was gone out into the echoing dark. . . .

The next afternoon, when Tim McCarthy opened the door of his apartment, Pride Dawson said one word only: "Where?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 73)

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK COWAN

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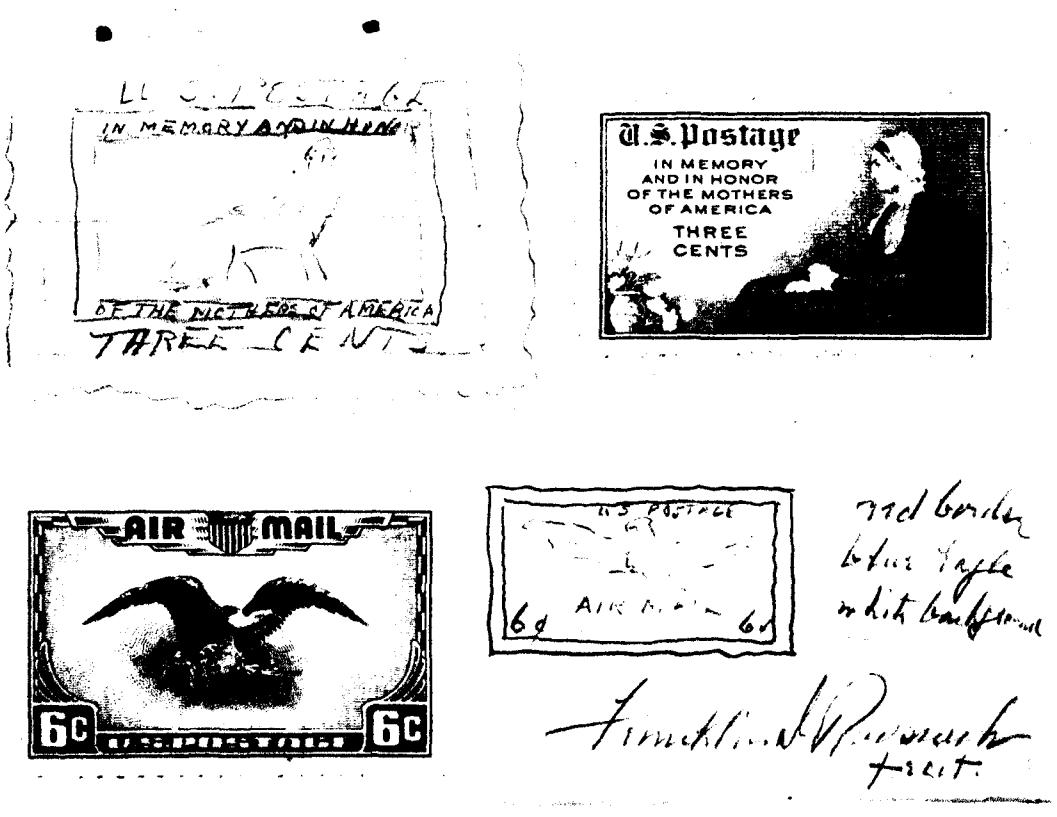
HANS KNOPF

Because he can forecast values of stamps Joe Granville of Westport, Conn., has become a boon to collectors



F.D.R. frequently designed stamps. Two of his sketches are shown with the stamps, as finally issued

Stampede In Stamps

By FRANK D. MORRIS

There's a gold mine in stamp collecting if you know the ropes. Canny investors are striking it rich at the post-office window. They buy them by the sheet, save them until they are rare—and make big profits from an exciting hobby

THE window cleaner's bride was furious. She realized her new husband didn't make much money so she didn't expect a mink coat or a diamond bracelet as a wedding gift but what he did present to her with an air of pride seemed not only insulting but eccentric: It was 20-odd sheets of postage stamps!

The window cleaner explained that these were no ordinary stamps, but a complete set of Kansas-Nebraska overprints. They had cost $110 and he had put in a lot of overtime to raise this amount. The set would be their nest egg; by holding it for ten or 15 years that egg would grow to ostrich size. Drying her tears, the disappointed bride agreed to give it a whirl.

That happened in the early 1930s. Today the window cleaner's wife has a changed opinion about stamps and even insists that her husband buy as many sheets of each new issue as they can afford. Her wedding gift, which they still have, could be sold now for $3,000.

This is no freakish example of stamp collecting. The window cleaner is not even a collector, as such, but just one of a constantly growing army of stamp investors who have discovered one of the few hobbies that can pay juicy dividends. These investors have found that by spending a few cents or a few thousand dollars intelligently at a post-office window they can ultimately realize a profit few other types of investment will equal.

In a sense it's a national lottery, a legal, legitimate form of speculation in which the government and most of the ticket holders benefit mutually. Bank presidents and truck drivers, Cabinet members and waitresses, graybeards and teen-agers are traders, taking equal chances.

Depression-proof, tax-free at the post-office window, postage, and other stamps, are excellent collateral for loans and also have the financial backing of the United States government which, incidentally, also makes a tidy haul on its sale to stamp hoarders.

During the 1947-48 fiscal year, for example, the Philatelic Agency of the Post Office Department sold $2,800,000 worth to collectors and speculators. It is estimated that only five per cent of the stamps bought by collectors and investors are ordered directly from the agency, so multiply this figure by 20 to get the grand total. Since the manufacturing and distribution costs are negligible, this means close to 100 per cent profit. It's understandable then why this is the one branch of our postal service untainted by red ink.

"Putting spare cash into postage stamps, in good mint condition, is the soundest investment one can

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38)

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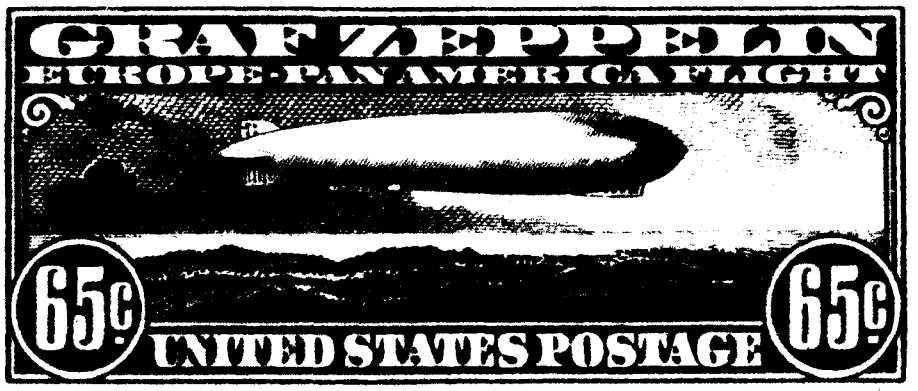
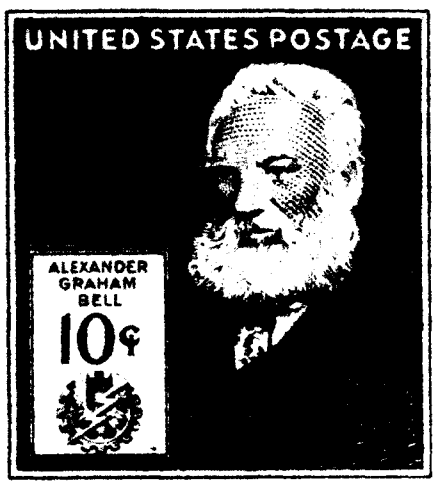


Issued in 1930, this 65-cent Graf Zeppelin is worth $18.50. Because collectors ignored this series, it was almost all used up in postage, and the few left became rare

When air mail went to 6 cents, this stamp brought nine cents

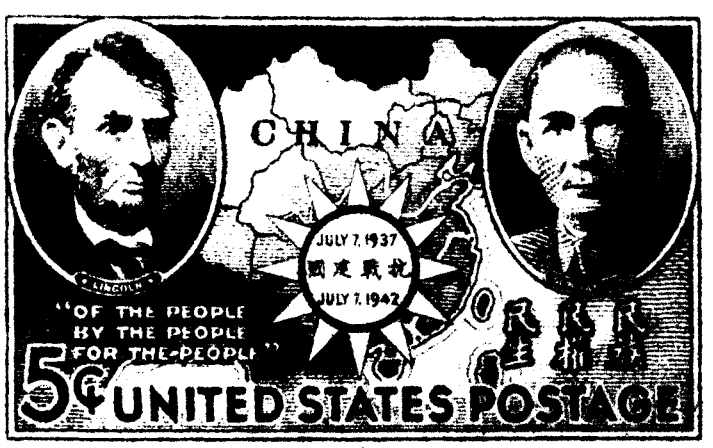


This Bell series sold so well in 1940, the year of issue, they get two dollars

Worth 3 cents in 1940, Pan American Union stamps now sell for 35 cents

The first U.S. stamp, issued in 1847, will bring between $60 and $750

Because a collector spread a rumor that this horse was Seabiscuit, these 1940 Pony Express stamps are now valued at 40 cents each



Provided it's in perfect condition—the proviso for all the stamps shown on these pages—this commemorative gets 30 cents

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By KYLE CRICHTON

If you've loved Marie Wilson in My Friend Irma, you'll have a passion for the gal in this wacky true story

NOT since the passing of Andrew Carnegie has there been anybody in America like Marie Wilson. It was Carnegie who held, with reservations, that anybody who died rich was a criminal. He gave away money by the millions and still died a rich and perhaps disappointed man. Marie's ambition is much more modest: She merely wants to be in the poorhouse by the age of forty. Her pursuit of this project in generosity is unparalleled in Hollywood, if not in the world.

"A friend is when you call up and they say, 'sure,' before they know what you're going to tap 'em for," she says, and, since she is the one who invariably gets tapped, she has every right to insist on the definition.

She neither drinks, smokes nor carouses; she merely gives money away. Most of it is spent on her family, which consists of brothers, sisters and cousins unto the twelfth generation, and the rest goes to dogs, cats, broken-down actors, indigent streetcar motormen and innocent bystanders. Nobody with a naturally sallow countenance is safe from the Wilson charity. She has been known to press bills into the hands of strangers who turned out to be relatives of Aga Khan.

She has the open-eyed look and childish giggle of a blond gold digger, the character of a dove and a shape so wondrously voluptuous that she would have been burned in old Salem. She loves everybody and is loved by everybody.

And yet Hollywood has done very little for Marie. After a movie sucess in Boy Meets Girl, years ago, she was allowed to wander through the suburbs with no companionship but a timber wolf she had met outside her door and taken a fancy to. What brought her back to eating was Ken Murray's Blackouts, a revue which is now in its seventh year in Hollywood.

Her great success has come, however, from the Columbia Broadcasting System's My Friend Irma, a radio smash which started as a sustaining program and is now fifth in national ranking. Never in the history of mankind has there been a more perfect mating of role and actor. Marie is not only Irma on the air but in real life. She is the flutter-headed Samaritan who has the brains of a chipmunk and the sagacity of an oracle. She does everything wrong and everything comes out right. This so thoroughly parallels the private life of Marie that she has a million-dollar slander suit ready at hand if the radio network ever gets fresh and drops her contract.

Her rate of financial dispensing was slowed up

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)

Marie in her dressing room at the Los Angeles Theater where she does ten shows a week in the Blackouts Revue, now playing in its seventh year

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY

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First-class passenger

WE'D LIKE TO HAVE you meet one of the best sea-going companions you could possibly get acquainted with—a highball made with Four Roses.

Come to think of it, a Four Roses highball is equally satisfying even if you never tread a gangplank.

For here is a whiskey so delightfully mellow and smooth, so distinctive in flavor, that it cannot be compared with any other whiskey, however fine.

So get yourself a ticket to first-class enjoyment. Simply ask for a Four Roses and soda at your favorite bar—or take a bottle of Four Roses home and make yourself the world's finest highball, tonight.

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey. 90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits.

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

Wouldn't you rather drink

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

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NO SENTIMENT

By HANNIBAL COONS

Jinny was a sophisticated young lady who thought sentiment was spinach until she fell in love with two poets, one good and one bad

ANNIVERSARY GREETING CARD
COMPANY
396 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y.

(An Anniversary Card Expresses Your *True* Sentiment)

March 1, 1949

Mr. Samuel Henderson Blaine
117 Bliss Road
Laguna Beach, California

Dear Mr. Blaine:

Please find enclosed our check for $6, our regular payment of fifty cents per line for your twelve-line sentiment, Oh, Father's Day, Oh. You will also find enclosed your twenty-three other poems, which unfortunately didn't meet our requirements.

I would suggest that you study our line closely before making further submissions. You will find that Anniversary cards feature simple, heartfelt sentiment. Unlike many of the other greeting-card companies we do not put out novelty cards, or any cards of a humorous or frivolous nature. Here at Anniversary we bend every effort toward helping card buyers express one thing, and one thing only —sentiment. Our needs are thus somewhat restricted, but we are an excellent market for verse with the proper sentimental slant. You have no idea how much sentiment we can use.

So please try us again.

Very truly yours,
Genevieve Mae Hendrix
Associate Editor

ANNIVERSARY GREETING CARD
COMPANY

March 1, 1949

INTEROFFICE MEMO

From: Jinny
To: Pres.
Subject: Too infernal much sentiment

Pops, this noble experiment isn't working. Tearing me away from my dear, worthless friends of the theater and chaining me to this slough of sentiment isn't making me a lady; it's just making me hate poets. If Robert Browning walked in here I'd spit in his eye.

Part of the trouble is no doubt the fact that all I ever get to play lady editor with is the unsolicited junk. This arrangement was no doubt advisable on your part, but it makes things a little dull on my part. Maybe I wasn't much of an actress, but I at least used to have some occasional fun. This is about as much fun as embalming. I'm gradually learning why many of the contributors don't enclose return postage; they send the stuff in in the first place just to get rid of it. Personally, I'd suggest a new and more simple rejection slip: Patronize your own garbage man.

About an hour ago I shot six bucks and bought us an unsolicited poem just to break the monotony. Some old character out in Laguna Beach, California. He must be old; nobody under eighty could be that sentimental. He was too sentimental even for us. I could just see him—some beaten-up old

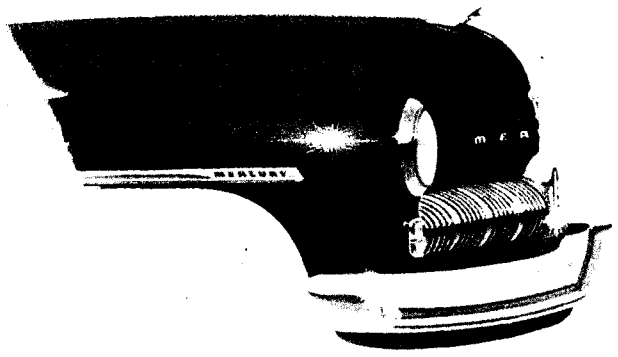
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 45)

"Oh, Sam!" I cried and I hurled my gorgeous self upon him. "I don't care how bad it is—I'll buy it!"

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED IRVIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good-looking



THAT'S WHAT OWNERS SAY ABOUT THAT HANDSOME NEW 1949 MERCURY!

You just can't blame a new MERCURY *owner for bragging that his long, low, massive* MERCURY *is the best-looking 1949 car by far. And if he claims there isn't a handsomer automobile on the road, believe him. There isn't!*

Make your next car

MERCURY

YOU get *much more* than just good "looks" with your new, road-hugging 1949 Mercury!

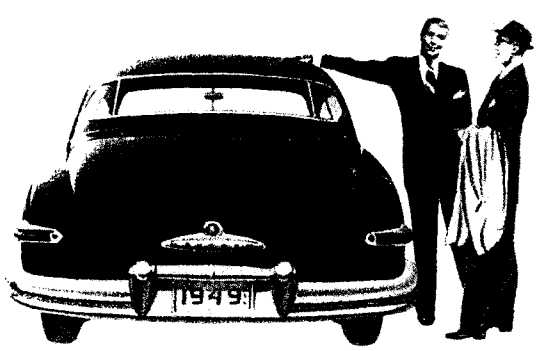
And *everything's* been road-proven by thousands of satisfied owners for millions of miles!

You get a powerful new 8-cylinder, V-type engine with surprising *economy!* Owners claim 17, 18, 19 miles per gallon—and up!* Front coil *springing!* A restful "comfort-zone" *ride!* Easier *steering!* "Super-safety" *brakes!* Softer, broader *seating!* Increased *visibility*, too!

See it and you'll say: *"It's Mercury for me!"*

*even more with optional overdrive.

MERCURY DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY



White side-wall tires and rear wheel shields are optional

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SALUTE THE SUN

...or the rain

Enjoy Topcoat Smartness with Raincoat Protection

Rain or fair — you'll welcome the weather in a handsome Rain-Topcoat by Rainfair. Supple fabrics and prideful tailoring make the shower-proofed Rain-Topcoat essential to good grooming — for 9-to-5 wear and for evening occasions.

Illustrated: the **Brigadier.** Of 100% virgin wool worsted gabardine, loomed especially for us by Pacific Mills, **$46.50.** Similar fresh military styling in the **Colonel,** of wool-and-rayon gabardine, **$34.50.** Also examine the **Captain,** of mercerized gabardine, **$21.50.** See them, or write for free style booklet and name of nearest dealer.

RAINFAIR

RAIN TOPCOATS

RAINFAIR, INC., • RACINE 4, WISCONSIN

Makers of Smartair Leisure Wear

THE GLORY ROAD

Continued from page 23

into rocky plateau and you reach the highest point of the whole route at Summit with an elevation of 8,835 feet.

"Here is Wyoming walking in
With a blue flower and a pigeon's wing . . ."

That's how Thomas Hornsby Ferril, editor of Denver's Rocky Mountain Herald, put into verse the feeling you get as you look westward through shining space at the Mummy and Never Summer Ranges.

Since the first Hudson's Bay trappers roamed this country about 150 years ago, Wyoming has provided a soaring, natural bridge across the Rockies. About the time fur pelts got scarce, the trappers found they could make a living taking in the emigrants' exhausted oxen and cattle, fattening them up on the range, and trading them again. That was the start of Wyoming's ranching. It also had something to do with the free and easy hospitality you find along the road. Late at night the innkeeper of a little crossroads hotel answers your pounding, "I'm drunk and in bed but help yourselves and go out quiet in the mornin'."

Driving over the high tableland of Wyoming, you get a feeling of moving across the top of the world. Even the distant, snow-capped mountains seem far below as well as far away. It's perfectly level except for the flat-topped mesas which appear here and there. "Them's mountains," explains a sheepherder, "that's been sawed off by friction with the sky."

Either that or the wind had something to do with it. It blows hard in this country, so hard they tell you that a gang of coal miners near Rawlins worked all night hacking a new shaft and only discovered after dawn they'd blasted a 30-foot tunnel through the solid wind. In March and April it's the chinook, the warm, dry wind that brings Wyoming's sudden spring. In the summer the winds carry cloudbursts and hailstorms and in the winter sudden blizzards that can block the road in a matter of hours with drifts 40 feet deep.

Locale of The Virginian

Along this road, one of the pleasantest places to get marooned is the Virginian Hotel in Medicine Bow—the scene of Owen Wister's famous novel, The Virginian. The dark wood-paneled bar is cluttered with dusty buffalo heads, old photographs, and Indian mementos which include a couple of scalps.

The Virginian in the novel was essentially a purist about etiquette, and you'll find some of the same spirit in the barroom at Medicine Bow. When Otto the bartender is engaged in conversation with a customer, none of the others interrupts him to hurry a drink. Under the front window a row of chairs facing the bar is unofficially reserved for some of the old-timers.

One of these is a Basque sheepherder named Alberto, an old man, tall and broad-shouldered, with a deeply recessed mustache. For an hour after entering the bar, Alberto listens gravely to the talk all about him but takes little part in it himself. Then he puts a pinch of snuff in each nostril and waits for the sneezes, which come with the majesty of storms.

The others quit talking while Alberto counts, "seven—eight—ten"; nobody smiles or corrects him when he counts wrong. His record is 46 sneezes on one pinch of snuff, and Alberto still hopes to beat it one day. Though he never touches liquor himself, he always buys drinks for the house after the 24th sneeze.

Fourteen miles west of the continental divide, you pass through a place called Wamsutter — though you'd probably never realize it unless you saw the sign at the side of the highway. South of the road, in a little cabin on the Red Desert, lives spry, seventy-year-old Minnie McCormick.

In 1936 Minnie's little grandson, Douglas McVae, kept pestering her to take him on a picnic. "Wait till the shearin's done, sonny," she kept telling him, and sure enough, one fine spring day she loaded Doug and three of his playmates in the old Chevvie and bounced over the desert to Lost Creek.

It was pleasant down there under the cottonwoods, but Minnie had other reasons for picking the spot. She'd caught the prospecting fever long ago when waiting tables in the mining camps. So she was moseying around, picking up samples, when a cry from the children brought her back to the cottonwoods.

Little Doug had tumbled down a steep embankment—and left a trail of glistening dust. In no time at all Minnie had a sunbonnet full of the stuff.

It wasn't gold. the local assayers told her. But what it was they couldn't say. Something made Minnie keep right on trying to find out. Dr. Esper S. Larson of Harvard advised her to write to Madame Curie. From Paris, Madame Curie advised Minnie to keep the location a secret and protect her interests. Minnie filed on 5,700 acres—and waited. Then, early in 1944, government agents started dropping in and Minnie knew she had something. But it wasn't till after the bomb fell on Hiroshima that she knew it was called uranium. She plans to start mining this spring—"after the shearin's done."

"Gold is for paving streets," Brigham Young told his flock after gold was discovered in California, and the Mormons resisted the wave of buccaneering that colored the rest of the West. Even today you feel the difference in atmosphere the moment you enter Utah.

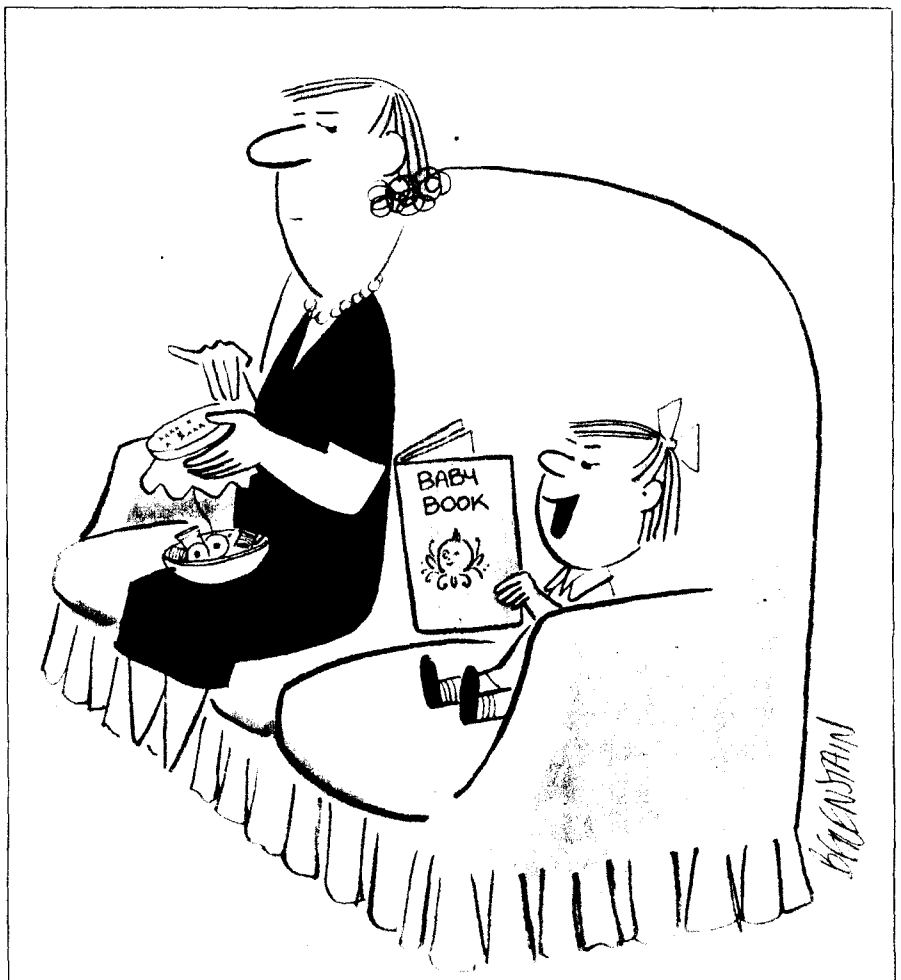
Here the drinking, gambling and night-club entertainment, which some other states now spread so lavishly before the tourist, are prohibited by law. That may help to explain why the 2,000,000-odd Americans who cross the Rockies every year spend an average of $40 apiece in Colorado, $125 in California and only $14 in Utah—despite scenic attractions like Bryce Canyon and excellent skiing in the Wasatch Mountains.

Misnaming a Promised Land

"Deseret," meaning honey bee, is the name the Mormon leader gave this unpromising promised land in the Great Salt Lake basin. Though the state is seamed with minerals, only three per cent of the land is tillable and, with a rising birth rate, Mormons and non-Mormons alike have to work like bees to maintain their high standard of living and education.

The drive across the Great Salt Lake desert dissolved away the partition between past and present. The straight road ahead becomes a sword thrust into empty space. Along the horizon, heat waves detach the purple mountains from the earth and above you the blue sky rests on slim white vapor columns made by jet planes ascending vertically from Wendover Field, Utah.

Off to one side of the road in the glistening salt crust are the more-than-a-century-old wagon tracks of the Donner-Reed party which required six agonizing days and nights to make the desert crossing. You take a last swig of soda pop, still cool since you picked



"But at 'Six Weeks,' you have: 'Marcia is the sweetest, darlingest, most beautiful child in the whole wide world'"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

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"Oh, I think I could live without Freddie. I just don't want to"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

it up at Grantsville 50 miles back, and glance at your watch—the worst of the desert crossed in little more than an hour. Just up ahead are the clocking sheds of the 100-square-mile Bonneville Speedway where England's John Cobb drove an automobile 370 miles an hour.

Continuing on across the desert into Nevada, you become aware of the sound of your car, the wind, the motor, your voice, the sound of clothes against your skin. Then you discover why: It's the contrast between these small local noises and the desert's vast silence. A cowboy in a Lovelock saloon tells you: "Mister, it's so quiet out there nights you don't know if that creakin' is comin' from your saddle or from the stars."

Wild horses still roam the desert plains within sight of the aerial beacon revolving on top of one of Reno's biggest gambling casinos. When ranch work falls off, buckaroos make a little extra money by rounding some of them up.

Every now and then you see a trailer truckload of them in a filling station, jammed so tightly together they can move only their eyes.

"What happens to them?" you ask.

"They grind 'em up for chicken feed," the driver tells you.

A City of Silver Dollars

In Reno the first thing that strikes you is the amount of legal tender lying around wherever you go. Because most of it is in silver dollars, it looks like even more. For most of the customers, who think so much about it and see so little of it, it's a form of economic nudism.

A poor man's Monte Carlo, Reno makes few pretentions of swank. The casinos or "clubs" remind you of brightly lighted factories where row on row of gleaming slot machines are manned round the clock by shifts of unsmiling men and women, performing the assembly-line motions at breakneck speed. At one of the machines, an elderly lady has hired a bellboy to pull the handle for her while she drops in silver dollars.

Quick marriage attracts more people than quick divorce and the town supports more preachers than lawyers. But the vast majority of the people milling through the casinos and hotel lobbies have come here for no other reason than to have a good time.

If you take Highway 50 over the Sierras, the route of the original Lincoln Highway, you'll soar over Lake Tahoe on a road cut into a solid rock precipice 500 feet above the water. Sightseeing is believing, but you have to look hard, breathe deeply and swallow a couple of times before you can believe the miracle of this fallen sky tangled between two mountain peaks and floating off with them before your very eyes.

But geologists can tell you exactly how the lake was formed—the mountain basin was stopped up by lava flows from Mount Pluto. The lake bottom, once supposed to be fathomless, has been measured and the low point found at around 1,600 feet beneath the surface. Today, the water level is controlled by floodgates which regulate the overflow into an irrigation system along the Truckee River.

But 193 square miles of lake 1,600 feet deep is a lot of water to find 6,223 feet up in the air, and a lot of Lake Tahoe residents still believe a favorite superstition of the region—that the lake drains through a natural underground fissure into the long-abandoned mine shafts of the Comstock lode near Virginia City.

If you cross the Sierras from Lake Tahoe to Sacramento on Route 50, the Lincoln Highway, you'll be following the old Placerville stage road which was built by the ore traffic from the Comstock lode. If you like, you can take the faster but less scenic Route 40 which hugs the Southern Pacific tracks through Donner Pass. From the high Sierras, where it snows 500 to 600 inches a year, you pinball down into the greenhouse atmosphere of the long, flat Sacramento Valley.

At journey's end in San Francisco's Lincoln Park, 3,000 miles from the Atlantic seaboard, the soul-satisfying booming of the surf along the Pacific reaches you. It's that old ocean-to-ocean feeling so many generations of Americans have experienced before you.

An old couple get out of a car with Iowa license plates and stand a long while looking out in silence. The blue Pacific is framed with hills as richly brown as candy rolled in cinnamon, and the sunset turns San Francisco Bay into a rich bouillabaisse.

"Well, honey," the man says, slipping his arm around his wife, "we sure have gone the whole hog."

I wouldn't want to be in his shoes!
IF YOU'D TELL ME WHAT I DO WRONG, MAYBE WE COULD OMIT THE SNARLING, DARLING! HOW ABOUT IT?
JIM, WHEN YOU LOVE A GUY, YOU JUST CAN'T TELL HIM TO SEE HIS DENTIST ABOUT—ABOUT BAD BREATH!
YIPE!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE CLEANS TEETH BETTER THAN COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! AND HOW I GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
I'D SAY THAT USING COLGATE'S PAYS 'CAUSE I'M THE LUCKY DOG THESE DAYS!
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
NEW! ECONOMY SIZE
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

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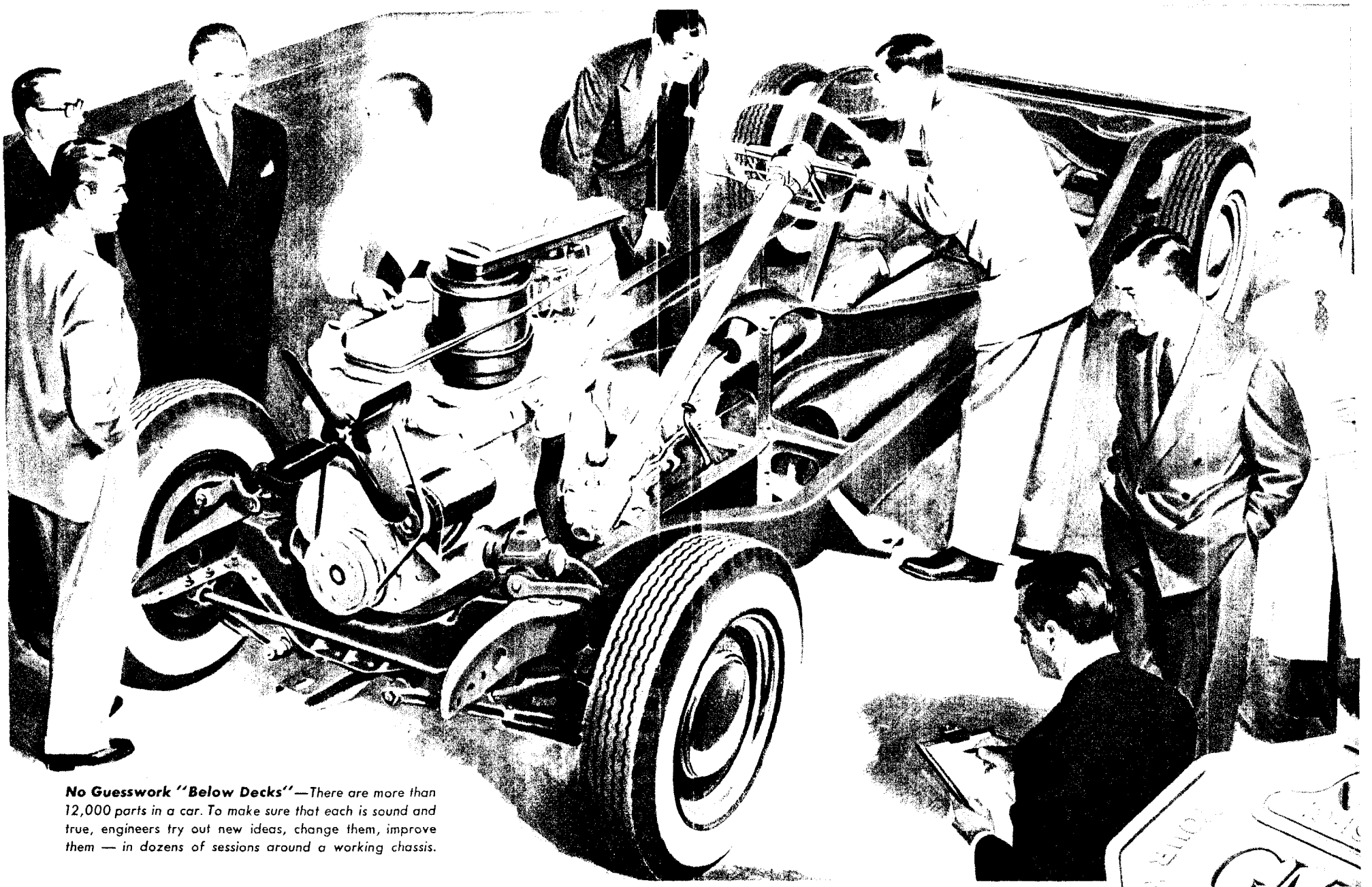
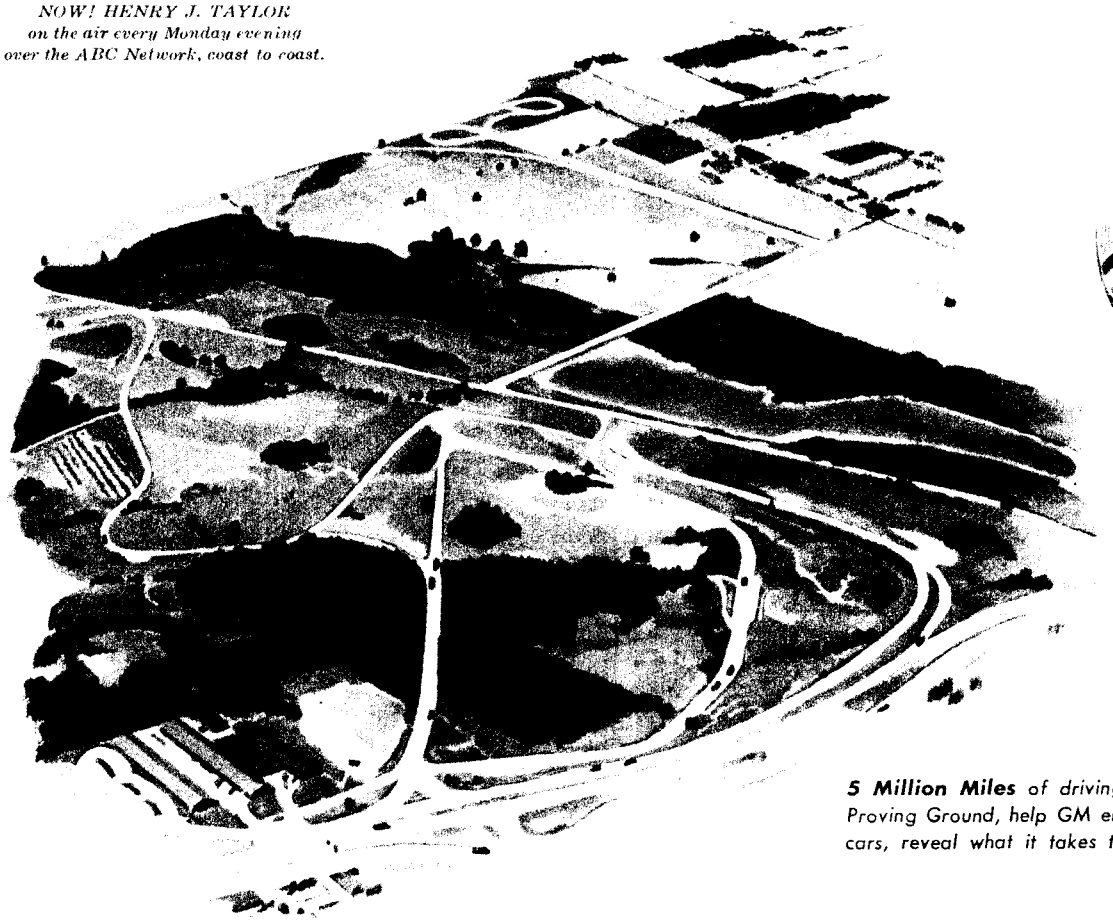


***No Guesswork "Below Decks"**—There are more than 12,000 parts in a car. To make sure that each is sound and true, engineers try out new ideas, change them, improve them — in dozens of sessions around a working chassis.*

Key to Better

NOW! HENRY J. TAYLOR
on the air every Monday evening
over the ABC Network, coast to coast.



***5 Million Miles** of driving yearly, on the 1268-acre GM Proving Ground, help GM engineers to size up all makes of cars, reveal what it takes to make cars better and better.*

THE KEY TO A GENERA

Your key to Greater Value

CHEVROLET

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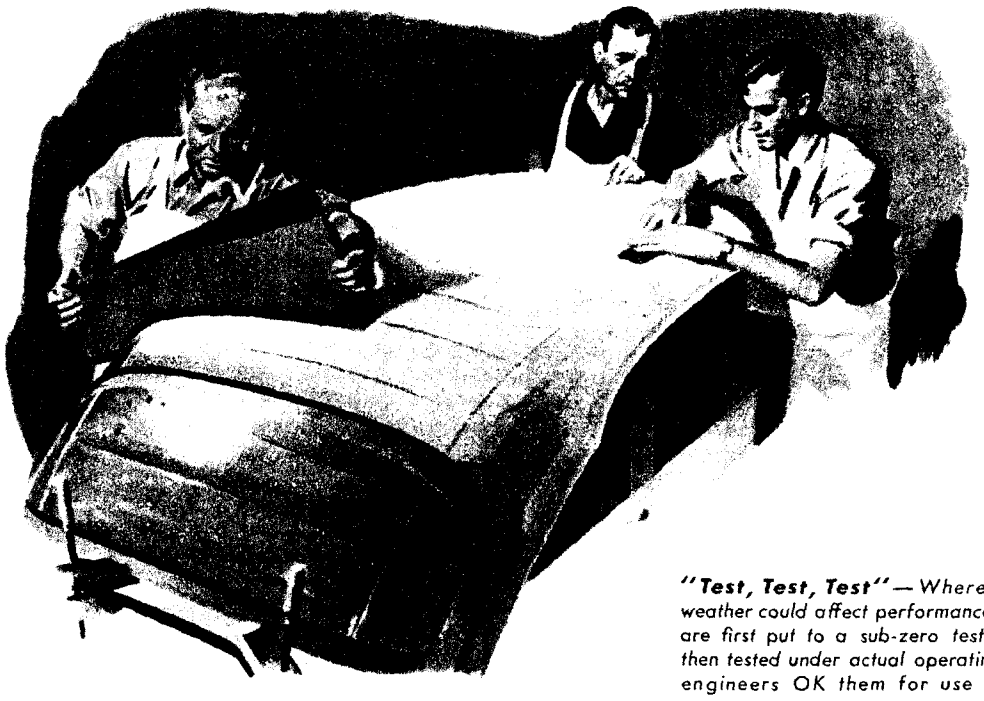
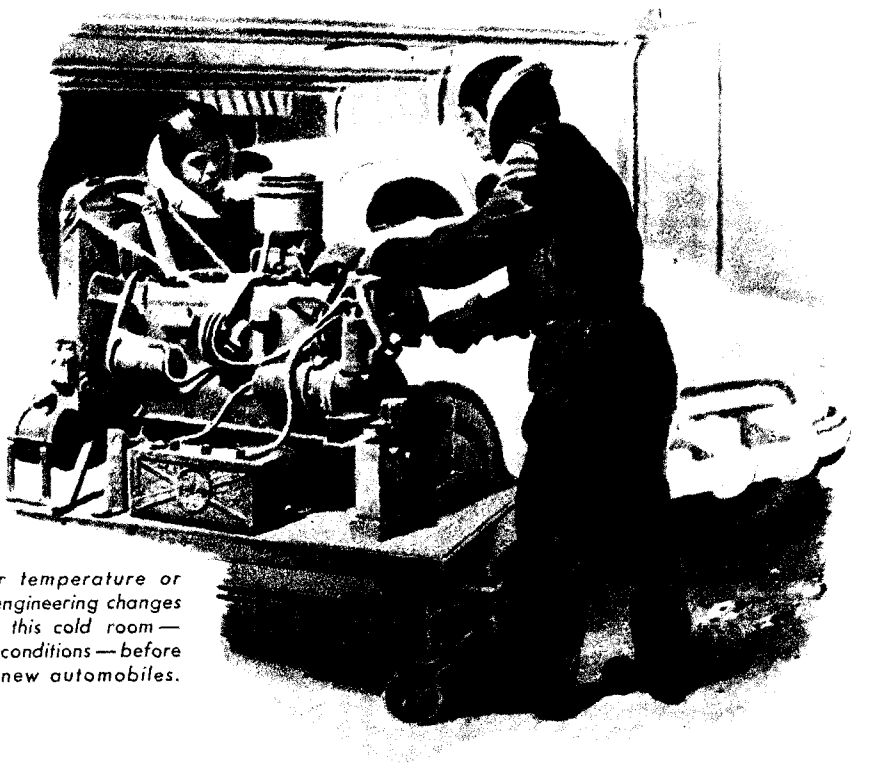
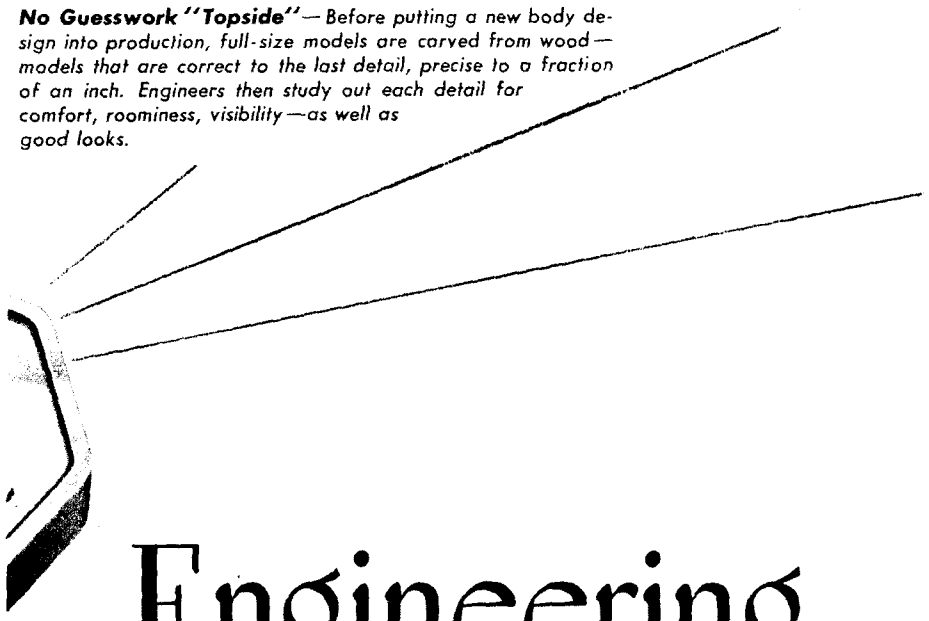


No Guesswork "Topside"— *Before putting a new body design into production, full-size models are carved from wood—models that are correct to the last detail, precise to a fraction of an inch. Engineers then study out each detail for comfort, roominess, visibility—as well as good looks.*



"Test, Test, Test"— *Wherever temperature or weather could affect performance, engineering changes are first put to a sub-zero test in this cold room—then tested under actual operating conditions—before engineers OK them for use in new automobiles.*



Engineering

Birth of Better Transmissions— *One group of GM engineers—working with the divisions—has specialized for years on developing new and better transmissions. Legions of drivers now enjoy the fruits of their labors—no-shift, no-clutch-pedal Hydra-Matic and Dynaflow Drives.*

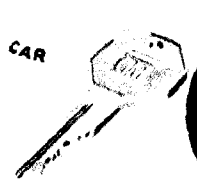
There are five thousand people in the engineering service of General Motors and its divisions. It is their responsibility to make cars better and better and better.

They start with the advantage of GM research, which supplies the finest available new facts about metals, fuels, gears, ignitions—everything that makes possible finer engineering.

They have at their service the largest and toughest automotive Proving Ground in the world, where every innovation must prove its worth.

Their progress is speeded by the interchange of new engineering information developed in all of GM's automotive divisions.

It stands to reason that all this adds up to better engineering, which means better value and better satisfaction to the owners of General Motors cars.



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GENERAL MOTORS

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ANDRÉ CAUVIN

Jungle brews such as the one being stirred up by this medicine man in Ruanda, Africa, have proved to be the basis for some of your doctor's potent prescriptions

Is The Witch Doctor Helping You?

By HAROLD WOLFF

Century-old secrets of primitive medicos are turning out to be cures for diseases that have baffled modern medical men for years

TOP-FLIGHT medical researchers believe the next crop of wonder drugs may come to us fresh from the mumbo-jumbo experts of savage tribes in the jungles of Africa, South America and Asia. And closer to home, the quaint remedies that pioneer grandmothers learned from the Indians are also proving to be more than just old wives' tales. Doctors used to look down their professional noses at the recipe that Grandma prescribed for lumbago or a Tibetan herb doctor's remedy for asthma. But they have come around to the theory that these primitive potions may be treatments for illnesses ranging from the common cold to cancer.

Since the end of the war, this hunch has set medical researchers to wheedling know-how from the *brujos*, the witch doctors of the Upper Amazon, and holding medical confabs with the *marrngits*, the magicians of the Australian bushmen. Our drug experts are prying into the secret lore of the medicine men of the Apache and swapping penicillin for the herbs of the *zos*, the healers of the Azande of Central Africa. And already the cures of these primitive medical practitioners are taking their place in your doctor's little black bag.

Take the story of the mandrake root. Years ago explorers returned from the Australian bush talking of the exploits of native magicians whose bedside manner resembled a jitterbug dance. First they waved a leafy branch to drive off spirits, and then they fed their patients a dose of mandrake broth that, according to eyewitness reports, actually worked wonders. Doctors politely replied, "Absurd!" They pointed out that mandrake was nothing more than a first cousin to the potato.

In the Dark Ages, sorcerers had hoodwinked people with the story that mandrake was so supermagic that it would scream if you dug it up. So the medieval hocus-pocus artists trained dogs to root it out. And in the U.S., Cherokee witch doctors made medicine from the American mandrake. Sheer nonsense, all of it, said the medics. At least they said that until someone took mandrake apart in the laboratory and found that it contains a powerful drug which tends to increase the flow of bile.

That was only the beginning. In 1947 chance reared its wacky head at New York's Sloan-Kettering Institute. Two doctors were growing cancer cells in a test tube, feeding them rations of blood

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)

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FEEL THOSE "SOFA-WIDE" SEATS!

FEEL THE WHEEL! SO EASY TO HANDLE!

FEEL THAT "EQUA-POISE" POWER!
100 H.P. V-8 OR 95 H.P. SIX

There's a NEW
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in your future

FEEL THOSE "MAGIC ACTION" BRAKES!

FEEL THAT HEAVY GAUGE STEEL IN THE "LIFEGUARD" BODY!

Take the wheel... try the FEEL ... your Ford ...

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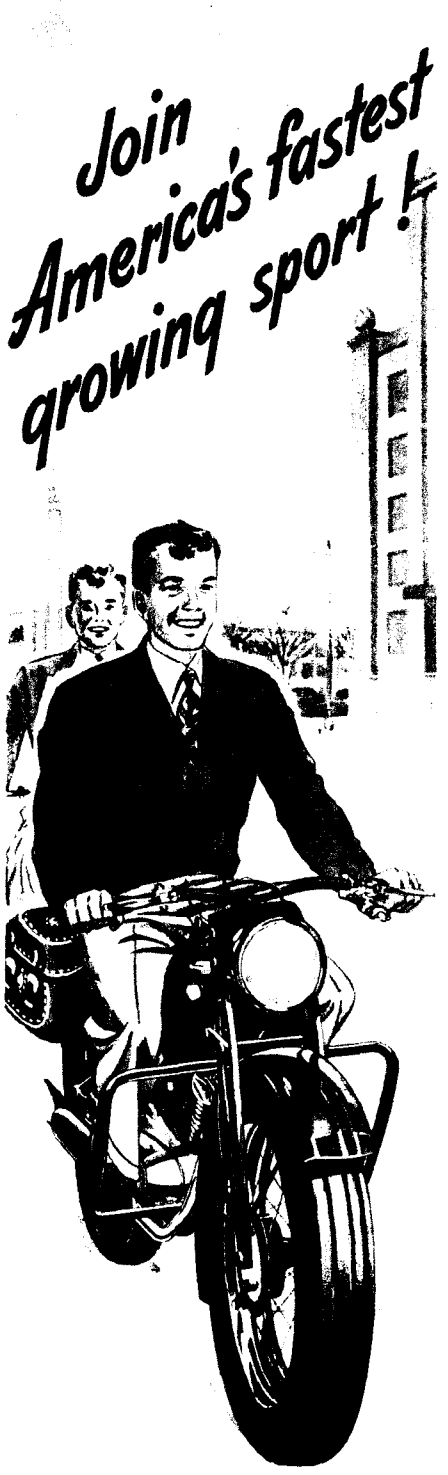

GET in on the fun! Everybody's going power riding! Thousands are now enjoying Harley-Davidson 125's . . . riding to school, factory, office, games, outings. Smooth, comfortable, *safe*. So easy to handle anyone can quickly learn to ride. So economical anyone can afford to ride! *Owners report 90 miles per gallon!* Frees you from busses and trolleys, from always having to use your car, from parking problems. Gives you new, thrilling outdoor sport and convenient, dependable transportation. It's the fun way to get around at low cost! See your dealer today and ask him for a FREE ride.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
DEPARTMENT C MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN

Built for SAFE riding
Brakes on both wheels.
3-speed transmission.
Big wheels, big tires.
Easy steering and handling.
Brilliant night lighting.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON 125
POWER RIDING FOR EVERYONE!

STAMPEDE IN STAMPS

Continued from page 26

make," says Eugene J. Bannvart. Mr. Bannvart is a middle-aged advertising executive who, like many another, has kept up the boyhood pastime of swapping stamps.

"Every time a new issue is put on sale," he says, "I buy a sheet of each denomination—threes, fives, tens or whatever—and stash them away. Remember, I buy them at par and the initial cost isn't too great, usually only a few dollars. I forget them for a while until the market trend in this particular issue starts to show a healthy rise. This might take five or ten years. When the price appears to be nearing a peak before leveling or tapering off, I sell and almost always at a profit of ten per cent or better.

"Now, let's say you had bought $1,000 worth of unused stamps ten years ago at the regular post-office rate. If they were chosen carefully and if you watched the progress of that issue in the stamp market you should have a $1,500 or even $2,000 property today. Try to beat that in any other form of investment."

The mechanics of Mr. Bannvart's reasoning are fairly simple. In each new stamp issue (there were 30 in 1948) the government currently prints and releases an average of 60,000,000 stamps. A comparative few of these are grabbed up immediately by collectors and investors while the bulk is put to work carrying letters and packages. During the first few years these working stamps are used up only gradually since they are competing with previous issues, and their value as a collector's item is usually only par.

Give them five or ten years, however, and most of them, their job completed, will have wound up in wastebaskets and incinerators. That automatically ups the market value of any unused stamps, in that issue and soon they start becoming rarer and rarer.

Experienced philatelists will warn you that continually profitable transactions are not for the amateur. They suggest a little basic training first. Overnight financial killings in the stamp market can be counted on the fingers of a one-armed collector. By following a few elementary rules, however, anyone with normal intelligence, patience and a little initial capital can carve his own slice of the stamp melon.

College Course in Philately

If you have the time and money you can take a college course in stamp collecting. Temple University, Philadelphia, has just started one running two years and leading to the degree of Associate in Business (Philately). There are other, simpler ways, however, of learning the ropes. Many books have been written on the subject, but for an amateur stamp investor striving to make an occasional honest dollar most of these may be too technical.

Probably the best method is to consult a veteran stamp collector. You shouldn't have to reach out far, for in this country alone there are 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 persons, by conservative estimates, swapping stamps today. They won't resent your entry in the field, either, since an increase in the number of traders stimulates the entire stamp market.

Veteran collectors aren't necessarily graybeards. Consider Joe Granville, just turned twenty-five and rated one of the leading authorities in appraising stamp values. Joe became a stamp sticker at the age of six when an adult friend gave him a bright red collector's album. Knowing absolutely nothing about current stamp values the youngster proceeded to fill its pages willy-nilly by pasting in any denomination of any issue that came his way. A couple of years later a family friend interested in stamps saw Joe's album for the first time and let out a whoop.

"That used 50-cent Trans-Mississippi is worth $5; and very scarce," he said. "And here's an unused two-cent Lincoln Memorial, on bluish paper. You can get $2 for that."

This was the beginning of Joe Granville's career as a stamp expert.

As his interest grew, one phase of the stamp business continued to annoy him. Though you could learn the current values of any stamp in any issue simply by consulting the Scott Catalogue, the philatelist's bible, published annually by one of the largest stamp dealers, there was no way in which a canny investor could learn what the approximate values of those same stamps would be the following year or five or ten years hence. Apparently no one had bothered to figure this out so Joe got to work on it. Like a race-track dopester he methodically studied the past performance of a group of stamp issues, mint commemoratives. Then he translated this information into curves and graphs as signposts of the course each stamp price would follow.

Joe finished the last page of Price Predictions the day before he reported for duty with the Navy in 1945. Months later, on a remote atoll in the South Pacific, mail from home brought cheering news—so far his predictions of stamp prices to come had proved 83 per cent accurate, a record to be envied by any professional prognosticator. Two subsequent editions of Price Predictions have been published and the Granville batting average on forecasting stamp prices is now even higher.

"File and forget," is the gist of Granville's initial advice to freshmen stamp traders. By that he means they should tuck away each new batch of stamps bought until the "dead period"—when the market value shows no sign of rising—is over. Not until then can they hope to get any more than they paid for them.

He also advises buying full sheets or blocks—units of four or more stamps—of small denominations, two, three, six cents, etc. Thus if you want to invest three dollars in a new issue, he believes in buying 100 three-cent stamps, a full sheet, rather than a block of, say, six 50-centers. The cost is the same but you have more items to speculate with when the market price starts to rise.

Flaws That Decrease Values

"Mint" (unused) and used commemoratives are the best buy, any collector will tell you, and be sure they are perfectly centered. Stamps printed with the oblong design even a trifle askew have less value as collector's items, so always inspect carefully any you buy at your local post office or, better still, order them from dealers at a small increase, or from the Philatelic Agency of the Post Office Department in Washington, D.C. Then you will be more confident your stamps are in desirable condition.

This last advice doesn't apply to the "errors" or freaks, such as the famous upside-down air-mail stamp, now worth $3,500 a copy, if in perfect shape, or the mysterious sheet of two-centers, in the middle of which are several stamps marked five cents. Should you accidentally come on one of these rarities before they become too expensive that's just so much velvet, but Granville warns the small stamp trader against dabbling in these clowns as a regular thing. Usually the purchase price is so high it would tie up funds which you could use to better advantage in buying quantities of the orthodox varieties.

The most popular type of stamps among collectors and investors are commemoratives, special issues struck off to

The Do's and Don'ts of Stamp Investing

DO . . .

1. Buy United States commemoratives and air mails.
2. Buy low face value stamps, 10 cents and under.
3. Buy United States mint sheets and plate number blocks but don't neglect the used copies in lots of 100.
4. Buy stamps in fine to superb condition only.
5. Study the market carefully to denote trends.
6. Subscribe to a good weekly stamp publication.
7. Store stamps in a safe and dry place in mint sheets, albums or glassine envelopes.
8. Hold stamps for at least ten years as you would a United States bond or constantly buy low and sell high as the intermediate trends permit.
9. Sell either to stamp dealer direct or through reputable auction house or preferably by becoming a dealer temporarily yourself by advertising in stamp journals.

DON'T . . .

1. Buy foreign stamps unless you have an intimate knowledge of market conditions.
2. Buy stamps with high face value.
3. Buy mixtures with the idea of making a profit by resale.
4. Buy stamps and expect to make a profit in two or three years by selling them so soon after purchase.
5. Buy regular issues because the quantity issued is constantly being replenished.

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honor a historical occasion. All but one of the 30 new stamp issues in 1948 were commemoratives, and some of the subjects were decidedly quaint—the 100th anniversary of poultry raising, for instance. The Post Office Department was responsible for originating the idea of only ten of these issues last year. The remainder were offspring of bills passed by Congress.

And 1949 promises to be another banner year for commemoratives—the 81st Congress was only a few days old when 14 such bills were introduced, including one authorizing a stamp to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the Angora goat in the United States.

The first commemorative, honoring the World's Columbian Exposition, literally caused a riot in Chicago. When the stamps, ranging from a penny to $5 in denomination, were first placed on sale in 1893, police had to be summoned to disperse the mobs storming the post-office windows. Anyone lucky enough to have bought one of the $5 numbers then, in good mint condition, could get $90 for it today.

Jim Farley is the modern godfather of the commemorative stamp. During his regime as Postmaster General he sponsored so many of these the group is now known in the trade as the Farley issues. Indirectly Jim is also responsible for doubling the number of collectors and investors practically overnight.

It happened in 1934 with the release of a new Mother's Day commemorative, regarded then as just another of its type. As a favor to his stamp-collector boss, Jim autographed and presented a sheet of these, before they had been perforated, to the President. He did the same for Mrs. Roosevelt, Harold Ickes and a few other members of the official family.

A few months later all hell broke loose in the stamp world—one of these autographed, imperforate sheets had been placed on the open market at a fancy price. Collectors screamed, so did newspaper headlines, and the halls of Congress resounded to speeches denouncing this injustice to the taxpayer. As a result, Postmaster General Farley was ordered to issue reprints of these special sheets and make them available to the public.

A Phenomenal Buying Rush

Attracted by the furor, people who had never heard of stamp collecting before bought them in quantity. Sales of this reprint issue were so great that the annual revenue of the Philatelic Agency jumped from $302,619 in 1934 to $811,723 in 1935 and a boom in stamp investing in general was on. Incidentally, a set of those sheets, costing $102.50 in 1935 now sells for $650.

Such occurrences are jack-pot milestones the amateur stamp investor will easily recognize. Sometimes these freaks are pure accident, but they also can be manufactured. There was the Pony Express issue, for example. This 1940 commemorative, a three-cent job, appropriately depicted a fleeting horse, a rider and a bag of mail.

Soon after its release, however, a stamp collector, who had more imagination than perception, "discovered" the impatient pony was none other than Seabiscuit, current favorite thoroughbred which had just won the Santa Anita Handicap. Actually it wasn't, but a gullible reporter filed a story which press services, sensing a news feature, spread from coast to coast. Immediately this had a galloping effect on the market value of the Pony Express stamp, and even today, one of these three-centers, in perfect condition, will bring you 40 cents.

Alert stamp investors watch for breaks like this and profit accordingly. Just 12 years ago, more than one Southern collector spotted an error in stamp design which might well have precipitated another Civil War. It was a four-cent issue bearing the portraits of Generals Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

Shortly after it was released howls of protest flooded Washington from all parts of the South—a careless engraver had placed only two stars on the lapel of Robert E. Lee's uniform, demoting him to major general. The Daughters of the Confederacy held indignation meetings, and all over Dixie, orators and the press used violent terms in describing this damyankee insult. Naturally the error boosted the stamp's value which today is quoted at 11 cents.

The most recent bonanza for investors dropped in their laps just a few months back and even the most amateurish could recognize the profit possibilities in this one. To help New York observe its 50th anniversary last July, a special air-mail stamp, selling at five cents, was released. It was a relatively small issue, limited to 39,000,000.

Congress Boosts the Market

The joker in this was that less than a month previously Congress had passed a bill restoring the air-mail letter rate to six cents on January 1, 1949, which would then make the newcomer an orphan. The rate increase was widely publicized so anyone who could read a newspaper could also see that this man-made freak, with its limited issue, was a gilt-edge investment. The gilt has not tarnished either—a sheet of a hundred is offered now for from $13 to $15.

For many years conservative investors have considered buying diamonds the safest financial bulwark, since their value remains fairly constant through fat and lean years. Roger W. Babson, noted economist, recommended this to his clients as a hedge against inflation after the stock market tumble in 1946. Stamp people, poring over their sheets and blocks and singles, scoff at this "hoary, unsound" doctrine.

Young Joe Granville has had the temerity to challenge the sage of Babson Park in print on the relative merits of diamonds and postage stamps. In a recent issue of Stamps, a collector's trade journal, he points out that the diamond buyer has to plunk down a 20 per cent luxury tax while stamps are tax-free when purchased at face value. He reminds Mr. Babson that while diamond prices may remain static, the current catalogues show the value of individual stamp issues is rising almost constantly.

To buy stamps, Joe says, you simply visit your local post office or order them from the Philatelic Agency and the purchase price is always, for unused issues, the lowest. If you go abroad you'll find your stamp stock pile is virtually as good as gold, even when foreign exchange is about as stable as a jellyfish. A man named Hitler sensed this when he directed his invading forces to respect post offices in conquered countries and deliver their stamp stocks to Berlin. He knew they would have more buying power than printing-press money.

The clinching argument on stamps as a potent item to tuck away in your sock is their borrowing power. Well-established banks and loan companies accept stamp collections as collateral when ready money is needed, say, to buy more stamps. One of the leaders in this field is the Provident Loan Society, a non-profit organization which will lend you cash on your stamp hoard. For this you pay one per cent interest a month on loans up to $100, and above that figure the take drops to ¾ of one per cent.

Provident Loan, founded in 1894, has been granting stamp loans for only the past two years but, in that brief time, requests for stamp loans have so accelerated they now have a special philatelic department and do business by mail in 36 states. The window cleaner and his once critical bride are two of their best clients.

You've learned a lot when you've got P.A.*

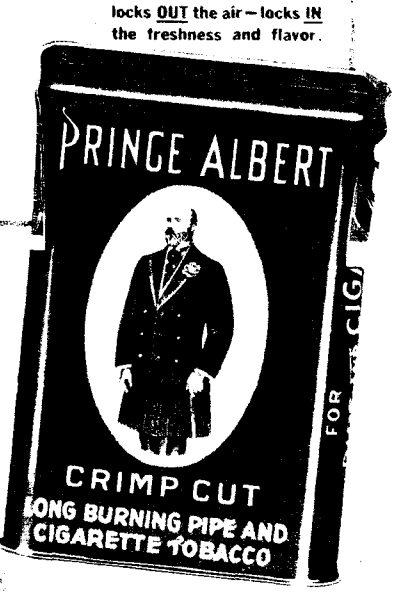
● Yes—many a man has learned that women find the man who smokes a pipe particularly attractive! And many a pipe smoker has learned that putting mild, rich-tasting Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco in his pipe gives real smoking joy and comfort.

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal
P.A.* means Prince Albert

● Hundreds of thousands of smokers have learned that P. A.'s choice tobacco is mild and easy on the tongue. Prince Albert is specially treated to insure against tongue bite! It's crimp cut, too... to smoke cool and even down to the bottom of the bowl. Get P. A.!

The NEW HUMIDOR TOP—locks OUT the air—locks IN the freshness and flavor.

P.A. ROLLS UP SO FAST AND EASY... MAKES A MILD TONGUE-EASY CIGARETTE!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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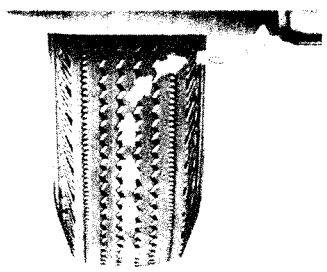
You'll agree with and the b

J. O. REIGLE (right) is president of a utensil company in Kewaskum, Wis. He says: "Super-Cushions are really sensational. They've given me thousands of miles of amazingly smooth driving. The softer ride has cut down car repairs, and I'm surprised at the way they're holding up on our rough country roads—the treads show almost no sign of wear."

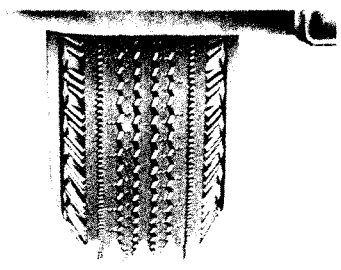
DOROTHY GROVER is a beautiful young New York model. She says: "Those big Super-Cushions look just wonderful! When we put them on our family car, I was thrilled. Now, after *17,000* miles, they look as if they're good for that many more. And they make the car ride and handle like a dream. They grip the road so firmly that I feel a *lot* safer when driving!"

Conventional Tire



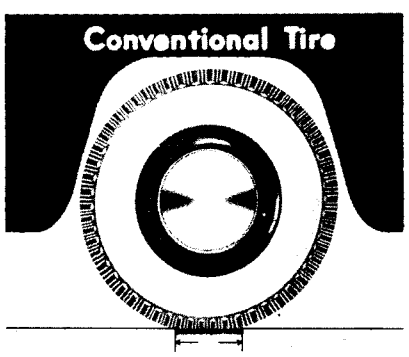
Road shocks carried to chassis
Ordinary ride

Super-Cushion

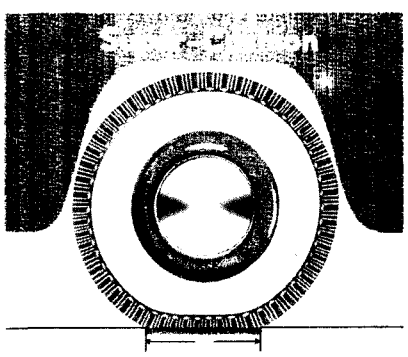


Road shocks absorbed by tire
New softer ride

Softer Ride! The Super-Cushion is bigger and softer. *It runs on 24 pounds of air!* It absorbs road shock, jars and vibration. So you get a pillowy ride, less wear on your car, fewer rattles and repair bills!



Regular contact area
Ordinary Traction



Bigger contact area
New Greater Traction

Greater Safety! Super-Cushions have a larger contact area with the road. So you drive with a new sense of ease, a new surer-footed *stability*. Your car hugs the curves, stops quicker in any kind of weather!

Super

GOO

MORE PEOPLE RIDE

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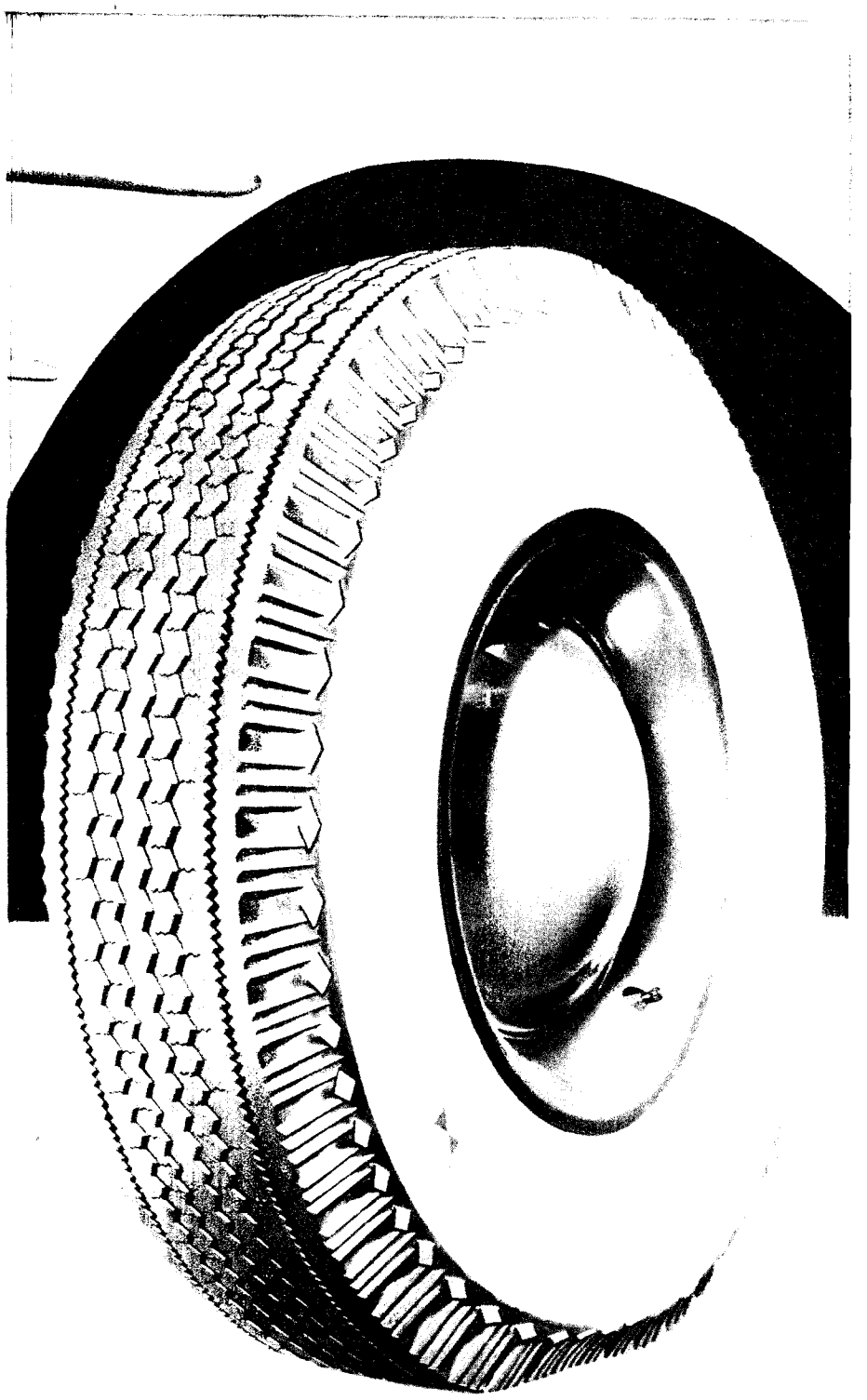
e boss, the beauty
sinessman !

L. I. UPTEGROVE is in the motor freight business in Seattle, Wash. He says: "I got one of the first sets of Super-Cushions in the Seattle area. Today—at 20,000 miles—they show much less wear than regular tires. They give me better wet-weather traction, and make the car ride and handle more smoothly than any I've ever driven in my life."



You've no idea how smooth and safe and comfortable modern driving can be—till you've put Super-Cushions on *your* car. They'll fit your present rims and wheels. And when you get new tires, get new tubes. The perfect combination is Super-Cushions and LifeGuard Safety Tubes—the tubes that make a blowout harmless. You can't get better protection to save your life. Stop in at your Goodyear dealer's today!

We think you'll like "THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD"—every Sunday—ABC Network

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Old Buddy, Stay Way From My Door

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

They might have been your pals in the Army, but those wartime side-kicks are no bargains in your living room

IF I have my way, and I probably won't, I'm never going to run into any of my old Army buddies again. I have resigned from all the veterans' organizations, and I've ripped my uniform to shreds and sold it to a crone who makes patchwork quilts. When my old outfit's Newsletter comes this month, I'm going to stamp it deceased and give it back to the postman. I am growing a mustache and a Vandyke and cultivating a guttural accent, and the next time somebody asks me what I did in the war, I'm going to reply thickly that I was a 4F or a home-front profiteer.

I'm not bitter: It's just that I've had so many old Army pals in my house during the past three years that my front room has come to resemble a small-town square on Memorial Day. They have drunk enough of my whisky to float an LCI; they have eaten enough of my food to keep an antitank company in fighting trim for six months. They have broken my furniture, burned holes in my rugs, ruined my plumbing and made love (unsuccessfully, I think) to my wife.

Most of all, they have *talked.* The men that I remember from my G.I. days were all morose, tight-lipped fellows who sat around sullenly on their bunks, wishing they were back home, and cursing the company commander. Civilian life has done something to this bunch, something rather terrifying. For one thing, it has made every man jack as garrulous as Gabriel Heatter. For another, it has wiped out any memory of any unpleasantness they might have experienced. To hear them tell it today—and just try to keep them from telling it!—the Army was nothing but one long, hilarious party.

Purely as a scientific study, I have been making notes on the behavior of these "friends" of mine, and I have divided them, for the sake of convenient classification, into a number of types. You're probably already familiar with them—and if you are, you have my sympathy.

Type One, *The I'm Sure I Know You from the Army,* is pretty repulsive. I always meet him at a cocktail party where most of the women are particularly unattractive. Just as I've cornered the one presentable creature in the crowd, this specimen appears.

"I'm sure I know you from the Army," he says, breathing in my face. "Weren't you in the old 12th MP Company?"

"No," I say coldly, turning back to the damsel.

"Wait a minute," he says, pawing my shoulder. "It was the 97th General Hospital, wasn't it?"

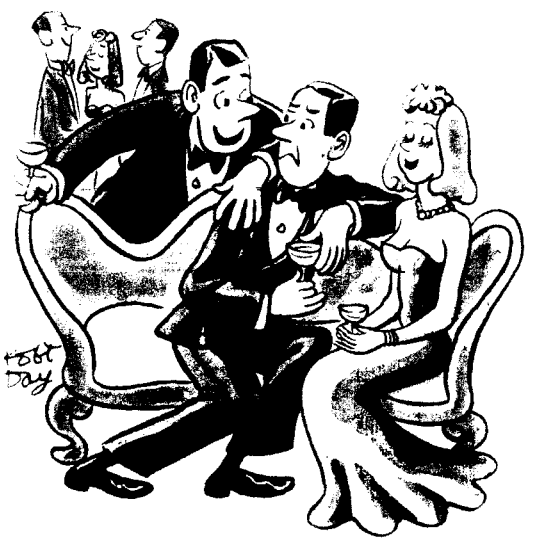
"No," I say, more frigidly. "As I was saying, Miss Borgen—"

"I've got it!" he cries. "The 312th Coast Artillery!"

I turn on him, furious. "No, it was not!" Then I stare at him pointedly, mutter, "Get lost, will you?" and turn back to Miss Borgen. She, of course, has drifted away.

This is just what my new old buddy wants. He now begins to tell me his entire Army history, from the time of his preliminary physical at the draft board to a day about a month after his discharge, when he met his old commanding officer, who had returned to his old job as a Western Union messenger, and punched him solidly in the nose.

Type Two, *The Gag Man,* is, thank your stars,



"I know you from the Army," he says

rather rare. I've run into him only once, on the street, at which time he knocked me down. When he pulled me to my feet he shook hands and gave me a shock with one of those patented buzzers. Then the flower in his lapel squirted water in my face, after which he invited me to have a look at the passing girls through an X-ray tube. I did, and got a sooty eye. "Pretty funny, eh?" he howled. Before I could answer, he pressed his card into my hand. It read:

I am Cletus Dench
who the [illegible] *are you?*

The following evening, Dench arrived at my apartment, having gained admission by occupying the doorman with a double hot-foot. It appeared that he had bought out the entire stock of a novelty store, everything from flash powder to card tricks. While my wife and I yawned, Dench then put on a magic show which for sheer dullness rivaled anything I have ever witnessed. He had just

Type Two is the gag man

drunk two thirds of a bottle of good bourbon, and had begun breaking raw eggs into my best hat, a preliminary to what he called "the greatest little trick in the world," when the doorbell rang.

Sometimes I feel that I am truly psychic, for something told me that the doorman, the superintendent, and a policeman would be standing outside. They were. Pausing just long enough for Dench to gather up his magic equipment, the five of us proceeded to one of our local precincts. I felt that the sergeant was unduly severe, and Dench, in turn, seemed to feel that I was somehow at fault. I mollified him by paying his fine, and out of deep gratitude he called me between 3 and 4 A.M. every morning for six straight weeks after that.

The third type, *The Carouser,* is by far the most dangerous. He arrived at my place without notice, carrying a great deal of whisky, gin and rum. He carries these potables in his stomach, remarking that it isn't safe to entrust them to the kind of fragile bottles they put on the market these days.

When I introduce this worthy to my wife, he leers disgustingly and says, "Well, Dickie, you always did know how to pick 'em!" Then, pretending to be puzzled, he adds, "But you never told me you were married."

Upon hearing this, my wife looks at Type Three with new interest. To divert her attention, I invite the old buddy to sit down. He lurches across the room, and, with the grace that can come only from years of practice, stumbles over an end table, breaking it to bits.

After he has settled in our sofa, putting his muddy shoes up on the new yellow slip cover, he further adjusts himself by deftly knocking a vase off a small taboret. As I am sweeping up the pieces, trying not to look at my wife, he launches into the inevitable reminiscences.

"Remember old Anytime Annie in Birmingham?" he cries, shaking his head. "What a chick!"

"I—ah—don't believe I do," I say, guardedly.

"Sure, you do!" he roars. "We used to meet her in front of the Tutwiler, every Saturday afternoon!" He looks at my wife. "You'd have loved Annie."

"I'm sure," my wife murmurs.

"I hear from her, every once in a while," Buddy says. "Says she writes to you now and then, too."

"Why, ah—" I begin—and then I stop. Further speech is useless. By now the little woman is halfway across the room, that home-to-mother look on her face.

"Anytime Annie, eh?" she mutters. "So *that's* what you do when you're working late." The door slams.

Wearily, I turn back to the old Army friend. He is now sleeping loudly on the couch, his mouth open. To make this picture of contentment complete, his cigarette has conveniently dropped out of his mouth, and is now burning a round, cozy hole in our rug.

These, then, are just three walking reasons why I wish to have nothing further to do with Old Service Companions. These days, whenever I see one approaching on the street, I either duck into a telephone booth or dive for the nearest manhole. If I'm too late to do either, and he's already seen me, I try to look as though I'm suffering from amnesia. It's hard to keep this vacant stare in my eyes, but it's worth it.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT DAY

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Give it Room—

White sidewall tires, as illustrated, available at extra cost.

it's ROADMASTER!

WHEN this sight greets you in your rear-view mirror—mister, better give over!

Overtaking you is just about the ablest performer on the road today—and wise drivers long ago learned the only thing to do with ROADMASTER is give it road room and a salute as it passes.

Reason is—ROADMASTER is something excitingly new in fine cars.

Big, yes—stretches a gorgeous eighteen feet, with all that such size means in comfort and inside stretch-out space.

But part and parcel of every one of its 4,400-odd pounds is the fastest footwork on the highway. Action is the key of every part, from its 150-hp Fireball power plant to the swift, silken, unbroken surge you get from Dynaflow Drive.

As a matter of fact, action's even invited by the price tag. By the pound, by the inch, by any yardstick you want to lay against it, it's the buy of the fine-car field.

For proof, just gather a few delivered prices on other cars and check them at your Buick dealer's. He will show you so much more for your dollar you'll waste no time getting an order in.

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Silk-smooth **DYNAFLOW DRIVE*** • **FULL-VIEW VISION** *from enlarged glass area*
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*Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER models.

When better automobiles are built BUICK will build them

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THE BUY IN BIG CARS

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Know your new Army better. Visit your nearest Army post, camp or station.

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NO SENTIMENT

Continued from page 30

college prof dreaming of his lost Guinevere, meaning that Schultz girl with the good nylons who once sat in the front row of his English Lit class.

For some reason, though, I felt sorry for him. He seemed to be trying so hard. So I threw caution to the winds and bought the shortest one. The only reason I bother you with all this is because I want you to take the six dollars out of my check this week.

And another thing—I'm quitting. When I sprint out of this place Friday night I'm through. There's something about all this that's beginning to get old Jinny down a little. I just can't handle this much sentiment.

Your ever-lovin' daughter,
Jinny "Jingles" Hendrix
Associate Editor (till Friday)

ANNIVERSARY GREETING CARD COMPANY

March 1, 1949

INTEROFFICE MEMO

From: W.F.
To: Jinny
Subject: Tendered resignation

You'll do no such thing. You agreed to try this business for six months, and you'll stay right here and try it for exactly six months. You've never had much sense, but at least you've never been a quitter.

In the meantime, try to find something we can use in those unsolicited poems people send in. I agree that most of it is terrible, but don't become so bored that you miss the occasional usable stuff that comes along.

Jinny, I still hope that somehow you will begin to see what this business means, not only to me but to a lot of other people neither one of us ever heard of. Jinny, people buy and mail over three *billion* greeting cards a year, just so they can say something nice to someone. We help them say it, and I've always thought that it's a pretty nice way to make a living. I'd hoped that you might think so, too. But first, Jinny, you've got to learn what sentiment is, and what it means to people. You've got to learn that, Jinny, whether you're ever a part of this business or not. Until you do you'll never be the thing the Lord tried to make out of you—a woman.

You can laugh now, if you'd care to. But don't laugh too long, or too hard. These things tend to creep up on you when you least expect it. You're looking out the window someday, laughing merrily, and *zingo!*—you suddenly begin to know what sentiment is. You'll know someday. When your mother died she left me the job of raising you, and somehow I'm going to finish the job.

Incidentally, I'm happy to pay the six dollars to your elderly poet out in California. As near as I can recall, it's the first time you've ever felt sorry for anyone. Maybe it's a good sign.

Also, incidentally, you may see now why I like these interoffice memos you've made so many witty comments about. It's much easier to put your thoughts down on paper than to tell them to anyone.

Pres.

117 Bliss Road
Laguna Beach, Calif.
March 5, 1949

Mr. Henry McColl
56 W. 56th Street
New York, N.Y.

Dear Hank:

Hank, old boy, I have a small favor to ask of you.

This time it is not money. I realize that it would be foolhardy to think of touching you for any more dough. I even hear that you have recently suffered an attack of the shorts yourself.

But let us not even mention money. All I need is someone to perform a small errand. In casting about for new ways to keep body and soul together till I can get this damned play done, I have chanced upon the greeting-card dodge. Hearing the other evening that greeting-card companies pay fifty cents a line for that doggerel, I hastened home and whipped up a double dozen and shipped them off to the first firm on the list, the Anniversary Greeting Card Company of your city. And I have successfully smitten some old dame there named Genevieve Mae Hendrix, who signs herself Associate Editor. The interesting part is that she has just sent me six bucks for a twelve-line poem a dog wouldn't chew, and she wants more.

Now here, old schoolmate, is the pitch. The play is about done. I've got all the funny stuff in, and all I still need is a small kicker finish with a little sentiment in it, something to send the laughing hordes home with a pleasant warmth under the fourth rib. I hear that that is what turns a funny play into a hit, that little sentimental touch just as the curtain comes down. It makes for what is known in the theater as a wholly satisfying evening. And for what is known at the box office as hot dog.

I know I'll get it, but there is always the chance that I will be felled by starvation before it occurs. Already mine eyes grow dim, my pen trembles.

Hence the vital importance of this fifty-cents-a-line Bronte sister I have flushed. If I could just go in and have a talk with her, and find out exactly what she wants, I could rip off a barrel or two of it on a cash basis, lay in a supply of beans and finish up the play.

That's where you come in. You look well in a pipe, and you have written enough corny poetry of your own to talk halfway intelligently about it. All I ask of you is to stroll over to 396 Madison Avenue, casually pretending that you are Samuel Henderson Blaine, California poet, and case this layout. Take Miss Hendrix gently by the hand, gaze into her tired old eyes, and search out her inmost secrets on just what the hell she wants in the way of cash verse. Arouse her mother instinct. You can do this by purring, as I imagine she runs pretty largely to cats.

The minute you have the word, rush it to me, and I will leap on the rhyming dictionary like a veritable tiger.

The future of the American theater hangs on the next twenty-four hours. Hit it, boy.

As ever,
Sam

56 W. 56th Street
New York, N. Y.
March 9, 1949

Mr. Sam Blaine
117 Bliss Road
Laguna Beach, Calif.

Dear Sam:

Well, for once you had a good idea. I had never once thought of this greeting-card racket. Me, America's greatest living poet, and needing money the way I need my next breath, and never thinking of greeting cards. What a dolt!

I thought that you knew that I too have been authoring a play.

But I will not keep you in suspense. At eleven thirty this morning I saw Miss Hendrix. Where did you get the idea she was the Ancient Mariner? She is about twenty-two, and only slightly more beautiful than June Allyson. Also, a fact worth mentioning, her father owns the joint.

We got along just fine. I sold her my entire series of Christmas Songs, and seventeen of my almost equally renowned Anniversary Lyrics. The check was for $412.50, and she wants many, many more, which I will turn out as rapidly as time will allow. What a deal!

I'm of course paying you a regular ten per cent agent's fee, which so far comes to $41.25. It grieves me to be forced to apply this on the slight debt you owe me, rather than sending it on to you in cash, but I'm sure that's what you would want me to do. Taking off the $41.25 leaves you owing me only $1,734.75. You're cuttin' it down, boy, cuttin' it down. You will possibly recall that you originally owed me $1,776, at which point I declared my independence from your financial problems.

You may wonder how I happened to secure a cashable check, since I was pretending to be you. Simple. I just told this toothsome lass that Samuel Henderson Blaine was my pen name, and that I preferred to have my checks made out in my right name.

And now I must haste to change into black tie, as I am off to take Miss Hendrix out for dinner and a gala evening on the town. It's little enough to do.

Dear old Hank

LG35PD—LAGUNA BEACH CALIF 11
1019A

HENRY MCCOLL
56 W 56 NEW YORK NY

YOU DOG YOU TRAITOR YOU THIEF. HAVE SOLD MY CAR AND AM LEAVING FOR NEW YORK ON NEXT PLANE. I'LL FIX YOUR WAGON.

SAM

LG36PD—LAGUNA BEACH CALIF 11
1019A

GENEVIEVE MAE HENDRIX
ANNIVERSARY GREETING CARD CO
396 MADISON AVE NEW YORK NY

STOP PAYMENT INSTANTLY YOUR CHECK TO HENRY MCCOLL. I'M HENRY MCCOLL. I MEAN I'M SAMUEL HENDERSON BLAINE AND HENRY MCCOLL ISN'T. I MEAN THERE IS A HENRY MCCOLL BUT HE ISN'T ME. AND HE CAN'T WRITE POETRY FOR SOUR OWLS. I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW.

SAM BLAINE

ANNIVERSARY GREETING CARD COMPANY
396 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y.

(An Anniversary Card Expresses Your *True* Sentiment)
INTERCITY MEMO:

March 13, 1949

Mr. W. F. Hendrix
Hotel Sherman
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Pops:

All I can say is that you picked a dandy time to go to Chicago. While you straighten out the printing situation, who's going to straighten out me? Things are picking up around here like a mother of five with the doorbell ringing.

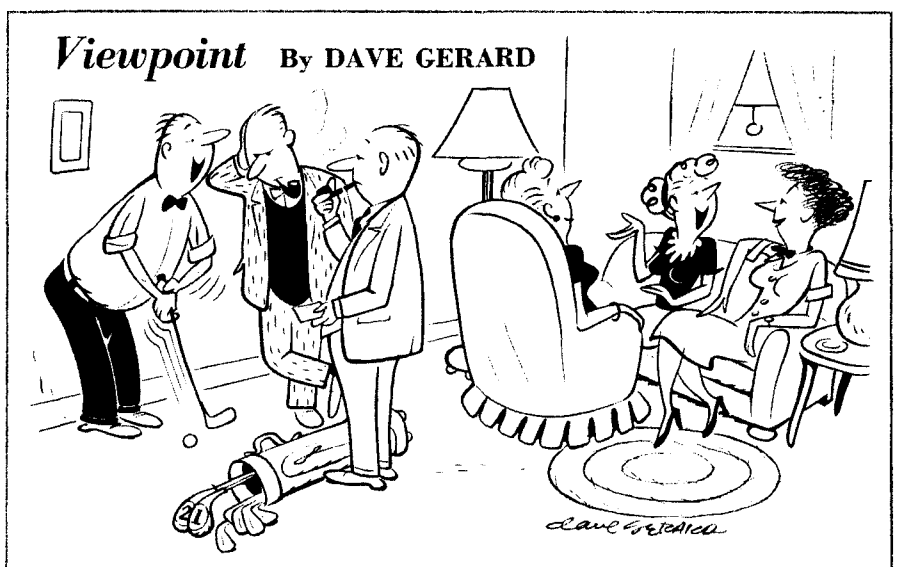
Perhaps I'd better tell you about it from left to right.

Remember Six Buck Sam, out in California? Well, sending him that infernal little check started it. I still say that if you want peace in this world, don't have one decent thought.

Well, anyway, the phone rang, and a pleasant sort of voice said this was Mr. Samuel Henderson Blaine, from Laguna Beach, California; he had come to New York to see me, and could he? Well, on any day here I would gladly give an appointment to a baboon, so I said why sure, come on up. He did, and things immediately begin getting out of hand. He turned out to be not an old period piece at all, but a young flapping sort of character, with light brown pipe and eyes to match, and a line you could hang a week's wash on.

We batted it back and forth for a few minutes about how were things in California, and then he said that since I had turned out to be so young and beautiful he was now prepared to show me his good merchandise and he forthwith opened his brief case and started hauling out poetry therefrom. Well, Pops, it was nothing whatever but the finest greeting-card verse the world has ever seen. This guy is a veritable jack pot of simple, heartfelt sentiment. His stuff can wring fifteen cents out of a stone.

To put it briefly, I ended up by laying out $412.50 for practically everything he had on hand, and regretting he didn't have more. This boy is going to be to the greeting-card dodge what Fulton was


Viewpoint By DAVE GERARD
"First hole-in-one I ever made. Always used a five iron on that hole but today I decided to experiment. I took out my four iron — judged the wind —"
"It was the funniest shot I ever saw. He had the wrong club in the first place and he was aiming at the wrong green—!"
COLLIER'S
DAVE GERARD

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Every man should own
at least one good etching!

The idea of using an etching technique for striking tie patterns is *so* good that someone (us included!) should have thought of it before!

Observe the *unusual, very smart* effect you get from the color contrast of the hard, clear-cut "etched" patterns against the swirls and solid background colors. Nice? *Yes, indeed!*

These new wider "Arrow Etchings" ties are rich-to-the-touch, all-rayon foulards. They knot up and drape faultlessly and—thanks to the exclusive lining—resist wrinkles as stubbornly as a cowlick resists a comb! $1.50.

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Makers of Arrow Shirts • Ties
Handkerchiefs Underwear
Sports Shirts

ARROW TIES

Arrow "Etchings" $1.50

to the steamboat dodge. If I'm wrong, sell my jewels. I enclose a few of his masterpieces so that you can see for yourself. Send them back in dry ice. We don't want any of these to spoil.

During this whole fantastic interview, I kept wondering how the stuff this genius sent in by mail could be so awful, and the stuff he brought in in person so wonderful. Well, it gradually, of course, turns out that he is not Six Buck Sam at all, but a friend of his—make it a former friend—named Henry McColl. It seems that Sam sent him in to case the joint, and, as so often happens, he bought it for himself.

Then yesterday the real Sam, old Louie from Laguna, blew into town in a four-engine fury, and he's now storming around town threatening to sue us, put Hank in jail, and possibly declare war. On the way here on the plane he whipped up some more greeting-card verse, to prove that he's the head poet of the group, and it pains me to report that it's even worse than his prior stuff.

This is a shame, because he is a real nice, honest-looking guy who is squandering his youth writing a play, and there is nothing I would like better than to issue him one of our handsome checks to help along. As it is I cannot issue him any more checks, even for six bucks.

Now Mr. McColl, our new genius, is a different matter. He can not only write greeting cards that simply reach over and take the money out of your pocket, he is also full of fun. He seems to be known as Good Old Hank to every waiter in town, and we have accordingly been holding many conferences here and there in the evening. Last night Sam trailed us around, lurking in the shadows muttering vague threats, and this morning he was at the office, gaunt and haggard, to read me some more of his horrible greeting cards.

Where it will all end I couldn't say.

Jinny Jingles.

HOTEL SHERMAN
Chicago, Illinois

March 14, 1949

Miss Jinny Hendrix
Anniversary Greeting Card Company
396 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Dear Jinny:

I return the samples of Mr. McColl's work. I can only agree that it is absolutely wonderful. Buy all you can.

And watch yourself. During the evening conferences I would suggest that you keep your left up at all times. I have never told you, but many of the finest cards in our present line were written some years ago by a gentleman named Kickapoo Brown, one of the country's leading forgers.

I kind of like Six Buck Sam.

As ever,
Dad

NY376 PD—New York NY 16 119P

W. F. Hendrix
Hotel Sherman Chicago Ill

MISTER HENRY MCCOLL OUR NEW GENIUS INSISTS ON MARRYING ME. HE IS WHISPERING SWEET NOTHINGS IN MY EAR IN EXCELLENT POETRY FOR WHICH HE IS NOT CHARGING ME A NICKEL. AND HE CERTAINLY IS NO FORGER. MY OUTER DEFENSES BEGINNING TO CRACK. SAM'S MORNING OUTPOURING OF VERSE EVEN VERSE THAN USUAL. SORRY. ADVISE.

JINNY

C194 PD—Chicago Ill 17 203P

Jinny Hendrix
109 W 59 New York NY

JUST GOT BACK TO HOTEL AND GOT YOUR TELEGRAM. DON'T BE IN ANY HURRY TO MARRY THIS MCCOLL.

DAD

C195 NL PD—Chicago ill 17 205P

Sam Blaine
c/o Anniversary Greeting Card Co.
396 Madison Ave New York NY

WELL DO SOMETHING. I COULD NEVER WRITE DECENT GREETING CARD VERSE EITHER. MAYBE THAT'S WHY I SECRETLY DISTRUST PEOPLE WHO CAN. IS YOUR PLAY ANY GOOD? READ THAT TO HER. READ HER THE MANHATTAN PHONE BOOK. BUT STOP TRYING TO SELL HER THAT LOUSY POETRY OF YOURS. FORGET THE VERSE AND GET ON TO THE CHORUS. EITHER THAT OR GO BACK TO LAGUNA AND WE'LL STRUGGLE ALONG AS BEST WE CAN. OH BY THE WAY WE HAVEN'T MET. I'M JINNY'S FATHER.

W. F. HENDRIX

T. 1237 PD—New York NY 18 531P

W. F. Hendrix
Hotel Sherman Chicago Ill

SAM HAS DISAPPEARED. HE'S GONE. HE CAME IN THIS MORNING BEFORE I GOT HERE. THERE WAS A TELEGRAM HERE FOR HIM. HE READ IT AND LEFT AND HASN'T BEEN BACK SINCE. HAVE YOU HAD A HAND IN THIS?

JINNY

C624 PD—Chicago Ill 18 817P

Jinny Hendrix
109 W 59 New York NY

REGRET TO SAY THAT I EVIDENTLY HAVE. BUT IF SAM HAS CUT AND RUN I'LL BE MORE DISAPPOINTED THAN YOU ARE. AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS AND MAKE NO RASH MOVES. AND DON'T MARRY THAT MCCOLL. I'LL CONTACT THE RAILROADS MAYBE I CAN HEAD SAM OFF AS HE COMES THROUGH CHICAGO

DAD

S121 PD—New York NY 19 457P

W. F. Hendrix
Hotel Sherman Chicago Ill

CALL OFF THE CONSTABULARY. LETTER FOLLOWS.

JINNY

ANNIVERSARY GREETING CARD COMPANY
396 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y.

(An Anniversary Card Expresses Your *True* Sentiment)

March 19, 1949

Mr. W. F. Hendrix
Hotel Sherman
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Pops:

Want to go to a wedding? Consisting of mine?

Today has been a little busy. If you'll give me a minute to change into some dry ink, I'll tell you all about it. What a day—what a day!

Yesterday I thought I was going to die. I hadn't seen either Hank or Sam because I wanted a chance to think. The more I thought, the more sterling advantages Hank seemed to acquire. Then when I got to the office yesterday morning, prepared for some more of Sam's horrible poetry, Sam had already been in, got your telegram, and gone. And he didn't come back.

To my amazement I found myself worrying about Sam. You know what my first thought was? I thought his wife in Laguna had got sick, and he'd gone home to her. As the day wore on I gradually worked up quite a state of confusion. All I could think of was: Sam you've got to get here. By five thirty, when I wired you, the sky was right down on top of me and my heart felt like a frozen prune. Is that love? I guess it is. The ridiculous part was that I didn't even know where Sam had been staying. Neither did Hank.

Hank met me at five thirty, and we

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had a horrible dinner and then we went up to his apartment and he read me his play. It's funny, I guess, but too brittle. The people in it aren't people—they're just people who walk around and tell Hank's jokes to one another. After he read it I felt even colder than before.

And that's the time Hank chose to make his big pitch. He could write enough of this greeting-card junk (he called it) to support us till he could get the play produced. Then riches. In no time we'd have a penthouse, twelve servants and gold dishes. We'd vibrate around from the Riviera to Sun Valley to Acapulco. We'd have the world on a stick.

He wanted an answer right then, and he got pretty dramatic about it.

I said I didn't know, Hank, I'll have to think about it. And around eleven o'clock I went home and went to bed.

I woke up this morning still, somewhat to my surprise, alive. And then came today. Great big beautiful today. Oh my gosh my gosh my gosh!

When I got to the office, who was sitting in the reception room but Sam. Oh, Sam, I cried, hurling my gorgeous self upon him, I don't care how bad it is, I'll buy it.

After a few minutes Sam untangled us enough to say, Jinny, people are watching. Which they were. So he led me into my own office, plopped me gently down in the big red chair, and handed me a large Manila envelope that weighed about four pounds.

Jinny, he said, that's my play. I finished it not over twenty minutes ago, and I want you to be the first person in the world to read it. Your father wired me to read you the play, and *wham!*—I suddenly had my ending. I've been holed up in my room working on it since, and there it is. Done.

Pops, it's wonderful. It's like Jimmy Durante—funny, but full of a wonderful tender humanness.

The ending just rips you apart. This boy in the play is heels over somersault in love with a girl who has a very rich suitor. As they're winding up the third act the girl is telling the boy that she has decided to marry Wealthy Willie. They're going to be married by the mayor, have a big reception at the Waldorf, and then go skedaddling off to Europe. And she is telling Our Boy good-by. When he goes back to New Orleans, maybe he'll think of her now and then.

Before I go, says the boy, I want to tell you the plans I'd made for *our* marriage. We wouldn't have been married by the mayor. I wanted to find out where your mother and father were married, and wherever it was I wanted us to be married there. That's the kind of marriage I wanted us to have. That's the way I loved you, and that's the way I'll always love you. Think of you? I will think of nothing else the rest of my life.

And he gets up and starts rushing out of the place.

Just as he reaches the door the girl, who has been sitting there a little stunned, jumps up and calls to him and rushes into his arms. Oh, Rick, Rick, she says, don't go, don't go. My folks were married in a little church in Milwaukee. They gave the minister a dollar because they didn't have two dollars. The church is still there and we can get a train for Milwaukee at seven thirty.

CURTAIN

I knew that was the right ending, said Sam, because that's the way I'd like our marriage to be. Where were your parents married?

Sam, I said, I accept your proposition. But first we've got a little call to make on a gentleman I happen to know. And I took Sam over to see Arthur Simmons, the producer. Mr. Simmons thought the play was so wonderful that he gave Sam an advance check for $1,000, and from Mr. Simmons that is high praise. Mr. Simmons once offered a two-hundred-dollar advance for Life with Father. According to that, Sam's play should run thirty-five years.

Oh, I'd better tell you where the wedding's to be. Remember a little church you've told me about in South Chicago? Where you once gave the minister a dollar because you didn't have two dollars?

It's going to be there, Thursday afternoon. Sam and I will get into Chicago Thursday morning, and meet you at the Sherman around noon. We'll have a bit of life-giving food, and then haste to the nuptials. Hope you can make it.

Which leaves only Hank. Don't worry about him for one minute. Just before I went home the other night I signed him to an exclusive ten-year contract. We talked about it very briskly for fifteen minutes, and then he resumed his marriage pitch without even shifting gears.

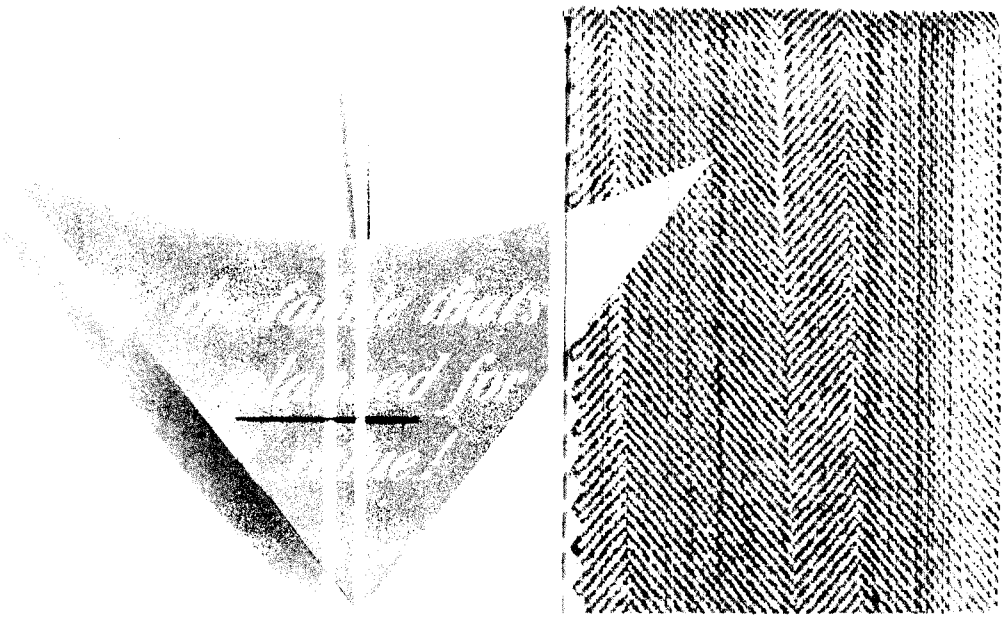
Do you know why I didn't marry Hank? You know the real trouble with that boy?

Right. No sentiment.

Your loving daughter,
Jinny

"It took thousands of years for the human race to become civilized, but you and I are supposed to do it in fifteen"

Collier's for April 2, 1949



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"ACE"*

STANDARDIZATION
means dependable value

Suits upon which you can depend at all times because—
#1, the fabric by Garfield must always meet the same high standards, meaning longer-lasting wear to you, and
#2, the tailoring by Merit is of the same top quality from garment to garment...always precise...always skillful. And the price is designed for your budget at only $49.75.

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The revolutionary Fenner (John Garfield) dies in the arms of his girl, China (Jennifer Jones), just as victory dawns brightly on their fight for democracy

The Week's Preview

By WARREN PHILLIPS

Realism and idealism combine to deliver a great emotional wallop in We Were Strangers, a story of revolution that might win an Oscar

MR. JOHN GARFIELD, the Hard Guy from the Bronx, and Miss Jennifer Jones, the Sad Gal from Tulsa, have long been known in Hollywood. Their work is usually grim and moving. It was inevitable, therefore, that when they found themselves teamed in Columbia Pictures' We Were Strangers, the results would be something very special indeed. Taken from Robert Sylvester's book Rough Sketch, and based on a true incident in the Cuban revolution of the 1930s, We Were Strangers adds up to a very fine tragedy. It could very well be considered for the Oscar of 1949.

Directed by John Huston, who last gave us the harrowing Treasure of Sierra Madre, gifted with a capable cast, and mounted as authentically Cuban as possible, We Were Strangers is no pretty-pretty piece of Hollywood escape mechanism. Do not look for Mr. Garfield breathing hot lies into Miss Jones's pearly ears in a standard spy plot. As fellow conspirators in a bizarre scheme to assassinate the dictator president of Cuba, and so free the suffering country, they put business before pleasure. Their minds are on higher things than necking.

But don't get the idea that We Were Strangers is as dark as a gloomy Sunday. It carries an emotional wallop at once directed at the head and heart.

There is a certain justice in Mr. Garfield's playing a friend of the underdog in this grueling saga. Born the son of a tailor on New York's Lower East Side on March 4, 1913, and left motherless when he was seven, Mr. Garfield was practically raised on the curbstones of the Bronx where the family had moved. He peddled papers, engaged in kid gang fights, and might have wound up delinquent had it not been for one man: Angelo Patri, principal of PS 45, the school young Garfield attended.

Mr. Patri turned the young tough's mind from the lower depths. He got him interested in debating, for instance, so much so that when Garfield graduated he talked his way into an acting scholarship with the Hecksher Foundation of New York City. "I made $6 a week from my papers, and Mr. Patri supplied another $5," says Garfield. "Someday I want to bring his story to the screen."

Garfield emerged from the foundation a full-grown spear carrier with Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre. His salary was $0 per week. He supported himself by washing dishes, running errands and bus-boying.

Then the wanderlust hit him and for a time he rode the rods, worked on a farm and generally hoboed. He returned to civilization to snare a bit in a flop called Lost Boy, and somehow or other found himself being the office boy in Counselor At Law, a big Broadway smasherola that made Paul Muni a star. By 1938 Garfield found himself in Hollywood —arriving there with his wife in a flivver, broke.

He was an overnight sensation in pictures, but has never managed to settle down in the film capital. Interested in politics and social problems, he remains as restless as ever in his search for parts that have "significance."

The defense mechanism of Garfield's youth has given way to a nice, worried-about-the-world complex. "In the past my body has been in Hollywood and my soul has stayed on Broadway," he says. "They were together in We Were Strangers." He is now on Broadway in a play called The Big Knife.

The underdog looms large in We Were Strangers. Cuba in the thirties is under the heel of a tyrannical president and the dreaded *Porra*—secret police. China Valdes (Jennifer Jones), who works in a bank, sees her brother shot down brutally in the streets of Havana by Armando Ariete (Pedro Armendariz), one of the Cuban Gestapo.

To get even, China joins a group of plotters, among whom is Tony Fenner (John Garfield), a mysterious American.

Fenner devises a plan. He and five conspirators start digging a tunnel from China's house toward the family tomb of a Cuban Cabinet minister. After it is completed they propose to assassinate the minister, then, while he is being buried, they intend to set off a huge bomb under the tomb around which are bound to be gathered Cuba's brass.

The digging soon becomes a nightmare. The sextet hits stone; in the poorer section of the cemetery the stench is unbearable; and one of their number goes mad and almost wrecks the scheme. Finally the diggers reach their goal. They assassinate their bait, and the trap is made ready for springing. Then the world falls in—their victim will not be buried in the family plot. He will lie elsewhere.

Now it becomes vital to get Fenner out of the country. His presence is dangerous to the others. But he and China are trapped, and in a tremendous tommy-gun battle Fenner dies just as Cuba is freed.

Besides Mr. Garfield's underdogged heroics, many items contribute to making this a powerful, moving and ironic drama. Miss Jennifer Jones is her most intense, dark and haunting self. The part of Ariete, the police rat, is so expertly done by Pedro Armendariz (he's the Gable of Mexican films), you'll hiss him in your dreams.

Surprise of the cast is one Gilbert Roland. As a happy-go-lucky stevedore-conspirator with a knack for the guitar, Mr. Roland nearly swipes the proceedings from the able Mr. Garfield. Ramon Novarro also turns up and does a bit as a conspirator.

John Huston, who directed and also co-authored the script, has fused all these elements into a picture Columbia may well be proud of.

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Sometimes women have to carry the banners

PERHAPS you'll see the story of Joan of Arc, as portrayed on the screen by Miss Ingrid Bergman.

It's a thrilling episode in the world's history, proving that sometimes a *woman* must take the lead in the fight she believes in.

Modern women, too, must often pick up the banners . . . in *their* struggle for the security and well-being of their family.

Though earning the necessities of life is primarily a man's job, sometimes it takes a *woman* to *insure* her family's future by setting them on the *only sure road* to security . . . through adequate, regular savings.

For the modern woman, there is one foolproof method of winning her fight for savings. It's United States Savings Bonds—an investment with the soundest backing in the world . . . an investment that pays back *four* dollars for every *three*.

And there are two foolproof savings plans, too. One is the Payroll Savings Plan, for those on a company payroll. The other is the Bond-A-Month Plan, for those not on a payroll, whereby bonds are purchased through the checking account.

If your home is your career, urge your husband, and all other working members of your family, to start now—today—on the bond-saving plan for which they are eligible.

If you are working, sign up yourself at your firm or bank, and influence the other working members of your family to do the same.

Soon the bonds will start piling up.

Soon you'll know that confidence in the future which only comes through saving.

It's a wonderful feeling for anyone. And for a woman—how doubly wonderful!

AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

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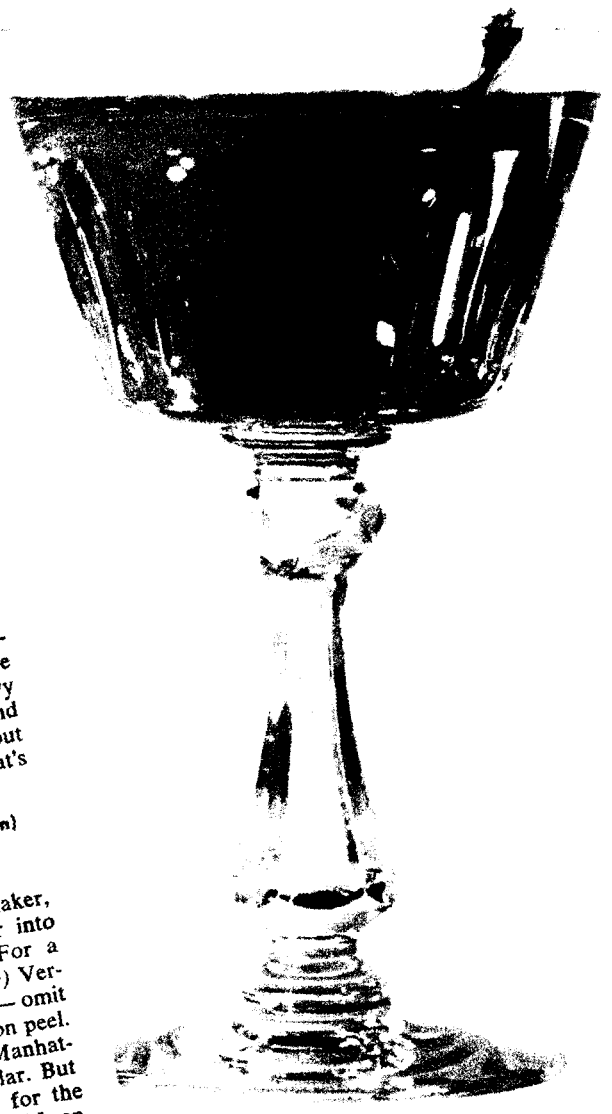
Want to be famous for MANHATTANS? Try this



RUM MANHATTAN

—as made at the
Sherry-Netherland in New York
Blackstone in Chicago
Beverly Wilshire in Beverly Hills.

Here it is! That completely satisfying Rum Manhattan that will make your ability to "mix them" the envy of all your friends. So *smooth* and mellow, it's a *real* Manhattan—but with a distinctive flavor that's something "special."

3 parts rum (golden Puerto Rican)
1 part Italian Vermouth
1 dash Angostura Bitters

Pour over ice in pitcher or shaker, stir briskly but briefly. Pour into chilled glass. Add cherry. For a DRY drink, use French *(dry)* Vermouth instead of Italian — omit cherry and add twist of lemon peel. Try it next time you make Manhattans—see why it's so popular. But to get happy results, look for the name PUERTO RICAN RUM on the bottle. It's *all Rum!*

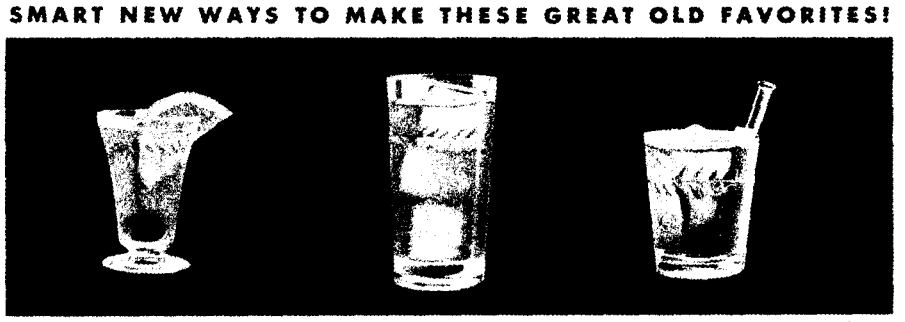
Next time make it with

Puerto Rican Rum

It's **DRY**...
it's **LIGHT**...
it's **SM-OO-TH!**

THE PUERTO RICO INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, SAN JUAN, P. R.

SMART NEW WAYS TO MAKE THESE GREAT OLD FAVORITES!



RUM SOUR—Make yours with Puerto Rican Rum. Here's the *smoothest* Sour that ever trickled down your throat!

RUM HIGHBALL—Now learn how mellow, how *satisfying* Puerto Rican Rum is! Try it straight, too—you'll love it!

RUM OLD FASHIONED—The same grand drink—but *mmmm* how smooth! Tastes like liquid sunshine going down.

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OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL BLONDE!

Continued from page 28

during the late months of last year when she was testing for the movie role of Irma. She got that and the film will soon be made by Paramount, but it set her campaign back quite sharply. There were ten performances a week in Blackouts, rehearsals and performances of the radio show and assorted errands for friends. She ended with money in the bank and a great fear in her heart. There was obviously somebody in the world not getting enough if she had any left; she started the new year with a firm resolve to correct this.

The family comes from Anaheim, about 30 miles from Los Angeles, where Marie was born. Her father was a prosperous realtor and orange grower who died when she was around five. Her mother remarried and Marie, at 15, took the $11,000 left from her father's will and moved the family to Hollywood. From that time forward she has not only been head of the family but chief provider.

She paid a year's rent on a house at the top of Gower Street, stocked the cupboards with $500 in canned goods, bought a car, got clothes for all the family and had their teeth fixed. She dolled up the back yard with awnings and furniture and turned the family out to graze. For herself she got a fur coat ($900) and a flock of slinky evening dresses. She started out to be an actress.

"I called the bank and asked how I stood and they said I was overdrawn $1.38," says Marie mildly. "Couldn't go out in the daytime for two years. I didn't have anything but evening gowns."

In truth, she *did* have to go out in the daytime because the family became very tart about the steady diet of canned goods. Since there was no gas for the car she would park it at the top of Gower Street and let it coast down, watching carefully so she would make all the traffic lights. If she were lucky she would finally land somewhere between the Columbia and RKO studios, from where she could start her rounds. At night there was always some gentleman around to help a lady in a fur coat who had run out of gas and left her purse at home.

At home were her mother, stepfather (always called Uncle Frank by Marie), her grandfather, her two half brothers and two half sisters. Uncle Frank was deaf, talked all the time in a stentorian voice and seldom heard any answers. He was an inventor who was always just getting beaten to a patent.

Relatives With Cute Habits

Grandpa lived in the past and made it tough on Marie by backing her boy friends against the fireplace mantel and jabbing home his points by poking them in the vest. Her oldest brother once ruined the kitchen by firing oranges irately at the ceiling to prove that the law of attraction was stronger than the law of gravity.

"When Grandpa gets his paper and Uncle Frank gets a new idea for an invention and Brother gets appendicitis or something, we have peace in the house," says Marie plaintively.

"I think I could make them all very happy," she said once, "if I made enough to let them do as they please."

She made a test at M-G-M which consisted of a conversation explaining to Louis B. Mayer why she should have a job. It didn't convince M-G-M but somebody at Warner's saw it and gave her a contract. She plodded along there at $75 a week until they gave her a major role in Boy Meets Girl, which was a rousing success and seemed likely to establish her. It did nothing of the kind and after a few more pictures she was back where she started. Anita Loos picked her for a stage revival of Gentlemen Prefer Blondes but the venture lingered and died after a few weeks.

The road was long and hard thereafter but she managed to keep going by radio guest shots and small parts in pictures. Ken Murray had used her on the air and considered no other candidate when he launched Blackouts. It cost only $7,500 to produce and nobody expected it to run more than two weeks. Marie was in at $250 a week (she is now up to $1,000) and happy to get the work. She appeared in 2,332 consecutive performances, an all-time record: and in 3,567 shows she has missed only 28.

Cy Howard, the creator of My Friend Irma, had seen her in the Blackouts and asked her to do the radio show.

"You wouldn't want me," she said. "I can't read. I'd just ruin it for you." This didn't mean she was illiterate; it referred to her fear of doing a full-length script before the microphone.

He persisted and worked with her carefully to overcome her sense of inferiority; the result is known.

But no matter how important the radio or screen seems, she never misses the Blackouts. She has to get there on time every night because she baby-sits with the ten-month-old child of an acrobatic couple who go on before she does.

She has repeatedly refused a star dressing room on the stage level, preferring to chase up and down a flight of iron stairs because it "keeps down my weight." Also she can gab with the chorus girls when she isn't on stage.

When it comes to recalling names she is the female Babe Ruth and has never yet got one straight. Once during an interview she was asked her husband's last name and couldn't for the life of her remember it. At a party she rushed up to her husband with a man in tow and cried, "Alan, this is my oldest and dearest Hollywood friend"—she stopped and turned to the man—"what's your name?"

She never carries small change and never pays cash for anything. She picks up things on counters, starts for the door and yells back over her shoulder, "Charge it!" She has literally hundreds of accounts scattered over Hollywood and Los Angeles.

When she appears for her radio show, Cy Howard carefully checks her hat and coat. She had lost at least 25 hats before action was taken. Her husband, Alan Nixon, had to cultivate the qualities of a bloodhound after he married her—when she said she'd meet him at Hollywood and Vine, she'd turn up exactly seven blocks in some other direction.

Marie's biographer will have a tough time collecting her correspondence since she has only written about four letters in her lifetime, preferring to telegraph or telephone. Her phone calls are either an hour in length or ten seconds. She is a miraculous motorcar driver who operates on the principle: Heaven will protect the working girl. She invariably parks her car headed the wrong way.

When a tile fell off a building and bashed in the roof of her car, sitting in a parking lot, she was amazed when friends suggested she ought to bring suit. "Good heavens," she cried with sincere concern, "they didn't do it on purpose!"

When the door of her new auto stuck and refused to open, she never thought of returning it to the dealer, preferring to crawl dutifully over the seat and out the other door.

For years she went around with Nick Grinde, the director, and was finally engaged to him. When Alan Nixon came along and married her she was so afraid of hurting Grinde's feelings that she continued to have dates with him. She had been married three months before she got up the nerve to tell Grinde about it. Grinde was not amused.

She was so excited when she got a week's vacation in New York several years ago that she promptly caught cold and lost her voice. She did her talking with pad and pencil, but the experiment worked out badly. "I got mostly wrong answers," she reports.

She owns a one-bedroom Normandie cottage, in the heart of Hollywood, connected by an archway to an adjoining house for her family. Her ambition is to have a ranch-style house in the San Fernando Valley, but unless the F.B.I. takes over and shoots anybody taking money from her, she will never get it.

Epitaph of a Fur Coat

She makes a bluff at cooking but can easily be talked out of it. She prefers to eat in restaurants and can always be counted on for opening nights at clubs, because it gives her a chance to dress up. She owns a mink and stone marten, the dream of her life. The old $900 fur coat had a sad end. "I hocked it," says Marie. "It was like giving away a leg."

Her broadcasting technique is unique and so fixed that everybody has given up trying to change it. The first time on the air, when the cast was jittery because of agency scouts out front, Howard waved a frantic signal at her and she calmly waved back in greeting. She now broadcasts with her back to him. In rehearsals when he yells at her, she fixes her eyes on a spot on the ceiling and answers him without looking around. On one occasion he bellowed at her through the talk-back key and she didn't answer. Another bellow; no answer; another, no answer. He finally yelled, "Marie, what's wrong with you?"

She replied: "I accept your apology, Cy."

She collects dolls and has her dressing room and house full of them. This may mean something to a psychiatrist but Marie's friends regard it merely as another sign of her affectionateness.

She has a tiny Yorkshire terrier that she takes everywhere—weddings, theaters, funerals, parties and movies. "Don't want him to get lonesome and have a neurosis," says Marie. Even as a child her bigheartedness was driving the family crazy. One day her mother went to a dressmaker and found the seamstress ripping her best dress apart. Marie had brought it in to be altered for a "poor neighbor."

Most stories about Marie are apocryphal and the rest manage to misinterpret her. The world likes to think of her as a dumb and merry blonde and she plays up to the role. In truth, she is smart, witty and kindhearted to a fault. She once asked her husband, "Alan, when's the first of February?"

"The first day of the month, of course," said Mr. Nixon.

"Oh," said Marie, nodding sagely.

This has been received with hilarity as an indication of Marie's pleasantly wacky nature, but in reality it is a sign of her tact and kindness. She wanted to know the day of the week and wasn't given it, but you would never catch her being nasty about it. She has never in her life said an unkind word about anybody and has a genius for finding the best in even the most horrible creatures.

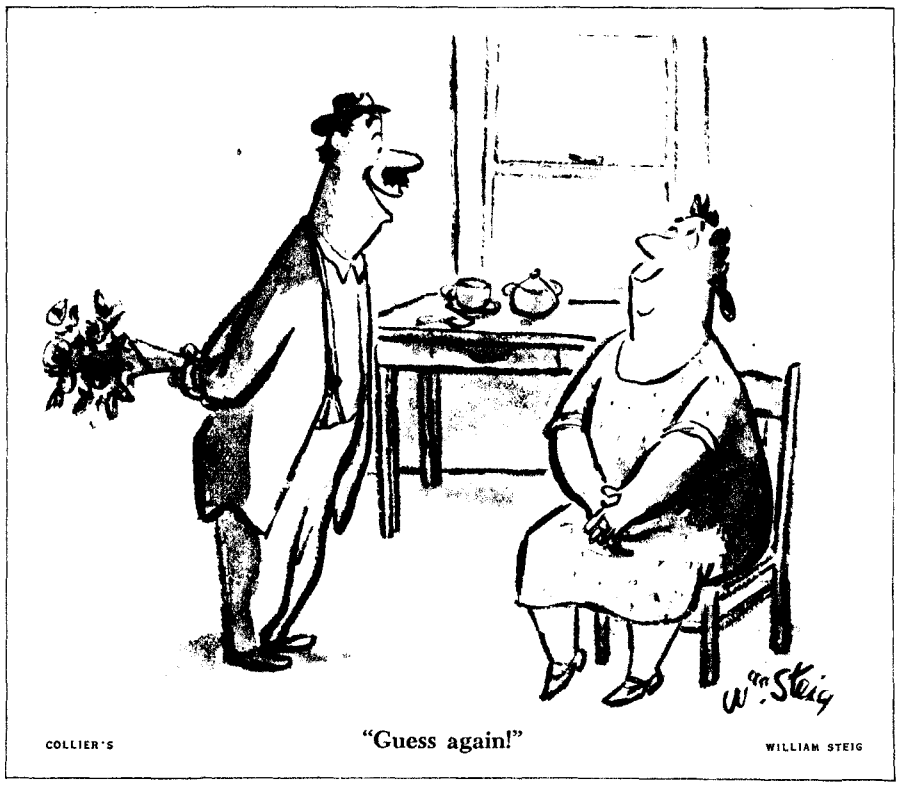
There was the case of a Hollywood actress who was cordially hated by everybody in town. Marie had a hard time with this subject but finally came up with a glint of hope.

"You're just too close to her, that's what's the trouble," she explained patiently. "If you hadn't ever heard of her, I'll bet you wouldn't hate her at all."

TROUBLE IS MY MIDDLE NAME

In the first installment of his vivid and powerful life story, Rocky Graziano tells in his own words of the days when he led one of the brawling street gangs that roam New York's lower East Side. Fighting, stealing and breaking out of reform school, Rocky grew up slugging it out with the world. Don't cheat yourself. Don't miss this exciting first-person story beginning

In Collier's *next week*



"Guess again!"

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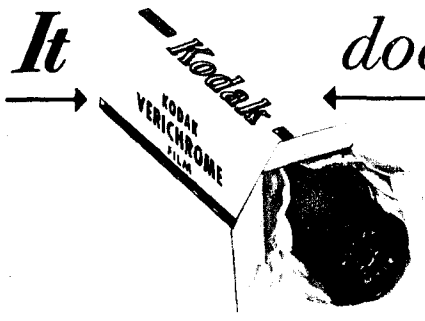
Kodak

Indoors

You press the button...

It 

does the rest

A boy and his father get very close when they "make things" together. It's a man-to-man operation that delights them both—and Mother is particularly happy to have an opportunity for such a heart-warming picture. She snaps as unconcernedly, as casually as though she were making pictures outdoors.

Indoor snaps are simple, sure...with Kodak Film and a photo lamp or two. Ask your dealer for "how-to-do-it" suggestions. (See the new Kodak Photo Flasher for flash shots with most any camera; $1.35 plus tax.) Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N.Y.

Only Eastman makes Kodak Film...
the film in the familiar yellow box

"Kodak" is a trade-mark

THERE ARE OLDER THINGS THAN WAR

Continued from page 13

word for word. She put her head back and looked at me. Then she said gravely, "*Si.*"

Every segment of the time that followed fell perfectly in place the way it always should and almost never does. We left the dance floor and went down to the railed walk overhanging the river. We leaned on the railing, our shoulders touching, and we looked down at the water and talked. She knew no English at all, and the Italian I spoke was just the working knowledge most soldiers had.

I didn't ask her name, nor she mine. I didn't notice whether she had nice legs, or what she was wearing. I just felt that my tensions had been rolled into a tiny pill and flicked into the wind and were gone now.

PEOPLE above us began to mill toward the exit. We went upstairs and out to the street and she said, "I have to meet my cousin and her *fidanzato* at the bridge. We can walk toward there but when we get near I have to go alone."

Instead of continuing straight down the river street, we walked around the block. Twenty feet into the side street it was as dark as a country night. I stopped and she turned and her mouth met mine halfway.

A half block from the bridge I let her go on alone. She said that she would meet me there the next night, at seven.

It was after midnight and I began to think of getting back to camp. We were bivouacked about six kilometers north of Florence and there were no busses or trolley lines. I gave her about ten minutes and walked across the bridge myself, using the catwalk on the side, and waited at the circle for a lift. After a while I caught a jeep that took me as far as the Via Bolognese and I was lucky there, too, because an ambulance came by going up to the hospital. They dropped me at our turnoff and I walked into camp.

I undressed quickly in the tent and got into my bed and tucked the mosquito netting in. Then I lay back in the darkness and tried to figure out what had happened to me. There had certainly been enough girls during the long stretch overseas, but nothing like this had ever happened before. I fell asleep confused.

We had been a tactical radio group during the fighting, and now that the war was over they had us copying press for the Twelfth Air Force radio station. I worked my shift the next day and washed up and changed for my date. By the time three lifts and a trolley had brought me to the bridge I felt convinced that she was not going to show.

I was early and I hoisted myself up on the wide stone parapet to wait. I stared at every girl that came close. I realized that I had only a vague idea what she looked like.

Church bells sounded. I looked at my watch; it said seven o'clock and there she was. She was wearing a plain dark blue dress. Bare, nice legs and sandals. As she came toward me I slipped from my seat and walked along beside her, strangely not able to say anything. Then she said, "*Buona sera, come sta?*" and I was able to speak.

"Where are we going?"

She shrugged. "I can't stay out more than an hour. I told my aunt I'd be home soon."

"Don't you stay with your parents?"

"My mother and father are in San Giovanni, about thirty-five kilometers from here. I come to Florence and stay in my aunt's house once in a while."

"Your aunt—does she watch you all the time?"

"*Si. Certamente!* Oh"—she smiled—"you mean, how was I able to be alone at the dance? My cousin lives with us. She has a friend whom she must meet secretly. He is separated from his wife but we have no divorces here, like in America. So when my cousin wants to go out she takes me along for an excuse. Last night we were both supposed to be at the dance but she left with her *fidanzato* and met me later."

I took her arm to steer her out of the way of a Fiat as we crossed the street. I held on as we got to the sidewalk and slid my hand down to meet hers.

We began to walk up a little street with a high stone wall on either side. On the other it dropped the higher we went until it was just a foot-high embankment overlooking the rolling stretch of valley. We sat down. There wasn't anyone else about.

"I don't even know your name."

"Bruna. What's yours?"

"Paul."

She tried to say it. The nearest she could come was "Pa-ul."

"Call me Tony or Vincenzo or whatever you want."

"No. I like your name."

"Are you going to let me see you every day?"

"Unless—"

"Well?"

"Unless somebody sees us. That will be very bad."

"Why?"

"My aunt will send me back to San Giovanni."

"Because I'm a soldier?"

She shrugged unhappily.

"But that's a strange way to regard the Americans. We're supposed to be your friends."

"I know. It would be the same with an Italian soldier. That's the way our people are."

It didn't seem much of a problem. I leaned toward her. She looked at me like a kid, full of trust and confidence. We kissed, and she pressed her cheek against mine and held it there tightly.

EVERY evening at seven o'clock she met me at the bridge. We would walk up to the Piazzale Michelangelo. We circled the huge plaza, hand in hand, around the weather-stained copy of the David, to lean for a while on the stone fence and look at the town spread out below us like a post card, with the heights of the Duomo and the Palazzo Vecchio dominating Florence from the past.

One evening she seemed upset. She held my hand tightly between hers. I said, "What's the matter?"

"Pa-ul, you're a soldier and I always thought that only bad girls did what I'm doing. Am I bad?"

"We haven't done anything bad."

"I know."

She looked down at my hand in hers and said, "*Ti voglio bene.*"

"*Grazie.*"

"Why do you thank me?"

"Because you told me what I wanted to hear. I love you, too."

"Then why do I feel so unhappy?"

"Maybe you're sorry to be mixed up with somebody like me."

"Oh, no." Her eyes got big and serious. "You're just what I want. You're just what I've always wanted. Maybe that's why I'm sad. I'm afraid it can't last."

I didn't say anything and I suppose it was answer enough.

"When do you think you'll be sent back to America?"

"I don't know. A month or two."

"I want to give you my address, Pa-ul. You must not write to me and you must not come there but I want you to have it."

I took out some paper and wrote her address on it. Bruna Pasqui. Monte

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Alle Croci. Number 3. And then I wrote my address for her. Corporal Paul Walker. Fifth Tactical Communications Company. APO 650. C/o Postmaster, New York.

A soldier went past with his arm around a girl. I felt a moment's kinship with him until I noticed how well dressed his girl was. She even wore high heels, and shoes like that cost forty or fifty dollars. He had his mouth to her ear and she was giggling.

I looked at Bruna's freshness and I thought what she was risking by seeing me. I said, "Let's take a walk."

We took the steps in back of the restaurant and from there a path wound between trees. We seemed completely alone and she slipped her arm around my waist and walked close to me.

We got to the top. A bicycle leaned against a tree and a boy in a sleeveless sweater and a white shirt lay on the pine needles, his head on the lap of a dark girl in a red dress. We turned around and strolled back.

"In America, is it true the man washes dishes for his wife?"

"Sure. When she needs the help."

"It must be a strange country."

"I wish I could show it to you."

"Yes."

There were voices and laughter. A group of young men were off the path to our right. They were squabbling over a carton of cigarettes evidently recently black-marketed. They all wore their hair too long. Clothes excessively tailored. Thin-toed shoes. They stared at Bruna too frankly. She kept her head down and hurried me past them.

One of them used a word and the others laughed. I had heard the word before, dialect. We were away from them now but Bruna didn't seem able to look at anything except the road at her feet. The color mounted in her cheeks.

"Wait for me here," I said.

I walked back to the group. I didn't know which one had used the word, and I didn't feel like using their language, and anyway it didn't matter. I picked out the nearest one and drove hard at his jaw. He went down, a surprised look on his face. Then they jumped me. I used my knee once and once I hit out blind and felt a jar in my fist. Then I went down. Somebody kicked me. There was a diversion with a lot of yelling and they all took off. Bruna was kneeling beside me. Her dress was torn at the shoulder and she was breathing quickly. Her eyes were angry and concerned.

I got to my feet first and helped her up. I wiped her face carefully with my handkerchief. She pleated the tear in her dress and pressed it against her shoulder with her pocketbook. She said, "Oh, Pa-ul, what am I going to do?"

Her dress was thin and much-washed, and the tear looked bad.

"We'll have to cover you up someway so you can get home. Beats me how," I added in English.

She was flushed and worried, but not too worried, and I felt proud of her. "Maybe we can borrow a jacket or something somewhere," I said.

We went back up the path and at the top it branched off into the little road we had taken the first evening. We went along it until we came to a row of stone houses. At the door of the first one I stopped and said, "I'll ask."

AFTER a while the door opened at my knocking and a small, very old woman stood there. She was dressed all in black.

I said, *"Scusi,"* and then I couldn't think of anything else to say.

The old lady looked me over carefully and then she took in Bruna without changing expression, as if soldiers with girls in torn dresses knocked on her door every day. She said, "Come in."

We went into a bare little room that contained a small table, a few chairs and a picture of the Ascension. I stood awkwardly next to the table. "Tell her. Tell her everything the way it happened.'"

The old woman said, "Sit down. You've had trouble, rest a while."

She went to the cupboard and brought out a fiasco of *vino* and some glasses. Her thin, veined hand was steady as she poured. The third glass she poured a quarter full for herself.

Bruna looked at her over the edge of the tumbler, and then she set the glass down and began to speak. It wasn't slow and careful, the way she spoke with me. When she had finished she was breathing hard as if in the telling she had recaptured some of the physical exertion.

"And you went to help him?"

"*Si*, I forgot myself."

"Oh, I would have done the same thing. Now, let me see what I can give you to wear so these nasty-minded people won't have anything to say." The old lady went out of the room and we could hear her painfully climbing the stairs.

We drank our wine and after a while she came back. She was carrying a shawl which she handed to Bruna.

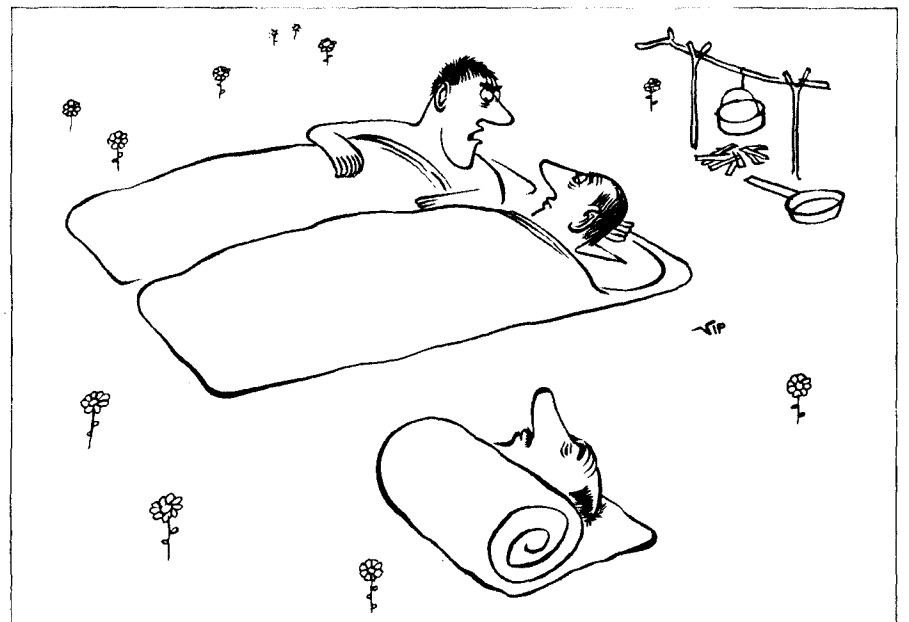
Bruna looked at it and gasped and fingered it and handed it silently to me. It was very old and fragile and I was afraid even to touch it. Bruna stammered reasons why she could not accept it to wear.

"Nonsense. You'll bring it back."

Bruna put it on and adjusted it over the rip and I said to the old woman, "You are very good."

She said, "There are things that last longer than wars."

I walked with Bruna out of the park



COLLIER'S "O.K. So it saves him time in the morning" VIRGIL PARTCH

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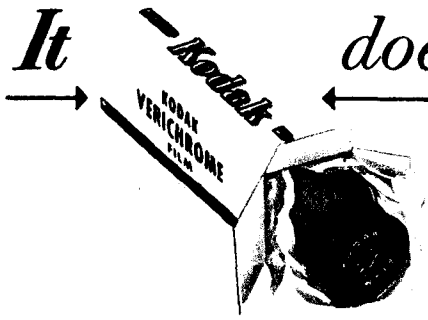

Talking models and motors, launching the finished plane—he's his father's boy; but Mother shares in the afternoon's fun in a very special way. This is her opportunity to add a splendid snapshot to the family record, and the snaps she makes this afternoon, depend on it, will be good snapshots.

She uses Kodak Verichrome Film because it makes good snaps simple, sure. This is the film made especially to get good pictures for young and old, experienced and inexperienced. *You press the button; it does the rest.* Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N.Y.

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and as far as she would let us go together. The next day was Sunday and we arranged to meet at two o'clock in the afternoon.

The usual nest of rumors was waiting when I got back to camp. Several of the high-point men had been transferred to the depot at Naples to await shipment home. I couldn't get excited. . . .

Sunday afternoon in Florence was like Sunday almost any place in the world. People strolled, dressed in their best. Church bells tolled, and there was the quietness peculiar to the day. Bruna looked very pretty. She had used a little lipstick. She wore the same dress but she had got a piece of velvet and stitched it around the collar for newness. She wore the same sandals because they were her best, or maybe the only pair she owned.

"Did you get home all right, Bruna?" I asked.

"*Si.* I got out of my dress and put it away and my aunt didn't see it. And I returned the shawl to the old woman this morning. You know what she said to me?"

"What?"

"She made me sit down for a while and gave me some wine and when I thanked her again to leave she told me to trust my heart. What did she mean, Pa-ul?"

"I guess she meant that you should continue just as you are."

"I never had any doubts, Pa-ul," she said.

"Bruna, we have all day, *si?*"

"*Si,*" she said happily.

"Let's forget that my being a soldier bothers your nosy neighbors. I have tickets for a thing you will like."

"What?"

"They are having La Traviata at the Teatro Verdi."

"How wonderful!" Bruna exclaimed. "But—"

"I know. We'd have to go through the town to get there. But that's silly. Many Italian girls go with Americans. Nice girls. They don't all lose their reputations."

"My aunt—all right, let's go."

"Good. We can sit in the park for an hour and then take the trolley."

THE sun warmed Bruna's hair to titian. A shadow lay faintly between her cheekbone and the corner of her mouth. She had long white fingers with nails cut short. There were calluses on her palms. I thought what a queer present I had given her that she treasured so much. A bar of scented toilet soap.

Afterward we got on the trolley where I paid two lire for Bruna's ticket and was waved away as I tried to pay for my own. We got off as near the theater as we could. Once I forgot and reached for Bruna's arm but she withdrew. She walked primly beside me.

We were a block from the Via Verdi when she gasped and said, "Stay."

She walked ahead rapidly while I remained wondering. She was talking to a little thin woman with heavy dark-framed glasses. They talked for a while and then the two of them walked on together. Bruna put her hand behind her and her fingers opened and closed in the gesture of *ciao*, good-by. She did not turn around to look back at me.

I waited for a while, empty and purposeless and mad. I took out the two tickets and handed them to a kid, saying in English, "Take your mother, sonny." I walked as far as the Via Bolognese, and from there I got a lift. . . .

After that I should have known. Only there was the nagging thought that maybe, the next evening, she'd be standing there waiting for me.

I showed up three evenings and she didn't. I was back the fourth time, waiting, hoping, but she didn't come. Finally, feeling like a damned fool, I walked away. I took out the slip of paper with her address. An old guy came along, wearing an ancient velveteen jacket that looked as if it came from the prop room of La Bohème.

I said, "*Scusate. Dov'e La Via Monte alle Croci?*"

Straight down, he said, and then off to the left. I thanked him. Did I have a cigarette?

I gave him one. He put it carefully aside for later.

On the wall was a crude drawing. It was in red paint and represented a pair of scissors. Underneath it said, "*Donne!*" Just that. Women! Under the bare drawing of the scissors it was very eloquent. I had heard about the Barber gang, young Fascist remnants who cut the hair of girls seen with Allied soldiers.

The sign slowed me down. It was all right to think of my relationship with Bruna in American terms, but this wasn't America. Sure, I had nothing to be afraid of, they couldn't hurt me.

I looked up her house anyway, but now I knew I wasn't going in.

There seemed to be no such thing as a straight street. Maybe that had something to do with the town originally having been planned in a circle for purposes of defense. You didn't see any uniforms here. There was nothing to attract soldiers. These were just the back streets where the people lived. They were curious about me. Sitting in front of the doorways, jostling one another as they shopped. I got the impression of heads turning after me as I passed.

I found the street and traced it along for number 3. When I found the house I pretended not to notice it at all. It was a three-story apartment house like most of the others, and nobody was looking out of any of the windows, or going in or coming out. I got a furious sense of impotence, looking it over and thinking of Bruna on the inside.

I began to circle the neighborhood on the chance that she might be around. I didn't meet her, of course. That would have been one of those things like awakening one morning with sergeant stripes, or discovering a thousand bucks in your pocket.

I went into one of the wineshops that stocked a lot of odds and ends and asked for paper and an envelope and a pen. There wasn't much room to write and I cleared a space on the counter. Using my left arm across the top of the sheet for a shield, in my kindergarten Italian I wrote a note to Bruna, asking her to meet me right away at the bridge. I sealed the envelope and wrote her name and address on the outside. Then I walked back to the river.

This was really doing it their way. Here was Dante's hangout, this Arno; maybe five hundred years ago he had written the same kind of note under the same set of circumstances; maybe he'd even asked to be met at the same place. Guelph and Ghibelline; G.I. and Signorina.

A KID came along who had a bright face. He was wearing shorts and leather sandals. He had thin knobby knees. He looked about ten or eleven.

"*Scusa,*" I said. "Come here."

He came over, alert and eager.

"Do you want to earn *cinquante lire?*" I added, "I'm in some trouble. I need a little help."

He hadn't glowed much at the offer of money but he got interested and mature-looking when I told him I wanted his help.

"Do you know where this is?"

"*Si.* You want me to deliver it?"

"Yes. But, listen. This is going to a young lady. I don't want anyone else in the house to see it, *capito?*"

"There is trouble with the family," he said.

"I see that you understand. I'll wait here for you."

He took the note and trotted away. It felt good to watch him, as if I had an ally.

I saw him again after about fifteen minutes. His hands were empty. I called, "Well?"

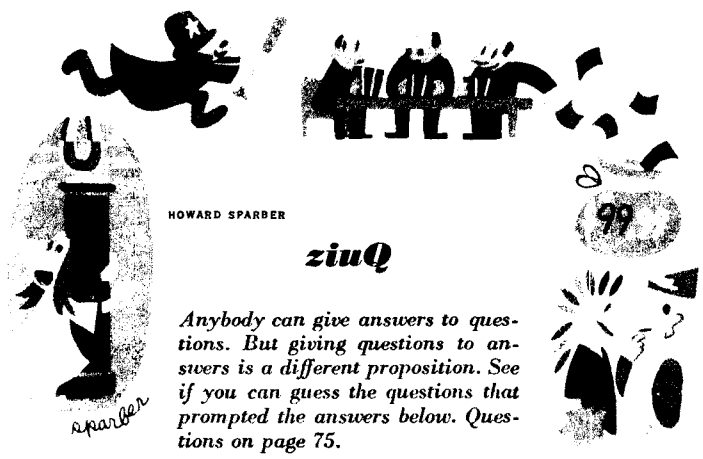
He spread his hands, palms up, and shrugged. He looked flustered, angry.

"Did you see her? Tell me just what you did."

"I saw a girl and I asked where Signorina Pasqui lived and the girl told me she lived on the top floor with a family named Lucca. So I went up and rang the bell and a woman came to the door."

"Was she a thin woman, with glasses?" I showed a narrow width with my palms for the thin part and put circled thumbs and forefingers to my eyes for the glasses.

"*Si,* she was. And very unpleasant! I asked for the signorina and she wanted to know who I was. Then she said did I come from an *Americano,* and she saw the letter in my hand and snatched it. Then"—the kid's face screwed up in anguished remembrance—"she kicked me! And she slammed the door."



ziuQ

Anybody can give answers to questions. But giving questions to answers is a different proposition. See if you can guess the questions that prompted the answers below. Questions on page 75.

1. Lot's wife.
2. The magnetic Pole.
3. Blue Serge.
4. A pound of feathers.
5. The Keystone cops.
6. No. No. No. No. No. Yes.
7. Bridge, poker, blackjack.
8. Ooze.
9. $99.99.
10. (A) The Indians, (B) the Reds, (C) the Yankees.

—CARL H. WINSTON

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I felt a flush of shame and anger and thought what a big blundering dope I was. The kid said dolefully, "I did not make so well, did I?"

"You made fine," I said. "It's just, as you say, the woman is very unpleasant. Certainly, it is not your fault."

I handed him a fifty-lire note. He didn't want to take it. Finally he did and he looked at me with manly sympathy. I put out my hand and we shook. He said, "Good-by, and good luck."

"Grazie," I said.

I went back to camp. . . .

I didn't leave again after that. I began even to feel a smoldering resentment against Bruna. Understanding can reach a point of saturation, too. She could have managed something.

Our outfit got smaller. We knew that we were due to be disbanded, but in keeping with Army practice, rumor was our only source of information. Then we were notified that what was left of our unit was going down to Naples.

Loading for the move was a lot of work and I didn't think much about Bruna. I drove a weapons carrier down in the convoy and then there was a lot of time to think—but not thinking leading to some sort of action. The bad kind, the pointless nagging kind. The truck was pointed south to Naples, and the port meant shipping, and ships meant home, but I wasn't happy.

We set up in a field near the airport at Pomigliano. We had an orderly room, a commanding officer, and about ten pyramidal tents filled with enlisted men. We had nothing to do except wait for shipping space.

Guys wrote letters, got up poker games, lay in their sacks and read. I didn't write any letters because there was nobody I wanted to write to. I lost twelve bucks at poker and decided it was enough. I read every service edition we had.

"Hey, Walker!" Parker called. Parker was the bald buck sergeant who took care of the mail. I took the letter from him.

It was from her. The foreign envelope was enough even before I saw the *Mittente, Bruna Pasqui* on the back. The return address was not in Florence but San Giovanni.

THE first thing I noted was the date. I figured back. She had written it the morning after the last time I had seen her. I couldn't read the letter easily. They write differently than we do. Also, writing, she forgot to be as elementary as in her speech. I had to get my dictionary.

She said that she loved me. She said that she had been taught that it was not good for an Italian girl to have anything to do with an American soldier and she didn't know how it had happened. Her aunt was sending her back to her parents in San Giovanni. She thought that they were going to be very angry. She didn't care because she had a memory that she would keep for the rest of her life. There was nothing that we could do—

There was nothing that we could do.

I got up and went to the wall tent where our commanding officer lived. He was C.O. by default, since he was the only officer left. He was a young first lieutenant who had joined us about six months before to be mess officer.

He was sitting on his cot, blitz-clothing a belt buckle. I said, "Sir, can I see you for a moment?"

"Come in."

There wasn't much room inside and I saluted for the impression and then forgot all about military courtesy.

"Something came up. I've got to get back up north for a day or two. It's very important."

"Have you relatives there?"

"No. There's a girl—"

"Walker!" His tone was impatient. "You know you're on your way home?"

"I know," I told him. "But getting back north right now is a lot more important to me."

He looked puzzled.

I said, "Look, Lieutenant, how about letting me have a three-day pass and a vehicle. I mean it, it's damned important to me."

He was about to say no. I could see the refusal taking shape in his head and I had to stop it coming out.

"The war's over. You'll be a civilian soon just like the rest of us. Do something for an enlisted man before you take the bars off."

He looked at me coldly and I began to sweat. This was still the Army. Then he said, "Draw a jeep and get a trip ticket. Have a pass made out and bring them here."

I said thanks.

"Walker—you're a very fresh guy," the C.O. said.

I went down to the motor pool. "Special business by the C.O. Give me a good one."

I checked the air and put gas and oil in and got the pass and the C.O. signed it. He said, "Be back in time, or you'll be passing up a free trip home."

IN MY tent I got out a clean pair of khakis and collected all my stuff in my barracks bag. I took a carton of cigarettes and a blanket.

I drove the jeep out through the Pontine marshes. I got to Rome in four hours and stopped at the Allied gas dump. I started out again but a lot more slowly. It took almost an hour to get out of Rome onto Highway 7.

Once I stopped in a wineshop along the way in one of those five-building towns. I had a shot of vicious cognac, a black bread sandwich of pungent salami and I washed that with a tumblerful of red wine. I felt a lot better when I climbed back in the jeep.

I pulled off the road a few miles south of Leghorn and I wrapped myself in the blanket and smoked a lot of cigarettes and dozed a little until the sun came up.

I got to San Giovanni in the early morning. The town was larger than I had expected. I asked a kid where the address was and he got in the jeep to show me. We went down the main street to the end of town and then over a little bridge. He got off there but said I couldn't miss the place. The jeep raised a dust cloud. Once I had to get clear off the road to let a cart go by pulled by a pair of those huge white beasts they call *bue*.

When I got to the house there was a boy in front flailing beans. He was wearing a checked shirt and what had been G.I. sun-tan pants. He was wild over the jeep and I called him over and had him sit in it. For me, he yelled, "Bruna!" and then he couldn't see anything but the vehicle.

Two people came out of the door. The one in back was an older woman. I didn't look at her. Bruna wore a dress that hung with no shape. On her feet were wooden sandals. It didn't mean a thing. On her face there was disbelief, fear, and something else that was trying to break through.

I stood and looked up at her. I didn't say anything, not even hello.

The woman in the background was very still.

A rooster crowed surprisingly close and I jumped a little and Bruna said, "Pa-ul!" and she ran down the steps. She lost one sandal and kept on coming. I didn't wait for her to get all the way.

Her head was against my chest and her arms around me were very tight. She was trembling, and then she stopped.

After a while the woman said, quietly, "Come in. Come inside."

The kid said, "What a wonder, this machine!"

"I'll take you for a ride in it," I told him. "Later on."

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Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

Southpaw Gene Bearden is slated for the Cleveland Indians' toughest job: trouble shooter for the Tribe in their World Championship title defense.

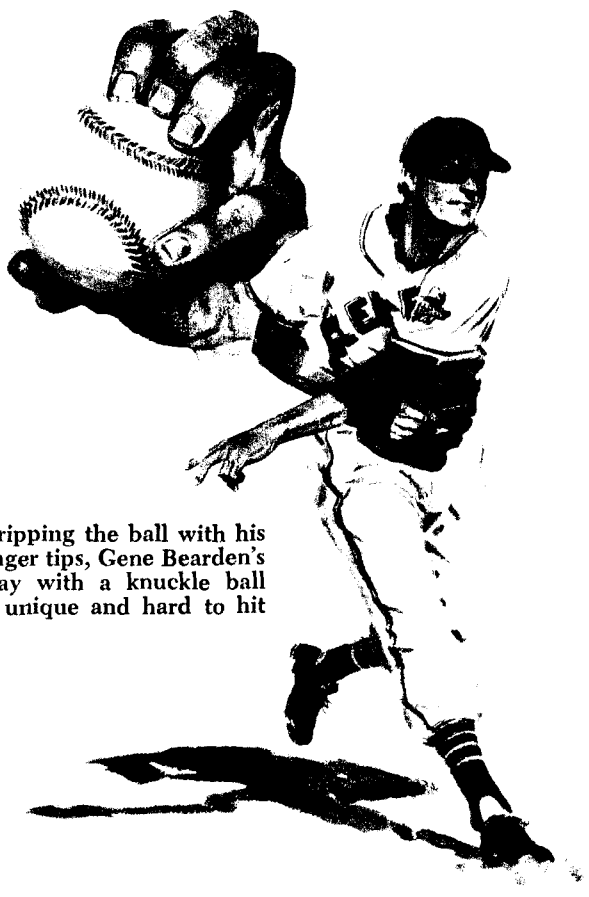
MORNING practice was almost over at the Cleveland Indians' spring training camp in Tucson. "There's Gene Bearden now"—Manager Lou Boudreau pointed to the warmup mound behind home plate—"throwing to Jim Hegan."

Bearden pitched. The ball bounced out of Hegan's big catcher's glove and rolled away. "You can always spot Bearden," Boudreau went on. "Gene scarcely raises his right leg when he pitches. Can't get it up. There's an aluminum plate in the kneecap and another plate in his scalp—he was badly wounded when a Jap torpedo sank the cruiser he was on during the war."

Bearden pitched again. Hegan dropped the ball—shook his throwing hand violently. "Knuckle ball," Boudreau explained. "Hit Jim on the fingers. He'll be black and blue up to the elbows before the season starts. You just can't figure out which way Bearden's knuckler is going to break.

Lou grabbed a baseball. "What Bearden throws probably shouldn't be called a knuckler. Gene throws it off the tips of his three middle fingers—like this. Other knuckleballers let their fingernails grow, so they can dig into the ball for a better grip. But Bearden trims his nails short and squeezes with the tips of his fingers.

"Most pitchers like to have the wind behind them. It adds something to their fast ball. But not Bearden. Gene's knuckler dances better against a good breeze. It sails up to the plate with almost no spin. The batter can count the seams, and then—pop—the ball jerks." Boudreau rates Gene's version of the knuckler as the toughest pitch in the game to hit. And with the toughest job in the Indians' lineup—chief trouble shooter in the Tribe's title defense—Bearden needs that ball.



Gripping the ball with his finger tips, Gene Bearden's way with a knuckle ball is unique and hard to hit

Second baseman Joe Gordon moved into the batting cage. Boudreau watched Gordon a moment; then he said, "I'll never forget what Joe said after we'd lost to the Tigers in our final game last season and dropped back into a first-place tie with the Red Sox. We were whipped—couldn't help feeling we'd blown the pennant. The Red Sox were red-hot—they'd beaten the Yanks three straight. Didn't seem possible we could make that long train trip to Boston and beat them on their own field in the play-off.

"As we sat around the dressing room something had to be done, so I said, 'All season I've picked the pitchers, but the play-off tomorrow means everything: the pennant and a chance at a $6,000 World Series check. I'm putting it up to you. My choice would be Bearden, but if you fellows want Feller or Lemon, speak up.'

"After a bit, Johnny Berardino asked, 'What were the records in Boston?'

"Our statistician, Marsh Samuel, got out the records. They didn't help. Feller, Lemon and Bearden each had won one and lost one in Boston. Finally Gordon said, 'Lou, you picked the pitchers for 154 games; I guess you can pick the 155th for us tomorrow.'

"That broke up the meeting—broke the tension, too. We went to Boston, and Bearden won the pennant for us."

Lou smiled. "What a pitcher that Bearden was at the end of the season. Beat Detroit in the next-to-last game, then came back after one day's rest to win the play-off. Then he beat the Braves in the third game of the World Series, and saved the last game—the sixth—after Lemon was knocked out. Four key games in 10 days and he was in command on every pitch!

"Funny thing about that play-off. Bearden beat the Red Sox without using any signals. The Sox are pretty good at stealing signs—Dom DiMaggio and Tebbetts, especially. But Bearden throws that knuckler six pitches out of seven, and the seventh pitch is usually a slider. When Hegan wanted the slider, he just held his glove a little lower than usual—just below the knee. Other times, he just squatted there doing nothing while the Red Sox knocked themselves out trying to steal the signs he wasn't giving.

"But you have to give the credit to Bearden. He won 20 for us last year and he should do even better this season. If he does—"

THE START THAT KILLS

Ever wonder why so many fine thoroughbreds break down after one or two years of racing? It's the fans' fault, mostly. Here's the reason, provided anonymously by a trainer who doesn't want to be identified as the man who bites the hand that feeds the $2 windows:

"A race horse weighs about 1,100 pounds. He's eight feet long and moves about 54 feet per second—leaps six or seven times to move that distance.

"That's a tremendous impact—1,100 pounds of horse and another 100 pounds of jockey pounding down on frail forelegs. In open racing a horse can carry it because instinct takes care of his feet.

"But lock that horse behind the starting gate, frighten him with the pawing of other horses, block his vision with the gate—well, he's frantic. Then when the gate goes up, you bang him with the whip and he bolts out.

"For a few seconds, he's wild, terrified, off balance. His legs take a terrible beating. Sooner or later, he stumbles, something goes, and you've got a lame horse.

"Stymie lasted seven years and was considered a marvel of durability. But he was a great finisher. They never pushed him at the start. When he lost his finishing kick in '47, they tried to make him start faster and his legs broke down inside three months.

"You could eliminate most of the crippling leg injuries by eliminating the violent, standing start from the gate—maybe go back to the old walking or running start. Trotters and pacers use a running start and they last 15 to 20 years. The fans want the thrill that comes with 'They're off!' But it kills off good horses, and if you tried to change it, The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to $2 Betters would scream bloody murder."

AND HAS A BASEBALL

A Class D league manager recently phoned Rogers Hornsby's baseball school. "I need an outfielder, Rog," the manager explained. "Somebody who can hit, run, field—and drive our bus."

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West Coast tennis experts claim fifteen-year-old Maureen Connelly of San Diego can't miss being our greatest woman tennis player. "She should be No.1 in the U. S. in three years," says Helen Wills Roark.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

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IS THE WITCH DOCTOR HELPING YOU?

Continued from page 36

serum. One morning a routine check found the diseased cells all dead. That, to a cancer researcher, is the best news in the book; it means there is something in the test tube which is death to at least some type of cancer. An excited search led to the woman who had donated the blood, and it turned out that in treating her for a rare kind of wart, her physician had tried an extract made from mandrake root.

Subsequent experiments at the National Cancer Institute in Washington proved that mandrake effectively checks the growth of cancer in mice. Tests on human patients are now being prepared.

At the Royal College of Physicians in Edinburgh, cancer researchers are investigating another jungle brew, this one a top-secret formula used by the head-hunting Jivaros of Ecuador. Doctors who have seen the Jivaros shrink the skulls of their enemies to the size of an apple have an idea that the formula they use may also shrink cancer cells.

Balsam for an Arab Patient

Balsam bark is a standard cure-all among primitive people, but no modern doctor ever put much faith in it, although a few old-timers still used it. Just before the war, an Arab came to the office of Dr. Jacob Jacobson in Paris, complaining of a variety of ills, for one of which the doctor prescribed a concoction of balsam. The doctor was pleased when the patient reported that the balsam extract had soothed the pain for which it had been prescribed; he was baffled when he saw that it had also effected an improvement in the man's sight, which had been impaired by trachoma, a common eye infection.

Dr. Jacobson, now working in New York, recently reported that certain common types of deafness, due to inflammation of the inner ear, are also healed by this drug. Other chronic and obscure infections, one of them a troublesome disease of the Fallopian tubes, are also responding to this remedy.

At Western Reserve University, in Cleveland, a group working on a Navy research project has been testing 1,100 plants, most of which were used at one time or another by Indian witch doctors. Twenty-five of them have proved effective against the flu virus. One of the most promising is sumac, which the Indians taught the white settlers to use for grippe. Ozark hillbilly women still swear by it. The Navy project also found that a species of wild parsnip produces an oil that is active against the organisms that cause pneumonia, meningitis and valley fever, a sometimes fatal disease not uncommon in California, Arizona and Texas, for which we have hitherto had no specific treatment.

Another plant extract—its name is still a naval secret—has completely neutralized the polio virus in test-tube experiments, and is now being checked on animals.

Unusual as these experiments are, others are even more exotic. For centuries Chinese herb doctors have been feeding malaria patients a brew made from an evergreen shrub which has the unwieldy botanical appellation of *dichroa febrifuga lour.* When U.S. doctors invaded China a hundred years ago, they pooh-poohed the native herbs and converted the heathens to quinine. But last July three California Institute of Technology chemists somewhat abashedly reported to the American Chemical Society that the Chinese had been right all along. The plant contained a chemical that, in tests on animals, proved to be one hundred times as potent as quinine.

The idea of learning medical cures from primitive people has some high-placed authorities saying "we told you so" and bullishly predicting that this is just the beginning. Dr. Otto Loewi, research professor of pharmacology at New York University, and Nobel prize winner for his work in medicine, has noted that many curative drugs have been discovered by primitive peoples. Says Loewi, "Just as nature provides food for the organism, so she seems to provide plants for the treatment of illness. And just as a dog suffering from stomach trouble eats grass until he vomits, so primitive man by instinct may have found drugs that cured disease."

Few doctors go so far as Dr. Loewi in crediting primitives with a sixth sense for things medical, but a vigorous minority has long urged more attention to primitive medicine.

One of these persistent tub thumpers for the medical wise men of the jungle is Dr. Erwin H. Ackernecht of the University of Wisconsin Medical School. His lifelong studies of the pharmacy of primitives has convinced him that as many as a third of the thousands of drugs they use would be of value to us. "The trouble with modern medicine is that it forgets how much of what we know we learned from primitive people," he says.

"The first specific drug we ever had for any disease was quinine, which we learned from the South American natives," he continues. "Ipecac, cascara sagrada, strophanthin, emetine and picrotoxin were all learned from the American Indians. The Hottentots knew about salicylates, first cousins to aspirin, centuries before we did. We got ephedrine from the Chinese herb doctors whose stock in trade is a very acute knowledge of the plants in their jungles."

To those who are still skeptical, Dr. Ackernecht poses a puzzler: "For a hundred years we laughed at the drug lore of the savages and pinned our faith on the laboratory chemist. But, before the discovery of the *sulfa* drugs, how many specific cures were synthesized in the laboratory? The answer is, only one: Ehrlich's magic bullet, salvarsan for syphilis." According to Ackernecht, this is an invitation to look with more respect on the many medical achievements of the primitives.

Dr. Wilburn Ferguson, who has spent 18 years in the South American jungles, thinks that Ecuador is a particularly fertile spot for new drugs. "From the

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tribes of this region we have learned about quinine, cocaine, caffeine, cascara sagrada and curare, which is proving useful in the treatment of polio victims," he points out. "It's only logical that if the people had five drugs as important as these, there must be others of value."

Oddly enough, it was penicillin that really sent modern medicine trekking back to the jungles. Dr. Fleming's discovery of this miracle drug in mold back in 1929 was pure accident. But even then, it took ten years before scientists woke up to the idea that maybe nature—as well as the laboratory—was a good place to look for wonder drugs. And when they did, they found that everyone except themselves had known for a long time that some molds are sure death to certain bacteria.

Boris Sokoloff, the historian of penicillin, recounts that when traveling in the mountains of southern Serbia years ago, he saw a wild bull charge a peasant and gore him in the shoulder. Immediately the man's wife rushed out with a large piece of moldy bread and slapped it on the wound. Sokoloff was horrified at the unsanitary procedure, but he found that for centuries all through the Balkans the peasants have clung to the notion that molds kill germs.

And if you do a little checking, you'll find that in many parts of rural U.S., they still insist that a piece of moldy cheese is good treatment for a bad cut.

The back-to-nature movement got another hypo when chemists tried to synthesize penicillin and other natural drugs. Most of the new drugs have defied the test-tube experts. And even when the chemists are able to duplicate them in the laboratory, they bump smack into another disappointment: The pure, laboratory version is not as effective as the natural plant.

Early Welsh Used Digitalis

For example, over a period of a thousand years the people of Wales have been taking digitalis for heart ailments. Rediscovered by modern doctors, pharmaceutical manufacturers began to put out purified extracts of the drug. But doctors have found that it is not as effective as the natural product.

At this point, the treasure hunt among the primitives is assuming boom proportions. One drug firm that pioneered in penicillin has an arrangement with several of the large missionary organizations whose representatives penetrate remote spots all over the world. If they spot anything that looks like a promising new drug, they rush it to the nearest airport. Another arrangement provides for the flying of the sample to New York, where it is then whisked to the company's laboratories.

This plan, in operation a little over a year, has turned up more than two hundred likely-looking specimens, of which five or six have proved in laboratory tests to be potent against types of bacteria that no present drug affects.

Some of the drug-hunting expeditions have definite leads that they are working on. The bushmen of Australia, for example, have long been known as just about the most backward people in the world. But explorers have always insisted that the "old men," as the bushman leaders are called, have some medical tricks that modern doctors might well appropriate.

One that was pried loose during the war is the secret of pituri, a plant which they grind up and make into little pellets and chew to get a kind of jag. It has been found that pituri contains a powerful drug that produces a state akin to "twilight sleep."

Rugged Way to Cure Ulcers

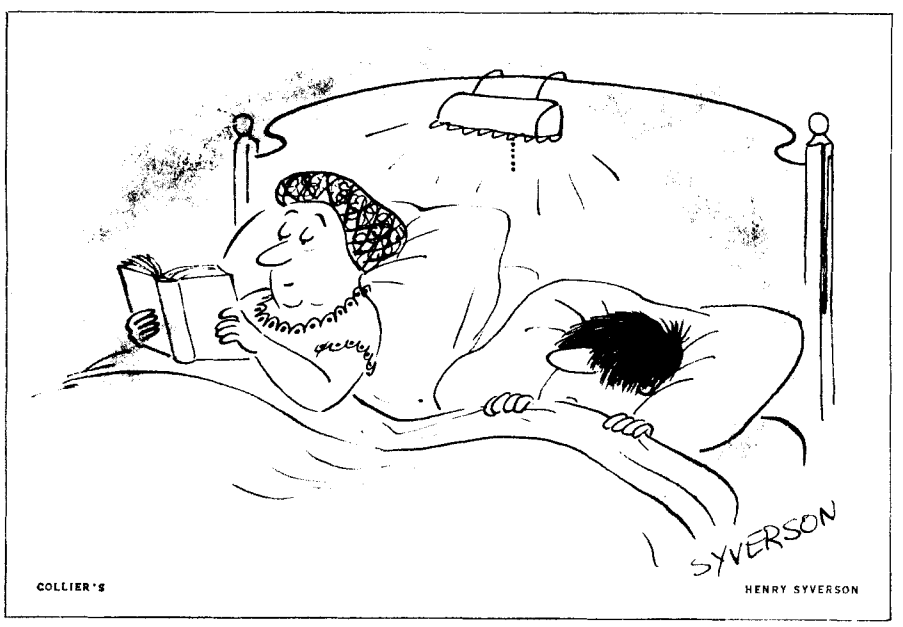
The natives also have a strange potion that some of the "old men" smear on lepers and sufferers from chronic ulcers before toasting them over an open fire. Reports have it that if the victim survives, the lesions peel off and the skin shows definite signs of healing. Modern medics would like to know more about what goes into that potion.

In a similar search, the United Nations has organized an expedition into the interior of Brazil, headed by Dr. Alfred Metraux, a Swiss anthropologist with a pharmacological background. One of his goals is to make contact with the Collahuayas, a strange Bolivian tribe that specializes in the preparation of drugs which they sell all over South America.

Dr. Metraux makes no bones about the fact that he has confidence in some of the roots and herbs sold by the wandering drug peddlers.

"Take sarsaparilla, one of the things the Collahuayas prescribe for natives who complain of general debility," he said. "We used to think that sort of thing was pretty silly stuff, just mumbo jumbo that couldn't possibly do anybody any good. But recently we have found that the root of the sarsaparilla vine contains a chemical that is the equivalent to testosterone, the male hormone that not only regulates our sex life but also controls the vitality of the whole system."

With specimens coming in from all corners of the world, laboratories are working overtime on the painstaking testing process. "It gives me a kind of funny feeling," said one biochemist. "When I was a kid back in Pennsylvania, my grandmother used to make a salve out of carrots and smear it on us kids whenever we bruised ourselves. An old Indian remedy, she said. We used to think she was kind of balmy. Now, who knows?"



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Peplum attached to Toni Owen's basic dirndl skirt is worn as a double apron. A midriff of flowers is added

Peplum of same skirt is tied around the neck with its own drawstring to make a charming halter-top dress

A matching blouse, another pouf in the peplum, a different flower accent, achieves a new fresh effect

Turn the skirt around and the peplum becomes a saucy bustle. Floral effects are designed by Ann Hagan

Tale Of A Skirt

By TOBÉ

THE pretty maidens all in a row prove a point—seeing isn't necessarily believing. You probably think you're looking at one girl in six different costumes. Actually it's two girls, identical twins, in two skirts. And let's explain quickly that these are rather special skirts, not at all like anything you've ever seen before—unless you happen to be one of the 15,000 or more contented customers who discovered Toni Owen's Sorcery skirt last year.

The skirts illustrated are Miss Owen's summer of '49 variation on her basic theme of a skirt that turns with ease into several costumes. The one illustrated by the four figures on the left-hand page leads a quadruple life. The limit of its versatility depends almost entirely on your own imagination. Basically it is a three-yards-around-the-bottom dirndl skirt made out of cotton broadcloth. But from this point on, it starts doing tricks.

It can be worn with or without its matching or contrasting companion blouse. This is possible because the skirt has a peplum of double fabric at the front and a wide cummerbund belt that fastens at the side; there's a drawstring in the outer edge of the peplum. Tie this around your neck, and presto chango, you've a U-necked halter-top dress suitable for either a sun bath or a cocktail party, depending on what sort of accessories you wear with it.

With a matching blouse, you might wear the peplum as an apron, the drawstring tied into insouciant bows on the sides, the side openings forming wide pockets. And the peplum's convertibility into poufs, bustles and halter top is just a matter of turning the skirt this way or that. And, naturally, when you begin fiddling with different color combinations and different accessories, anything goes.

Flowers are the seasoning used in these pictures.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MILTON GREENE

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Street-length version of an Owen skirt, with a high waistline wrapped in yards of string belt, is worn with matching blouse

Longer interpretation of same design can be worn as a strapless daytime dress. With a blouse, it can become an after-dark item

Combining ingenuity, wit and a suggestion of sorcery, Toni Owen has designed a skirt to serve all of Mam'selle's moods. With incredible wizardry, this skirt unfolds into a strapless cocktail or sun dress. Other tricks give an apron, bustle or halter-top effect

Designed by Ann Hagan, especially to go with these Toni Owen magics, they're an original interpretation of a current trend. Miss Hagan calls her creations "Botticelli flowers" and says, "They are frankly artificial; they suggest rather than imitate." She's made a flower midriff, a flower halter, a flower bustle and a flower to punctuate a plunging neckline—all important adjuncts to the various guises of the Toni Owen Separates.

The convertible skirt, on the right-hand page, is another miracle worker. It is an elastic gathered dirndl with five yards of matching string belt attached at the top. Slip into it up to your chest, wrap the cording crisscrossed around and around; the result is another sun and/or cocktail costume. Add a flattering blouse, slip the elastic gathering down to just below your bustline and you have achieved an evening costume. If you like the wrapped waistline but don't want either a strapless daytime dress or a long evening skirt, the same skirt is available in street length.

The blouse Miss Owen has designed to complement her skirts is made of matching broadcloth. It has a rolled, stand-up neckline that plunges abruptly into a deep V. The sleeves are short and cut-in-one with the rest to give a rounded look. Fullness below the bust is gathered into a wide midriff band to assure the high waist that these skirts, and current fashion, demand.

Toni Owen Separates are Sanforized-shrunk and yarn-dyed in navy, deep wine red, dark gray and pink, besides the colors shown in the illustrations. Aside from their ability to look like several costumes, they are not too costly. The skirts sell for about $13, the blouses for about $6.

Send your questions on Toni Owen Separates with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Women's Fashion Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York.

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WILLOW WOMAN

Continued from page 21

During all his eight years in the mountains, Davy had never taken a woman. Others did. Most of the trappers had squaws in their lodges and sometimes more than one; but not young Davy Connor. The advantages of such liaisons were plain, for the squaw kept lodge, skinned the caught beaver, made moccasins and robes, and did all the work. Moreover, a man could winter with his wife's people and not worry about his horses or his scalp; but somehow the idea did not shine for Davy. His stick did not float that way.

"You 'mind me of a gal I had once back home," he continued. "Name of Nell, she was." His signs said that he was in abject misery because the girl's heart was bad toward him. She flushed and tossed her head.

CHEYENNE shrilled in the lodge as Dull Knife's remaining wife picked up a stick. Intention plain, she advanced upon the girl, and, rising, Davy interposed himself between the women. The squaw backed down sullenly, and the girl, catching up an empty gourd, went out, while Davy stepped back and sat down on his bed.

Relaxing there, he thought that perhaps the teasing had not been such a smart idea. He might have made an enemy. And an active enemy—particularly one of Dull Knife's wives—could do him no possible good. He caught the squaw's eye and signed to her, praising her cooking, her lodge, her looks. The woman's scowl faded. She bridled and fussed with her hair and earrings. She was a good woman, she said, Dull Knife's first wife, and no one in camp could match her when it came to work.

"Uh-huh," said Davy, while his hands spoke agreement. "I'll bet you're a dandy. Is the gal your daughter?"

The squaw disclaimed this vehemently. She would not have such a daughter—a worthless woman, a woman who set herself up to be a man.

Here was a scandal and Davy asked questions. The girl was lazy, Dull Knife's wife reported; she was shiftless, and of no account. She had been bought by Standing Bull and had refused to stay in Standing Bull's lodge. Having beaten her would-be husband with a stick, she had run home, and Dull Knife had been forced to return her purchase price. The squaw said, with evident satisfaction, that this had resulted in a good whipping for the girl.

"Got spunk," Davy commented. "Makes me think of Nell more'n ever."

Eight years had blunted Davy's recollections. Nell, back in Kentucky, had yellow hair and blue eyes. Also, she was married and had three children, which of course, Davy could not know.

The squaw stopped short in the middle of a sign, and Davy, looking up, saw Dull Knife in the doorway, two old men behind him. Dull Knife came in with his guests, the squaw scurried out, and Dull Knife signed brusquely for Davy to leave. As Davy obeyed, more men entered.

Seated in the shade once more, Davy presently caught the scent of pungent kinnikinnick and tobacco, while within the lodge a man began to speak. A council was in progress, and Davy surmised, from the number of Arapaho he had seen enter, that he was the subject of discussion. He scratched his head and scowled. Dawggone! If only he could get the Hawken gun, or even a pistol, he'd sneak out of this camp and make tracks. Rising, he moved around the lodge to the back. The older girl was there, bent over a buffalo skin, chipping at the flinty rawhide with a small bone-bladed adz, cutting the hide to even thickness. She looked up at Davy.

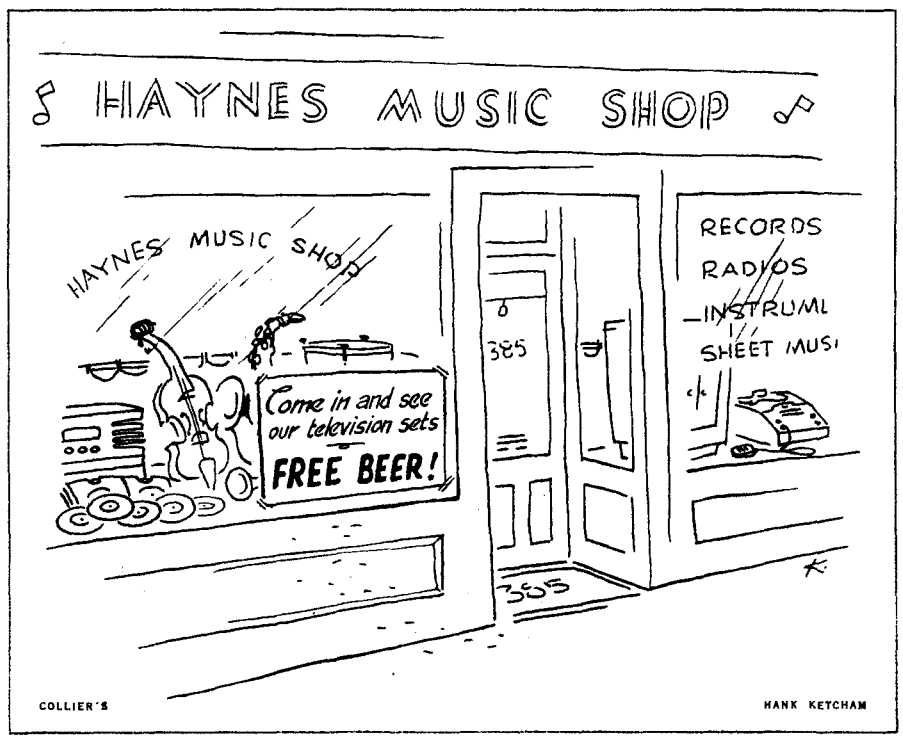
"What is your name?" Davy signed. The beginning of a scheme was in his mind.

The girl straightened, eyed Davy thoughtfully, tucked the adz into a fold of her dress, so freeing both hands, and made answer. "Woman Who Stands by the Water Like a Willow."

"Willow Woman," Davy repeated. The girl bent to her work again.

That evening Davy saw that his status had changed materially. At mealtime Dull Knife and an Arapaho guest were served first and Davy was neglected. Even the women would have eaten before him had he not pushed them out of the way. The sign was plenty bad. When Davy stood near the spot where the Hawken gun was, Dull Knife, with no diplomacy at all, told him to move.

After the meal half a dozen men came in and the fire was stirred up to make



light. The men began to play the bone game, passing the polished footbone of a bear from hand to hand, manipulating it and guessing its position. Davy watched the gambling and there was no objection. His position, he gathered, was still uncertain: He was half guest, half captive.

His interest in the gambling waned and Davy drifted out of the lodge. A drum thumped in the distance and, through the moonlight, he walked toward it. The drum was in one of two tepees pitched so that the doors faced. The skin sides of the lodges were rolled up; in one were the drummer and a group of men, the other lodge was cleared for dancing.

AS DAVY joined the crowd he saw that a sign dance was in progress. A girl confronted a boy in the center of the dance lodge. "Here I am," she signed, "ready to be made love to. What do you think of me?"

Giggles and merriment ran through the crowd as the young brave answered.

The drumming ceased and the dancers retired. Talk babbled and Davy glanced about him. Then the drum thumped again and Dull Knife's younger daughter, accompanied by a partner, advanced to the center of the dance space. Man and girl shuffled about the circumference of the lodge, separated, and made toward the crowd. This was the kissing dance, Davy realized, and with the same thought knew that Dull Knife's daughter was coming for him. She caught his hand pulling him to his feet, and at the same time her partner led out Willow Woman.

Davy had danced the kissing dance before, up in the Crow country. He circled the tepee with his partner, who, he knew, was playing a joke on her sister. That was the fun of the dance: to choose partners who would be embarrassed when they kissed. Generally a trapper was paired with some old squaw and paid a forfeit to keep from kissing her. But this time Davy had no forfeit and wasn't sure he wanted one. The drum gave a double thump and Davy, breaking off from Dull Knife's daughter, pulled a woman from the crowd, paying no attention to his selection. The dance went on, the space filling, then at a signal it stopped.

Now the chosen partners must join. Davy stood still, and Willow Woman came to him. They sat on the ground, facing each other, and every other couple also sat. Willow Woman's eyes were downcast; she would not look at Davy. The drum sounded two loud beats, Davy leaned forward and the girl, whipping up her blanket, covered both their heads. Her voice was low and Davy did not understand a word.

He caught the girl's shoulders, pulled her to him, and kissed her fiercely and hard. Might as well do a good job, he figured. This was the end of his little scheme. For an instant Willow Woman resisted the kiss, then her lips were soft and clung until Davy pushed away, coming out from beneath the shawl to meet a burst of merriment. All the other dancers were standing and everyone was laughing. Stiff and straight, Davy Connor stalked out of the firelight, through the crowd, the laughter following him.

At the lodge door he sat down. The gambling game was still in progress and, downslope, Davy could see the still figures of courting couples. Some stood silent, facing each other, each wrapped in robe or blanket, while with others, one covering sufficed for both as they sat and talked. Mechanically Davy noted these. Etiquette demanded that they stay in sight. Etiquette demanded also that they be ignored.

Davy had seen this many times. A young buck, covered by his robe, lay in wait outside the lodge for the girl of his choice to appear, and when she came he sprang up to claim her. But if she made the slightest sound, offered the least resistance, he was in duty bound to let her go. If there was no resistance the couple sat and talked. Davy scratched his head and the anger that had filled him began to dissipate. There was still a chance for his scheme.

"Dawggone!" Davy murmured. "She kissed me back, didn't she?". . .

All next day the camp busied itself with usual pursuits. The older boys stayed with the horse herd, played games, shot with bow and arrow, ran horse races. The smaller fry, eyed with benevolent amusement, went about their minor businesses. The women worked. The men sat and smoked, gossiped, lied.

Along in the afternoon Davy and Dull Knife had another smoke and talk. Dull Knife said that the scalp dance was fixed for one more sun and held up a single significant finger. Also he again brought up the matter of presents and Davy restated his poverty.

They know I cached my trade, he thought. They know I wouldn't have had so many horses unless I was packin' somethin'. But they ain't found it.

"If my son's heart was good he would give his father many presents," Dull Knife said.

"My heart is good," Davy assured, "but I am a poor man. I have no trade, no horses."

Dull Knife grunted and went away.

THERE was pressure on Dull Knife. The Arapaho wanted Davy, were insistent about it, and the Cheyenne young men would not object to a little fun with a white trapper. The fact that Davy had taken the Cheyenne side in a tangle with the Blackfeet counted not at all, for gratitude had no part in ordinary Indian make-up. They might admire the fight that he had made, but admiration would not keep the hair on his head.

"Got to be tonight," Davy Connor told himself. "You'd better try, ol' hoss."

At dusk, with a rising moon, Davy took a robe from his bed and, leaving the lodge, walked downslope. Ten rods from the lodge he lay down full length and covered himself. He knew that he was watched, knew that his action caused much comment and conjecture, but he didn't care. Boldness was the only course and he was bold.

Bright-eyed, he watched the lodge and saw Willow Woman come to the door, then disappear. He saw other would-be suitors take position. He saw Dull Knife's younger daughter come from the lodge and walk toward him. Halfway between Davy and the lodge another blanketed figure sprang up, but the girl screamed a little and the brave let her go. She came past Davy, walking slowly, and Davy made no move. There was a petulant flounce to the girl's skirt as she went on. Beyond Davy a brief scuffle sounded, then silence came and Davy knew that another suitor had the girl.

He waited, watching the lodge. Would Willow Woman come out or wouldn't she? She knew that Davy was there, she had seen him. He was gambling and he hadn't a trump in his hand. He was betting on his luck and—Willow Woman, blanket-wrapped, came from the lodge and walked steadily toward Davy. He sprang up and caught her.

They stood with their backs to the lodge, and Davy held his robe with his elbows so that his hands were free to make signs. He moved them and the girl put the back of her right hand against her mouth, forefinger and thumb forming a circle. She snapped the

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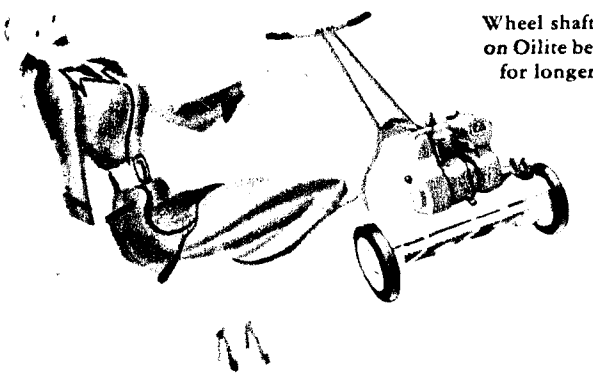

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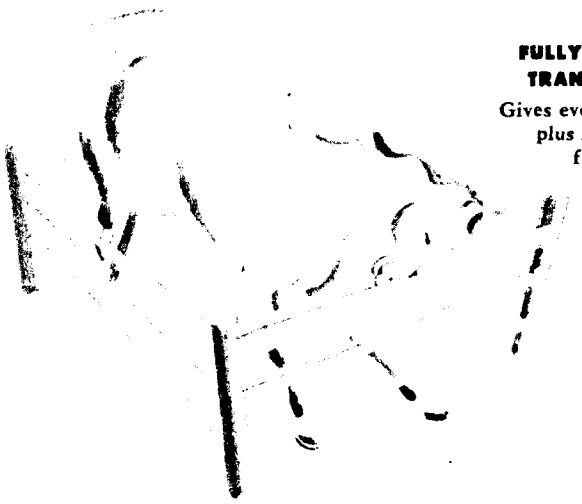

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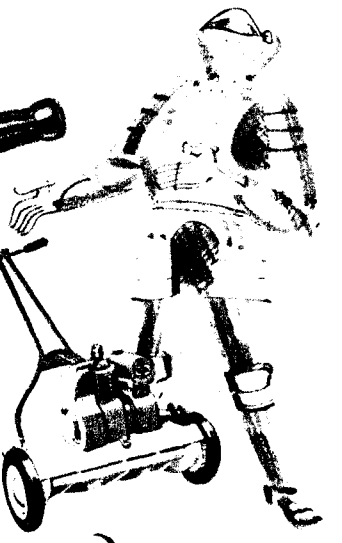

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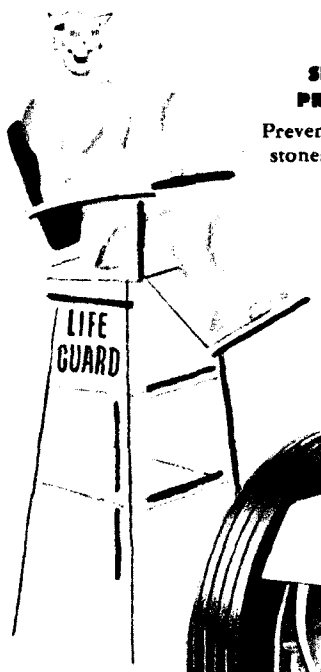

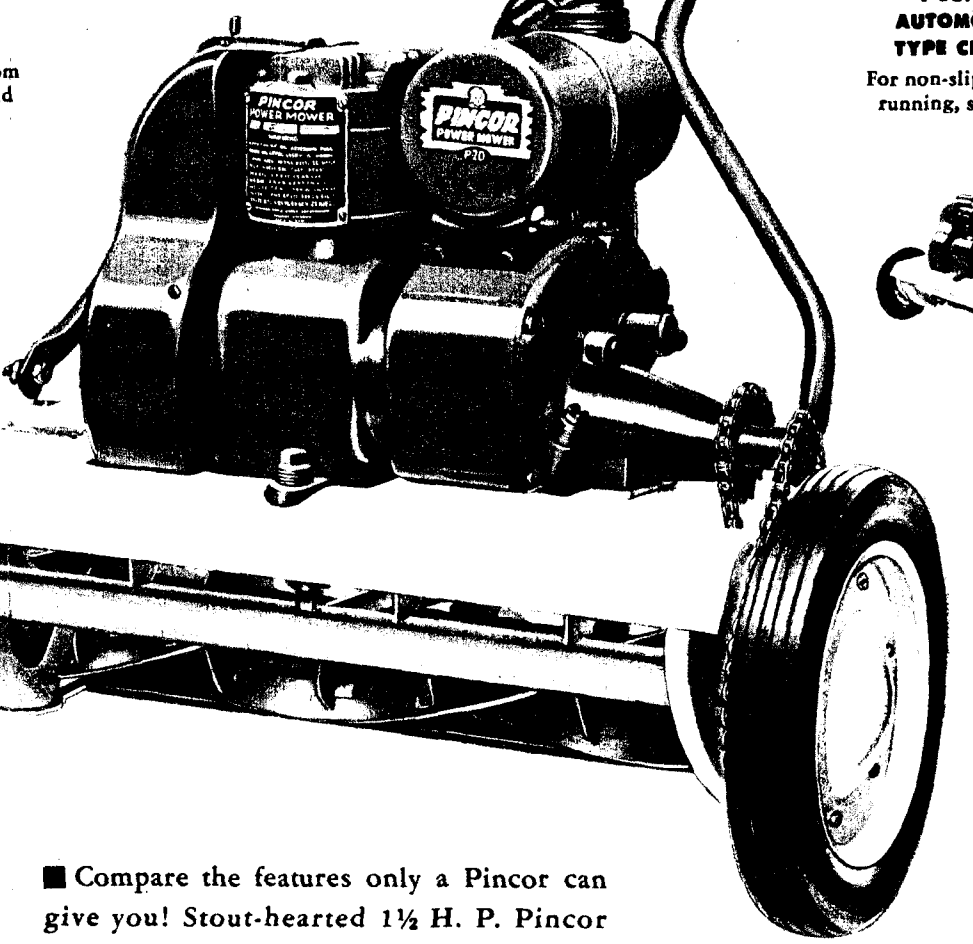

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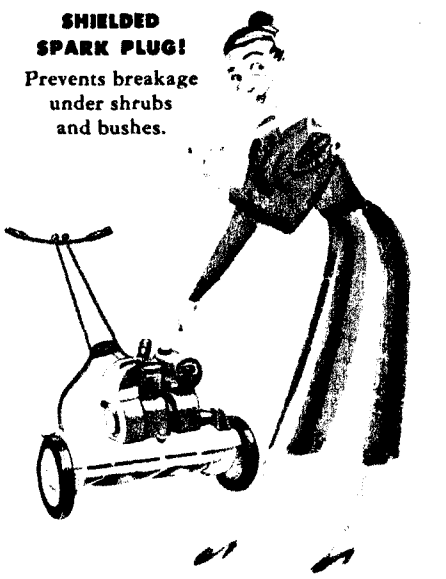

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finger toward Davy and made a cutting gesture with both hands.

"Shut up! Keep still!"

Davy kept still. The girl signed for him to sit, sat beside him and pulled up his robe so that it covered them both completely. She said nothing, but thrust a buckskin bag into Davy's hands.

Davy almost yelled. Under the buckskin he felt the hard outline of knife and pistol, the roundness of lead ball, the coarse grain of powder. The girl's hands restrained him, and her voice murmured. Damn it! He could not understand a word!

Sensing the difficulty, Willow Woman moved the robe so that some moonlight showed. She held her hands in the light, talking all the time she moved them, but voice and hands did not match, for the words were low and caressing while the hands said that he must go, that he must get away this night. Her father, Dull Knife, was protecting him, the hands said, but that protection would cease. In the morning Dull Knife would ask once more for presents and if they were not forthcoming would turn Davy over to the Arapaho. He must go.

The girl made no explanation of her actions, nor did Davy ask. He had what he wanted, what he had schemed for. She had anticipated his request and brought him weapons. A high and fierce elation filled Davy Connor as he tucked the buckskin sack into the fold of his hunting shirt. Willow Woman signified that she was done, but that they must sit a while or the watchers would be suspicious.

Smart she was, cute as a bug's left ear! She had not risked taking belt and possibles from where they hung in full view, but had sneaked out the knife and pistol. Had she brought caps? Davy wondered, and explored the sack to see. There was a cap on the nipple of the pistol, other caps loose among the powder. She hadn't missed a trick! Davy thrust his hands into the light, intent to praise the girl. She put her own hands over his and her voice spoke soft caution.

FOR a time then they sat in silence. Davy could feel her nearness, could feel her breathing and without knowing why he did it, hardly knowing that he moved, his arm went around the girl. She leaned toward him and he bent, kissing her just as he had done at the dance. This time there was no resistance, not even at first, and for an instant Davy Connor forgot the weapons and running away and everything else. Then the girl freed her lips.

After a time she got up and Davy also arose, gathering the robe around him. They stood quietly for a moment, then Willow Woman walked back toward the lodge, while Davy waited, as was proper. He saw her go inside, he gave her time, and then he also moved, the weapons rubbing hard against his belly. At the lodge he sat and smoked a pipe before he went inside.

The fire was low, just embers. Willow Woman was lying on her bed and the squaws were asleep on theirs. Dull Knife and the younger girl were still out and, as Davy lay down, he could hear the camp astir.

The younger girl came in, giggling softly, and went to bed. Noise of the camp began to die and Dull Knife entered. His retiring was a succession of noisy grunts, but finally he also was in bed. Davy waited, watching moonlight filter through the door. The light grew fainter, darkness supplanting it. Dull Knife snored and, quiet as any cat, soft as night air moving, Davy sat up. On hands and knees, an inch at a time it seemed, he crawled toward the door. His knee struck something that clattered, and instantly he flattened.

Dull Knife's sleepy voice asked a question, which Willow Woman answered reassuringly. A squaw, wakened, began to talk and Davy hardly breathed, he lay so still. Dull Knife was sleepy. Willow Woman spoke again, and her father growled a word or two, evidently commanding silence. There was a stirring and turning as the occupants of the lodge settled themselves, and, presently, after what seemed an age, Dull Knife snored once more. Davy squirmed toward the door, reached it and slipped through. Outside, in the black shadow of the lodge, he stopped to listen. Anyhow he'd got this far.

Away toward the north end of the camp a reveler, not content with the night's amusements, sang a quavering song. A dog barked. That decided Davy, that and the wind which came from the north. He went south, moving through the darkness, flat as a brave stalking deer. No dog scented him or gave alarm, and no man heard him. Not until he reached the creek did he stand, for the creek's cut bank afforded shelter so that his silhouette would not show against the sky. He moved downstream and a quarter mile below the last of the lodges he began to run.

Pursuit did not greatly trouble Davy Connor for, given daylight, he could so befuddle and confuse his trail as to make tracking unprofitable. Too, he knew Indians. In the morning when his absence was discovered, the Cheyenne would first search the camp, then, having made sure that he was gone, they would cut sign. They would find his tracks and follow for a while, eager as dogs on a coon track. But when he began to confuse his trail they would stop and counsel. One man in this country could be as hard to find as a single flea in a blanket. There would be argument, for and against, and finally the searchers would go back.

As he ran, Davy made plans for the future. He'd lost his horses, sure, but he had saved his hair and barring accident was safe enough. He would backtrack to Fort Atkinson, staying clear of the Pawnees, who, by now, were sure to know about Wolf's Shoulder. He would winter at Atkinson, where his credit was good, and in the spring come out again with a partner, maybe Henry Bronte, dig up his cache and go on to the Crows. Or maybe he could catch on at the fort, working as a hunter or some such. Always a place for a *hibernant* like Davy Connor. And from now on he'd be telling about this scrape he'd just come through, bragging that it took smarter Injuns than them Cheyenne and Arapaho to put him under. He'd fooled 'em. That gal—

Davy slowed his pace. What about Willow Woman? Dull Knife would miss the pistol, the powder and ball, the Green River knife. Dull Knife would know that Davy had them and he would also know how Davy got them. And the girl had sat up and talked when Davy was slipping from the lodge; she'd covered up for him. Dull Knife would know that, too. That old Cheyenne was smart. He'd remember about Davy courting his daughter, and the little girl would be sure to tell about the kissing dance. Likely Dull Knife would beat Willow Woman half to death.

But there was no use worrying about a squaw. He wasn't crazy, Davy Connor wasn't. He wouldn't risk his neck for airy woman. He'd kissed her twice and she had kissed him back, he'd had his arm around her and they'd sat under a robe, but what of it? She'd get a beating, but then squaws were used to beatings, and what she'd done she'd done because she wanted to. He hadn't asked her, had he? Maybe he'd planned to ask, but he hadn't. He didn't owe her a thing, not a thing.

Davy was walking now. In the east, false dawn lighted the sky, and against the growing grayness, landmarks began to show. Ahead were the forks of Lodgepole Creek and the high bluff where the trade goods were cached. . . .

At sunrise the Cheyenne camp worked like a disturbed anthill while a search was made. Half an hour after sunup fifteen young men, Arapaho and Cheyenne, rode toward the south, bow cases wrapped about their heads, weapons in hand. Six miles downstream they lost the trail in a willow thicket and spent half an hour unraveling it. A mile beyond the thicket the tracks were lost again and they stopped to consult. The man they followed had good medicine, they decided, while their own medicine was none too strong.

North, in the bend of Lodgepole Creek, the camp quieted and settled down to the day's business. There had been blows struck and crying in Dull Knife's lodge, but that was done now. Dull Knife's first wife put meat in the kettle, added water and built up the fire. Dull Knife himself, sat in his doorway, admiring his paint in a mirror, while from behind the tepee came a muffled sobbing and the sound of small strokes as an adz was applied to rawhide.

The peace of the camp was rudely disturbed. A boy, one of the horse guards, raced in, yelling his news, wrenching his pony to a halt with his single rawhide rein. Men and women came boiling out of the lodges. A crowd formed, and through that crowd came Davy Connor, striding boldly. There was a pack on his back, but he walked tall as any brave, straight to Dull Knife's lodge, pushing an Arapaho out of the way, staring down a group of Cheyenne who would have stopped him. At the lodge he dropped his pack and met Dull Knife's eyes.

"Well, Sammy! What lesson did you learn at school today?"

COLLIER'S — J. S. MACDONALD

"A present from your son, my father," Davy signed, and opened the pack. From it he pulled two lengths of cloth, one blue, one red. To these he added five sticks of tobacco, a butcher knife and a small axhead. Then under his shirt Davy gripped the loaded pistol.

For a long moment Dull Knife's face was blank with astonishment, then he drew himself up. He had lost prestige with Davy's escape but now that was regained and wealth, too, had been added.

"I knew that my son would return to his father," Dull Knife said blandly. He eyed the open, bulging pack. "And these things?"

Davy took a breath, and among the men and women crowded around, a silence came. Now was the test. Now the scheme, made in the light of dawn down by the forks of Lodgepole Creek, would either work or wouldn't.

"I want that gal of yours for a squaw," Davy said, and his hands echoed the words in better language.

THAT was the cute of it; that was the scheme Davy had reasoned out. A man married to Dull Knife's daughter would hold a place in any Cheyenne camp. Such a man need never fear Cheyenne or Arapaho, but could trap their country, his scalp and horses safe. Such a man might dig up his buried trade goods and spend a profitable season; he would be a power among the Cheyenne, and that was why Davy had come back, of course.

Not on account of the girl, certainly not. A squaw meant nothing. He had come back to save his goods and to trade.

Bending again, Davy opened the pack, exposing its treasures. There was more cloth, both blue and red. There were hawk bells, cut-glass beads, two coils of wire, three axheads, six packs of good Chinese vermilion and—wonder of wonders—a brass-mounted pistol with powder and lead.

"Is it enough?" Davy looked at Dull Knife.

Braves and squaws alike caught their breaths and clapped their hands over their opened mouths, signifying their astonishment, for such a price had never been offered for any woman. An Indian likes a show, and Davy was giving them one. They were on his side.

Dull Knife eyed the wealth avidly, looked at Davy and spoke an order. "Enough," he signed.

Dull Knife's youngest daughter, the one most valuable in his opinion, came from the lodge.

"Not her." Davy waved the child away. "The other one."

There was a pause in which the oldest wife screamed orders. From behind the lodge, carrying the little bone-bladed chipping adz, came Willow Woman. Her face was bruised and tear stained, her hair disheveled, but she walked straight and proud. She paused submissively in the space between Davy and her father. Dull Knife spoke an emphatic order, and she turned. For an instant, before she lowered them, her eyes met Davy's.

A man follows his destiny, true as the float stick of a beaver trap follows the current of a stream. Where floats his stick, there too goes he.

Davy gulped and his heart pounded, but his face he kept impassive. Sentiment is weakness in a man. The girl was waiting. She couldn't speak a word of English, and Davy had no Cheyenne. She didn't look like much and she'd had a licking. She'd beat one husband and run home to her father's lodge, and all that did not matter. Dull Knife's wives were carrying the purchase price into the tepee. Dull Knife was holding out the Hawken gun, and Davy's possibles, offering them, but Davy saw neither Dull Knife nor the weapons.

"Look here," Davy ordered. And his wife looked up at him.

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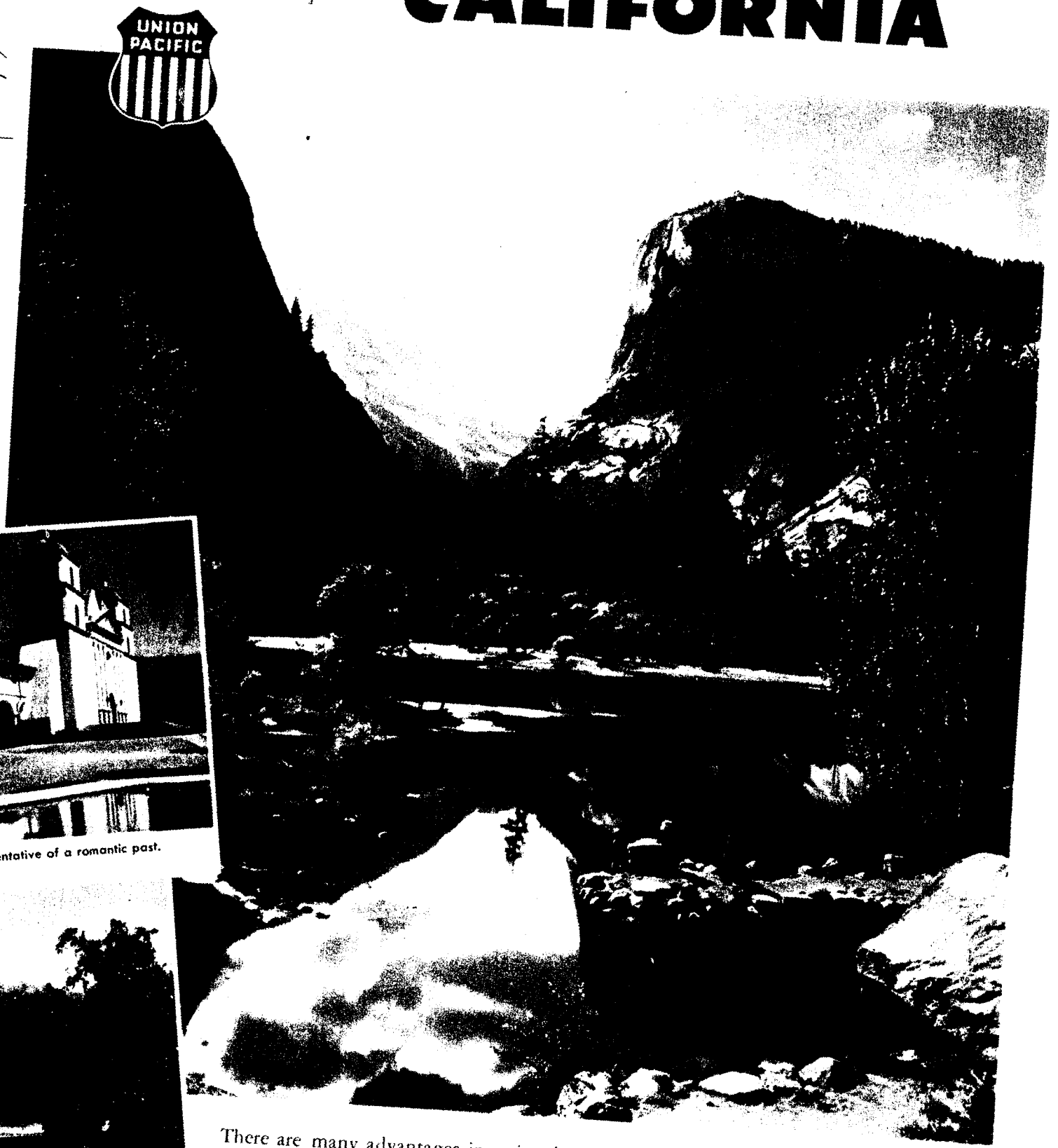

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BATTLESHIP KILLER—THE WAR'S STRANGEST STORY

Continued from page 15

There can be no questioning his bravery or skill but ambition is his besetting sin.

The expedition against Alexandria has been carefully planned. The submarine Scire will act as mother ship. From *Supermarina* in Rome word has come that the great Egyptian port is stuffed with shipping. The Queen Elizabeth is tied up there—31,000 tons of striking steel. So is the Valiant, another battleship of the same Royal Sovereign class, bristling with batteries of 15-inch guns. There is also an unidentified aircraft carrier as well as fleet tankers, cruisers and merchantmen.

Ever since the Battle of Cape Matapan in March of 1941 the Italian fleet has confined itself to supporting convoys, leaving the raids on Allied convoy lanes to the submarines. Now, at one swoop, there is a chance to balance the naval books, to avenge the three cruisers sunk off Matapan.

To the Axis planners, the stakes are dazzlingly high. With control of the Mare Mussolini asserted by a naval victory, beleaguered Malta would fall like a ripe plum. Erwin Rommel's flying squadrons in North Africa would be sure of a flow of supplies, and the small British army there would wither for lack of the same. There would be no telling where Rommel's next end run might lead him.

The Scire sails, pointing her long thin nose for Egypt. On her deck are three metal cylinders containing the Chariots. Along with the dashing Borghese and the regular crew go the six special operators. De la Penne is happy that his chance has come at last. Bianchi is worried about his wife's confinement, which is nearing its final stage. The others are restless—drowsy—phlegmatic—sanguine according to their temperaments. But they all share one emotion: They are much too well aware of the hazards that lie ahead not to be frightened. A probing searchlight, a well-placed depth charge, a machine-gun burst and it would all be over.

A final air reconnaissance on the afternoon of the 18th of December reveals that the harbor is still a hot target. The Scire is instructed to proceed with the operation as planned.

The wireless crackles again. *P.O. Bianchi's wife has had a son and both are doing well.* Borghese laughs his ringing *condottiero's* laugh at the news, and all hands agree it is a fine omen.

They reach a point a mile off the entrance to Alexandria Harbor. It is now 2030 on the evening of the 18th.

A Night for Grim Adventure

One by one, the three Chariots are slipped out of their metal containers and mounted by their crews. Then, with De la Penne and Bianchi in the lead, they surface for a bearing. There is no wind, the sea is calm, the night black velvet. The three little craft are alone now, for the submarine, still submerged, has withdrawn to a position farther offshore where she can safely surface and observe the results of the operation.

It is too dark to make out any landmarks, so De la Penne sets a compass course for the harbor entrance. After an hour of steady, almost-silent progress they are able to make out the bulk of the royal palace and the tall Ras el-Tin lighthouse. As they watch, the beacon in the lighthouse tower begins to glow, which helps.

Another hour and they are abreast the light.

Now De la Penne, crouched in the saddle of the leading Chariot, is alarmed by an unforeseen hazard: A motorboat is dropping depth charges to seaward of the harbor boom. The detonations grow steadily more jarring as the Chariots creep closer to the steel obstruction athwart the narrow entrance.

De la Penne knows only too well that a sneak-craft operator, fully exposed in his thin rubber diving suit, is terribly vulnerable to depth-charge attack. There is only one thing to do and he does it: He gives the prearranged signal for the attackers to scatter. From here on in, each crew is on its own. With great good luck one of them may get through.

Then something happens which would seem improbable, even in the wildest adventure film. First of all, the red and green lights at the harbor entrance are switched on. (De la Penne, still playing tag with the launch that is dropping the depth charges, is so close to the breakwater now that he can see people moving about, hear voices. With infinite care he raises his head a few inches above water to confirm what he hardly dares to hope.) *The gate in the boom is opening. A ship is coming through.*

This is the chance of chances—to ride into the inner harbor in the wake of the entering ship. The launch drops one final depth charge as if in protest, shatteringly close, blindingly close, and roars away. The entering vessel comes up fast. By her long lean lines De la Penne knows she is a destroyer. He can hear the clank of chain on her deck and see the men forward readying the anchor gear.

De la Penne and his mechanic Bianchi ride through the gate abreast of her, running awash. Just two small dots in the turbulence. Then a second destroyer emerges from the dark, and her wake nearly throws De la Penne's cockle-craft against the gate. But he manages to steer clear of it and, like the destroyers but for somewhat different motives, gains the sanctuary of the harbor.

There is rich hunting now, no doubt about it. They pass two cruisers at anchor, and then the bulk of the French battleship Lorraine. But the lieutenant is well drilled in his task. He knows to a nicety where the Valiant is berthed. He knows her silhouette as one knows a well-loved face. This is the hour of truth for De la Penne, this is the homecoming: It is between him and the battleship now. . . .

Some 150 feet to seaward of the spot where the Valiant looms, De la Penne, running awash, comes to a close-protection net. He submerges, tries to raise it but finds it too heavy. He decides to flip his craft over the top and does so, feeling terribly conspicuous. He is feeling the cold now, too—his hands are stiffening with it—and a little water is leaking into his suit. There is no real light—only graduations of darkness. It is nearly five hours since he left the submarine, but it seems even longer. High time to finish the job and away!

His Mechanic Disappears

De la Penne moors his craft on the soft, muddy harbor floor. At this point in the often-rehearsed operation his mechanic is supposed to come forward and help detach the war head. *But Bianchi is not there.* Has he fainted? Has his body been discovered? De la Penne flippers his way to the surface for a quick look-see. But all is quiet aboard the ship and only a few fingering searchlights disturb the dark. The element of surprise is still with him. He decides to carry out the operation alone.

But this is easier to decide than do. Detaching the charge and dragging it along the bottom uses up a lot of energy. Thank Heaven it has some buoyancy of its own! The leak in his suit makes him heavy, he is drenched with sweat, and worst of all, his goggles have fogged up. He tries to clean them—and his mask floods. He fights back a wave of sheer panic.

There is only one way to clear his mask of water and that is to drink it. The brackish water, strangled down, adds thirst to his torments. . . .

Forty minutes have now passed since he started to drag the heavy charge. Only the nearness of the target gives him the strength to continue. His head bumps

"Oh, you're not bothering me, but those cranks below me keep complaining about my ceiling falling on my floor"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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into the side of the battleship a few feet above the harbor floor. Taking heart, he makes a quick reconnaissance and ascertains where the approximate center of the long keel lies. It is a matter of a few minutes more to secure the charge and set the detonator. Then, for the last time, he drifts upward, hands close to the sides, feet flippering with the slow, deliberate movements of the skilled diver. He has won! But he is too tired to try to regain his craft and escape.

He tears off his mask as he breaks water, throws his breathing device away and starts swimming. He has covered only a few hundred feet when a searchlight catches and holds him and a machine gun starts chattering. He takes refuge under the bow of the Valiant where he finds a buoy and climbs aboard. But he is not alone. Petty Officer Bianchi is lying on the buoy.

"What happened to you?" De la Penne's whisper sounds loud.

"I passed out, sir. When I came to I was floating. So I found this buoy. I—I'm sorry I failed you, sir."

"Nonsense, man, it was just bad luck. The charge is placed and the timer set. We've won—" It is good not to have to move any more, just to lie here.

But the breathing spell is a short one. Another searchlight impales them. A motor launch comes up with a rush. Two men with machine guns cover the pair. It is all up now. No working their way ashore, no use for the pound notes sewn into their clothing, no rendezvous with a submarine off Rosetta five nights later as planned.

But the job is done, the charge is well and shrewdly placed. . . .

De La Penne and Bianchi are hustled aboard the battleship. Below, under guard, they strip off their diving suits. An officer asks them who they are and they hand over their identification papers. The officer tells them they have failed. Let him believe so! The minutes are passing. The time device is ticking away. Be calm, say little, and all will yet be well.

De la Penne and Bianchi are bundled aboard the launch once more and taken to a naval barracks at Ras el-Tin for questioning. Bianchi goes in first. A few minutes later he is back, signaling that he has told nothing. A sleepy British officer questions De la Penne in Italian. He looks rumpled and cross at being disturbed at such an hour. It is 0400. The charge is set for 0615.

The sleepy officer asks where he has put the charge. No answer. Then he tells De la Penne that his mechanic has told all. This De la Penne doubts. The officer says he knows how to make him talk. Back to the motorboat again, back to the battleship. Two hours more.

Questioned by the Captain

At this point enters the third principal character in our nocturnal drama: Captain (later Vice-Admiral Sir Charles) Morgan, skipper of the Valiant. He is a thickset man, rather pale of face and very white of hair. He speaks softly but there is the unmistakable note of command in his voice. He is on deck when the launch returns. Not unreasonably, he is worried about his ship. He wants to know where De la Penne has placed his explosive charge. De la Penne refuses to tell him.

"Very well," says Captain Morgan, "take him below." This time De la Penne is locked in a storeroom. The location of the storeroom is carefully explained to him. He knows that he is imprisoned directly above the spot where he secured the 600 pounds of high explosive.

The British give him some rum to drink and leave him to his thoughts. He hears considerable activity in the ship, much running to and fro and curt commands. But he knows they cannot pry his charge off without blasting the ship to high heaven—even if they do locate it in time.

They have left him his watch and he studies it with fascination. The minutes tick by like water dripping from a loose faucet. 0501 . . . 0502 . . . 0503 . . . 0504 . . . an hour passes.

At 0605, ten minutes before explosion time, De la Penne beats on the door of the storeroom and asks to speak to the captain. He is taken to him. De la Penne explains that in a very few minutes the charge will go off and there is nothing the captain can do but save the crew. Morgan asks him again where the package is placed. Silence.

"Very well," says Morgan in his gentle, tired voice. "Take the prisoner back to the storeroom, men."

And De la Penne is alone again, with time running out. 0609 . . . 0610 . . . 0611 . . . He hears the measured sound of feet. The crew is abandoning ship. 0612 . . . 0613 . . . 0614 . . . maybe the fuse is faulty . . .

Crash! A shattering explosion rocks the ship. The deck comes up to crush him, the deck above spins, the lights go out, smoke is everywhere. There is a sharp list to port.

But the luck of Luigi Durand de la Penne still holds. Except for a bruised knee he is unharmed. The door in the bulkhead of his cell had been blown wide open by the blast, so he walks free. The ship is still listing four or five degrees to port but has settled in the mud. Calmly, without panic the members of the crew are carrying out the captain's orders to correct the list by counterflooding. Others of the crew have already gone ashore or are gathered in groups on deck. No one pays any attention to De la Penne.

He goes to the rail. Scanning the harbor he spots the Queen Elizabeth berthed some 500 yards away. He watches her steadily. Suddenly, without warning, she, too, gives a convulsive heave and seems to leap from the water. From her stack and topsides, oil and dirt and iron scraps spray down on the Valiant. Then the Queen Elizabeth settles back in the water, her shattered bulk resting, like her sister ship's, on the harbor bottom. His second team has not failed in its part of the night's work. But De la Penne is very tired.

Later a large fleet tanker is also put out of action. Failing to find the carrier which was their target, the third team selects the most valuable ship they can find. But they place their charge too near the bow and skillful counterflooding minimizes the damage done.

Still, the toll of the night's work is impressive. Two battleships put out of combat for over a year, one tanker temporarily knocked out. The cost: exactly six prisoners of war. . . .

Back on the Scire, Valerio Borghese is anxiously scanning the night sky and the deeper darkness where land lies. The hours seem endless. The first streaks of dawn begin to show in the east and still no explosions. It is too dangerous to stay longer—there are planes about and patrol craft. Well before 0615 he has to give the order to dive. But he can rely on air reconnaissance to show the results of the raid. His faith in his men is unshatterable.

But air reconnaissance the next day reveals nothing unusual. The Valiant and the Queen Elizabeth are riding serenely at anchor. And no word has come from De la Penne and his five swimmers. None of them keeps the rendezvous on the night of the 24th off Rosetta. Then the news comes that the British are holding a large diplomatic reception aboard the Queen Elizabeth. Bedouins and Turks and Egyptians—emirs and pashas, beys and patriarchs—come to honor the Empire aboard the great gleaming ship. It is all very confusing to Valerio Borghese, convinced that his men have succeeded yet unable to prove so. The rest is silence, and the two big ships riding at anchor, their 15-inch rifles at the ready.

And so the Italian fleet never did sortie to do battle. And the British supply lines across the sea once called Mussolini's were secure. And the Axis supply lines weren't. And several months later Erwin Rommel ran out of gas and into trouble at a place called El Alamein.

There is a sequel to the story of De le Penne. Time: Late 1943. Place: The Italian naval base at Taranto, just taken over by the Allies. Our blond friend has signified his willingness to serve the cause of freedom by blowing up a few German ships. So, with the approval of the British flag officer in Italy, he is released from his prisoner-of-war camp and brought to Taranto. The British flag officer is none other than Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Morgan, formerly Captain Morgan of the battleship Valiant.

Planning a Casual Meeting

There remains the question of how Sir Charles will greet his onetime foe. The admiral is in the habit of taking the midday sun along the esplanade. Captain Franco Baslini (now Italian naval attaché in Washington, D.C.), the senior Italian liaison officer at Taranto, has an idea. He arranges for De la Penne to be walking there with him, very casually, when the admiral and his aides heave into sight.

"Good morning, *Ammiráglio,*" says Baslini, saluting.

"Oh, good morning, Baslini," replies the British brass.

"I have an officer with me, sir, whom I think you have met before," says Baslini. "This is Lieutenant de la Penne."

The admiral does not bat an eye. He shakes hands cordially with De la Penne.

"But of course. I remember you well. You and I have much to discuss, but we can't talk here. Come to my cabin at 1000 tomorrow where we can chat in peace and quiet. . . ."

Thus it was that Luigi Durand de la Penne was placed in charge of a delicate Allied mission against German-held La Spezia, at Admiral Morgan's specific request. The Germans were planning to sink blockships at the entrance to that key harbor. It was the job of the Allied team to blow up the blockships before they could be positioned. They did exactly that. None other than Admiral Morgan saw to it that Lieutenant de la Penne received a British decoration for his valor—probably the only time in history that an officer decorated the man who had blown up that officer's own ship!

So the hourglass was reversed for De la Penne, but time ran out for his sometime master. Valerio Borghese chose to play along with the retreating Germans. Eventually he attained the dubious honor of being Vice-Chief of Naval Operations in northern Italy. Far worse, he tried to convert the once-proud M.A.S. Flotilla into a group of hatchetmen and killers, operating to suit his own ends. In the final days of the war, Borghese went to cover. Later, he surrendered, stood trial and was convicted, and has now served his sentence.

And how about the good blond De la Penne? What does a man whose specialty is blowing up battleships do in peacetime?

He is *capitano di corvetta* now (lieutenant commander), his promotion being retroactive to that busy night of December 18th, 1941. By the terms of peace there is no more 10th M.A.S. Flotilla for him to serve, but his particular talents are being put to good use nonetheless. His current task is port clearance and salvage work in the harbor of La Spezia, where underwater mines and wrecks are still a shipping hazard. And on his days off he and his wife and son go swimming in the mild waters of the Bay of Genoa just as he did as a boy.

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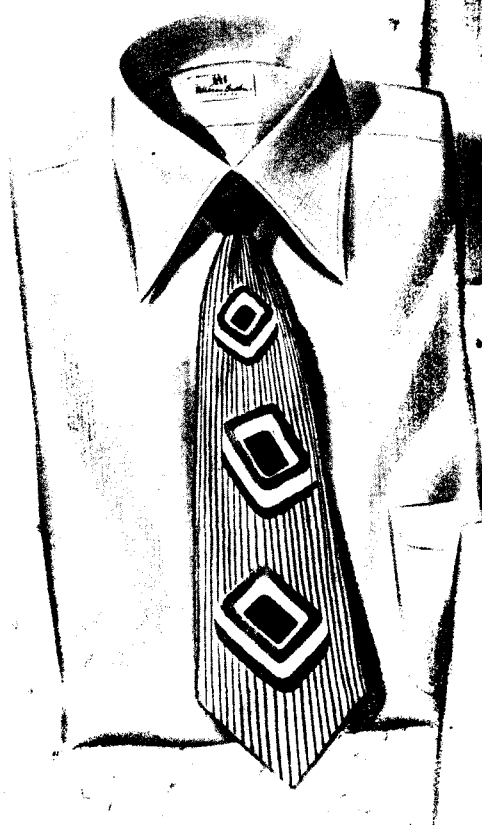

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BROOD OF EVIL

Continued from page 17

explained, "except that we use virgin rabbits instead of mice."

"And a positive reaction, Doc?"

"Means the lady is indeed to become a mother. Should I congratulate you, Max?"

"You can congratulate me if I make a pinch," Ritter said. "I got a case here. You know a side-kick of yours named Dr. George Marston?"

"Slightly. He seems to be a nice chap."

"Was," Ritter said. "He was murdered a little while ago, and I think I'm going to need your help in running down who done it. Can I see you sometime tomorrow, Doc?"

"Any time, Max."

IT TOOK Ritter just five minutes to determine that Lucinda Bell, the woman with the positive Friedman reaction, did not live at the Riverview Apartments and had never lived there. Furthermore, her name did not appear in the telephone book or the Northbank city directory. On consulting Dr. Marston's appointment book, however, the detective discovered that Lucinda Bell had visited the doctor's office four days earlier. Ritter immediately paid a visit to Mrs. Waterman, the doctor's receptionist.

Eve Waterman was a dark, nervous, birdlike woman who was washing supper dishes in the kitchenette of a one-room apartment when Ritter called. She was greatly surprised and upset by the news of Dr. Marston's death; he had been very much alive when she left the office at six thirty.

No, Mrs. Waterman had not quarreled with Dr. Marston. No, he had not fired her, although she knew that Mrs. Marston had been nagging the doctor for a long time to get him to do so. Why?

"Well, Alice Marston is a very jealous person," Mrs. Waterman said. "The doctor was very attractive to women, and his wife couldn't bear his being attractive to anyone but herself. She was even jealous of his woman patients."

"And of you, too, I guess," Ritter said. "Were you in love with Doc Marston?"

Eve Waterman hesitated. "He was very good to me," she said. No, of course she hadn't killed the doctor because he would not run away with her. She hadn't killed him, period.

Lucinda Bell? Of course the receptionist remembered Lucinda Bell, although she had seen her only twice. She had been struck by Lucinda's silver-fox jacket, her flashy clothes.

"She telephoned this afternoon around three," the receptionist said, "and I let her talk to the doctor. She didn't make a formal appointment, but she must have made some arrangement with Dr. Marston, because when I was leaving for the day at six thirty, I saw her getting out of an expensive car, half a block away. I couldn't help recognizing anybody dressed up like a circus horse. She wore the same silver-fox jacket. And I couldn't help noticing the car, because it was a shiny custom-built job, with a uniformed chauffeur. It had one of those low license numbers you can't help remembering—100-JJ. Does that help any?"

Ritter thought it helped. He thought the Motor Vehicle Bureau helped even more with the information that license plate 100-JJ had been issued to one James B. Jervis, attorney at law.

Ritter knew Jervis by sight. Although Jervis was not a criminal lawyer, he was a familiar figure in Northbank. His political connections were good enough to secure him a low license number for his expensive car, and if they continued good, they would make him judge of the state Supreme Court by the time he was forty-five. By then he would have accumulated a nestful of tax-free securities through his profitable practice of corporation law, and would probably still be Northbank's most eligible bachelor.

Ritter went to the ornate bachelor quarters of James B. Jervis and was informed by the Filipino houseboy that the master was attending the annual stag smoker of the Bar Association.

Arriving at the smoker between the performances of the Bar Association Glee Club and a bubble dancer, Ritter made a face-by-face survey of the politely drunken assembly of Northbank's legal talent. James B. Jervis was not there.

Ritter drove to the main post office to confer with the postal inspector on duty. A brief consultation of the postal directory informed him that one Lucinda Bell had been receiving mail at the Bankshire Apartments, suite 4-A.

Ten minutes later Ritter was intrigued to find a car with the 100-JJ license in front of the Bankshire Apartments.

He had to ring the bell of apartment 4-A for a full three minutes before the door was finally opened by a well-dressed man of about forty with an expensive-looking tan, charmingly dissipated eyes, and a dapper wisp of mustache.

"Miss Bell is not home," said the man, buttoning his double-breasted jacket.

"I'll come in and wait, Mr. Jervis," the detective said. "It's important."

"Then I suggest you talk to me," said Jervis. "I'm her attorney."

"I didn't know you handled criminal cases, Mr. Jervis. Where is your client?"

"I'm sure I don't know where she is," Jervis said.

"I wouldn't try to hide her if I were you," Ritter said. "You're already open to a rap as accomplice before the fact."

Jervis tightened his grip on the door knob. "Before what fact?"

"Murder," said the detective. "Lucinda Bell drove to Dr. George Marston's office in your car today, Jervis, just before the doc was killed."

"I didn't know." Jervis opened the door. "Come in, Officer, and see for yourself that Miss Bell is not here."

AS RITTER made the rounds of the apartment, Jervis followed him. There was no woman there. "Have you a warrant for Miss Bell, Officer?" Jervis asked.

"Not yet," said Ritter. "I'm still asking questions. Where's your chauffeur tonight, Mr. Jervis? I didn't see him in your car downstairs."

"He left town tonight to visit his sick mother," the attorney said. "And I forgot to ask where his mother lives."

"That's okay with me," Ritter said. "We got other witnesses."

"If you really want to talk to Miss Bell," said Jervis, biting an imaginary hangnail, "I'll try to locate her for you. Let's make a tentative date for two thirty tomorrow in my office. I'll call you and confirm the time."

"That's just dandy," the detective said. "And be sure and ask for Lieutenant Max Ritter." . . .

When Dr. Daniel Webster Coffee returned to the pathology laboratories of Pasteur Hospital after lunch next day, he found his resident pathologist perched on a high stool, examining a culture plate and holding forth to a rapt audience of feminine lab technicians. The resident, Dr. Motilal Mookerji, was a round, brown little Hindu who had come to America on a scholarship from Calcutta Medical College. His shape, which was roughly that of a weather balloon, his bright pink turban, and his bright purple approach to the English

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language were all objects of constant wonder to the hospital staff.

"Am frequently finding self somewhat homesick for more virulent bacteria of Calcutta student days," Dr. Mookerji was telling the technicians. He sighed. "Have not seen single strain of leprosy bacillus for many blue moons. Lonely nighttimes often bring nostalgic longings for familiar culture of parasite with somewhat Irish name of Leishmania donovani causing kala azar, which is unpleasant tropical disease. Sometimes—"

WHEN he saw Dr. Coffee, the Hindu slipped from his stool. "Five times greetings, Doctor Sahib," he said. "You are arriving in notch of time. You are wanted by police."

"What have I done now?" Dan Coffee asked.

"Leftenant Ritter is wishing you to join in man hunt for lady causing homicidal wounds to family physician."

"That must be the Dr. Marston case Max phoned me about," Dan Coffee said, slipping into his white coat.

"Leftenant is desirous that you administer rapid and surreptitious once-over to lady suspect for early external evidence of approaching motherhood," the Hindu said. "Ha! Speak of devils and we are instantly hearing satanical tramp of leftenant returning."

"Hi, Doc," the detective said. "Can you spare an hour to help a friend?"

"Okay, Max." The pathologist took his white coat off again. "But I wish the Northbank Police Department would start building its own lab."

On the way to the office of James B. Jervis, the detective told Dr. Coffee of his progress on the case to date.

"The D.A. wants to slap a first-degree charge on the Widow Marston," Ritter said, "and I guess he could make it stick. We got her fingerprints on the paper knife that killed the doc, and she admits she had a jealous fight over the doc's receptionist."

"Are you holding her, Max?"

"Not exactly. She's got a kid to take care of and no relatives in Northbank. So we planted a policewoman in her house for the time being. Besides, there's this Waterman dame who did time in the loony bin—which is maybe the reason Doc Marston calls the cops yesterday afternoon. And there's this baby Lucinda Bell we're going to see now."

"Why do you suspect her, Max?"

"I don't, yet," the detective said. "But last night I get to thinking about her jewelry and clothes and plush apartment. So this morning I make the rounds of the banks. This Lucinda baby has six different accounts in town—two checking and four savings. Altogether she's got about thirty thousand bucks in the old sock, and that ain't hay. I talked to some of the bank tellers, and some of the boys seem to remember that most of this babe's deposits are out-of-town paper.

"Maybe this dough is kosher and maybe it ain't. If it ain't, maybe it's got something to do with Doc Marston getting murdered. I got to find out, don't I? So I drop in to see my friend Samson, the postal inspector, and I tell him I think I got a dame who's using the mails to defraud. Samson is going to intercept the babe's mail to see where the green stuff grows."

The police car stopped in front of a swank office building. As the tall, big-boned, sandy-haired pathologist got out, he shook his head dubiously.

"I don't know, Max," Dan Coffee said. "George Marston was one of the last surviving two-dollar-visit G.P.s. He's been living on the narrow edge of poverty for years. I don't know how you're going to connect his death with any big-money racket."

"Let's go up and see," the detective said.

LUCINDA BELL was waiting in Jervis' office. She was a rather tall woman in her late twenties. The mechanical perfection of her burnished-brass coiffure indicated that she spent a good deal of her life at the hairdresser's. And the enameled thickness of her cosmetic sun tan—Dr. Coffee was sure he could scrape it off with a spoon—hinted at hours before the make-up mirror. She was definitely attractive. She exuded female charm. She was well proportioned. True, her neck and shoulders seemed overly developed for one of her build, but they did not long divert the eye from the exciting symmetry of her silken legs and slim ankles.

"I hope you'll be brief," Jervis said. "My client is not well."

"She was well enough to stay out all night last night," Ritter said. "Where were you, Miss Bell?"

"I was staying with friends." Lucinda Bell's voice was pleasantly throaty. "I didn't want to stay alone. You see, I'd had quite a shock. In my condition—"

"We know. It's delicate," Ritter interrupted. "We know about the rabbit test. Who's the father?"

Lucinda moistened her ripe lips but did not reply.

"I can't see that your question has any bearing on the death of Dr. Marston," Jervis said.

"It could have," Ritter said. "If Doc Marston were the father and maybe refused to do right by our Lucinda, maybe she might have—"

"That's nonsense," Jervis sputtered. "She saw Dr. Marston only twice."

"I hear once is enough," Ritter said.

Lucinda lowered her long eyelashes demurely.

"Tell us about your visit to Doc Marston's office yesterday," Ritter said.

Lucinda glanced at the attorney, who nodded. She had called the doctor at three in the afternoon, she said, to ask about the result of the test, and Dr. Marston said he wanted her to come down to his office. She said she couldn't make it much before seven, and the doctor said he would wait. When she reached the office, shortly after six thirty, the receptionist was gone but the doors were open and Dr. Marston had called to her to come in. He was sitting at his desk and she had taken a chair across the desk from him. He had told her about the result of the test and asked her to send her husband in to talk to him.

She had cried a little and said she had no husband. The doctor was very nice and said he would be glad to help her in any way. She said she would come back when she wasn't so upset, as she wasn't sure what she was going to do. Once she had left the office, she thought of a question she wanted to ask Dr. Marston, but she didn't go back because another woman was going in—a woman in a gray suit and blue scarf.

"You say you sat across the desk from Doc Marston all the time you were in his office?" Ritter asked.

"Yes, all the time."

"Then you didn't notice the handle of a paper knife sticking out the doctor's back, did you?"

"Why, no. I couldn't see his back. But you're just being silly. He couldn't have talked to me if he'd been stabbed."

"Did you stab the doctor with a paper knife?"

"No. Of course not."

Ritter stood up. "Jervis, would you bring your client to the police station this afternoon so we can take her fingerprints? Just for a check."

"We have no objections," the attorney said.

"And if you don't mind," Dr. Coffee said, "I'd like to do another Friedman test for Miss Bell."

"I don't mind." Lucinda Bell smiled prettily. "I'm sure it will be perfectly all right."

Going down in the elevator, Dr. Coffee said to Ritter, "Max, where are the clothes Dr. Marston wore when he was killed?"

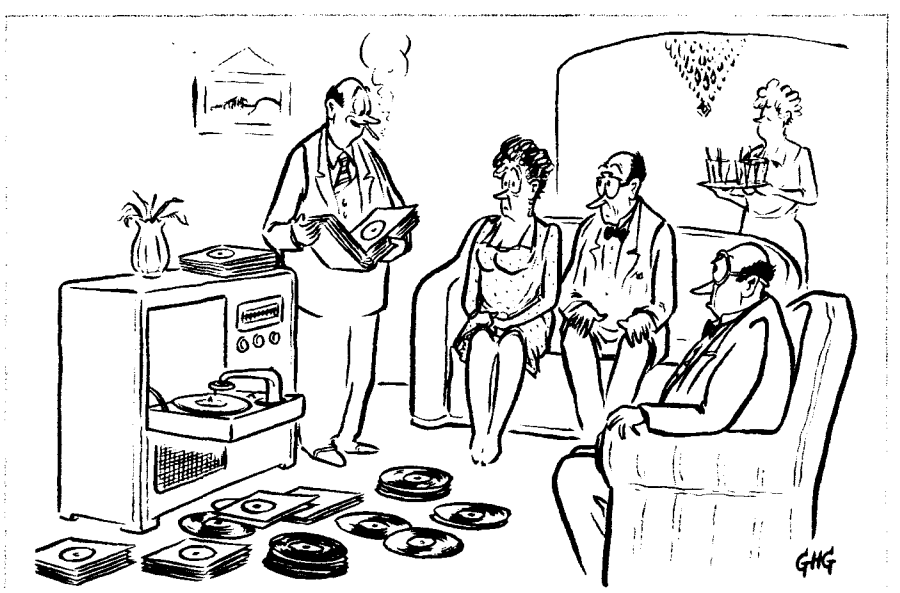
"In a bundle in my office," the detective replied. "I'm saving 'em for the D.A."

"Wrap them carefully and send them to my lab," the pathologist said. "We'll see what the microscope can tell us."

DR. COFFEE heard no more of the Marston case, officially, for over a week. He read in the papers, of course, that the police had identified the prints on the paper knife as Alice Marston's, and that the district attorney's office was preparing to ask for her indictment for murder, despite her continued denials. He knew, too, that Eve Waterman and Lucinda Bell were being held as material witnesses.

Max Ritter had left on a mysterious mission for Cleveland two days after the interview with Lucinda Bell, and before the second Friedman test or the microscopic examination of dustings from Dr. Marston's coat had been completed. Toward the end of the week, Dr. Coffee received a post card from St. Louis which read: "Having fine beer and pig's knuckles. Wish you were here. Max." Finally Ritter telephoned from Cincinnati.

"What's good for acute vertigo, Doc?"



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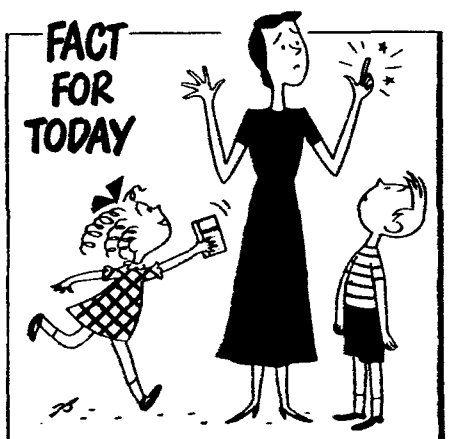
COLLIER'S — GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN



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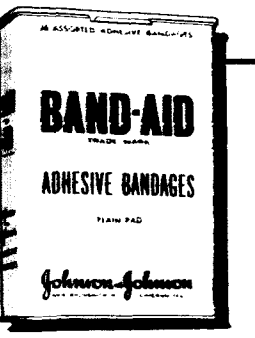

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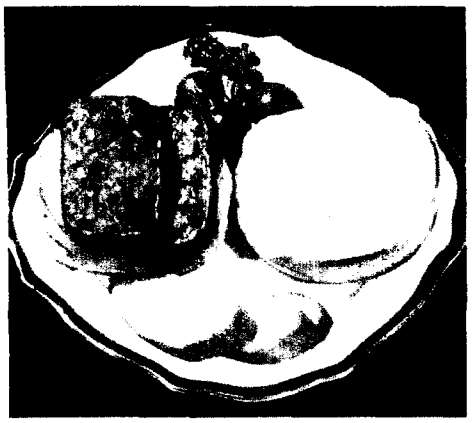
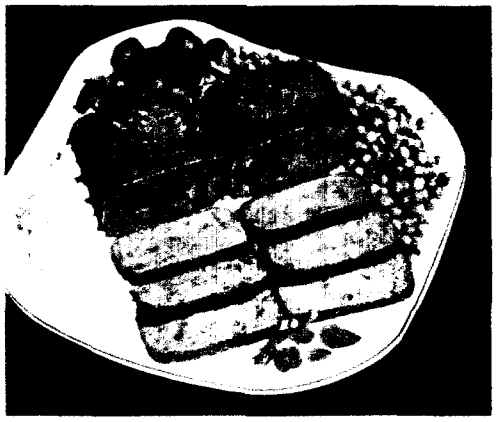
The SPAM way to scramble eggs

...if you follow this method: Break eggs into bowl; for each egg used, add ⅛ tsp. salt, 1 tbs. cream, milk or water, dash of pepper. • Beat lightly with a fork. • (You may want to add finely chopped chives or onion, a dash of steak sauce.) • Melt in skillet enough butter or margarine to coat bottom. • Turn heat low, add eggs. Don't touch until they "set" slightly. Then keep turning edges gently toward center of pan; avoid stirring. • Remove from burner before quite firm—pan heat will finish the cooking. • SPAM slices have been browning in another pan. • Serve both on a *hot* plate. • What a meal—what a *meal!*



ON TOASTED BUN HALVES lay SPAM slices and a slice of cheese. Slip under broiler till SPAM browns, cheese bubbles. Any time is SPAMwich time.



NO FUSS, JUST GOOD EATING. Bake two SPAMs 20 min. at 350°, basting with half a cup of canned fruit syrup—cling peach, pineapple, apricot. Serves six—and how!

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asked the detective's voice over the long-distance wire. "Boy, am I dizzy! I been on the merry-go-round for six days."

"What have you found, Max?" Dan Coffee asked.

"Plenty, Doc. But I don't know what it means. How did you make out with the rabbits, Doc?"

"Miss Bell is positive."

"I could use a few more days out here," the detective said, "but I got a call from the Northbank D.A. just ten minutes ago. He wants to go to the grand jury tomorrow afternoon, and he wants me back to try to persuade Alice Marston to take a plea. Otherwise the grand jury is going to indict for first-degree murder. So I'm flying home tonight. I'm due at ten sharp."

"I'll meet you at the airport, Max," Dr. Coffee said. "I think I know why Dr. Marston was murdered." . . .

Next morning Dan Coffee was tidying up his inner office beyond the laboratories, restoring tables and chairs to their original functions. From one chair he removed two mason jars containing a brain section and a portion of spleen. From another he moved a tray of slides, and from a third several volumes on endocrinology, biochemistry, and medico-legal microscopic techniques. He was setting up a microscope on his desk when Dr. Motilal Mookerji came in.

"Doctor Sahib is performing spring cleansing in autumntime," the Hindu remarked. "Important visitors are expected, no doubt?"

"I'm getting ready for the dress rehearsal of a murder trial I hope will never take place," Dan Coffee said.

"We are again aiding Leftenant Ritter's relentless crusade against crime?"

"We are going to stage a scientific demonstration that may save the state the cost of a trial. The audience should be arriving at any minute now."

The audience consisted of Max Ritter, a brisk young deputy district attorney named Woods, several police matrons, Alice Marston looking very pale and haggard, Eve Waterman the fluttery receptionist, the enameled and befurred Lucinda Bell and James B. Jervis.

EATING—IN OR OUT

WITH CHARLOTTE ADAMS

TONY VENTI

Shrimp Pie from Brewton Inn, Charleston, South Carolina

"THAT is for tourists," said my hostess as we approached the lovely old Brewton Inn at Charleston, South Carolina, and found two Negroes singing to banjo music outside. Charleston, in fact, is a town for tourists, with its beautiful homes and flowers. It is also a town whose citizens eat wonderful food at home and therefore seldom enter restaurants.

Of those available, the Brewton Inn Tearoom is one of the best. Mrs. Kathryn D. McNulta, who runs it, offers such typical Charleston dishes as fried chicken, "she-crab soup" (he-crabs don't rate!), deviled crab and many other seafoods, including the dish pictured here. Coleslaw with Brewton's own special dressing is a must if you dine there.

Dinners and luncheons range in price from $1.85 to $2.75. A la carte dishes, including hot bread and beverage, are $1.25 to $1.50.

SHRIMP PIE

1 cup crushed cornflakes
1 pound cooked shrimp
4 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
½ pound mushrooms
½ teaspoon salt
dash pepper
¼ teaspoon mace
1 tablespoon sherry

Cover bottoms of four individual casseroles with crushed cornflakes. Melt butter; blend in flour; add milk and stir until thick. Add sherry and seasonings. Peel and slice mushrooms and sauté in a little butter five minutes. Add to sauce. Add shrimp and pour into casseroles. Top each with crushed cornflakes, dot lightly with butter and bake in 400° oven until crumbs are brown.

If you wish to receive this Shrimp Pie recipe printed on a file card, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Collier's Food Editor, Box 10, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York. Start your collection of Collier's Food Recipes now.

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Dr. Coffee apologized for bringing them all to the laboratory, but it was simpler because his equipment was handier.

"So we thought we'd show you the evidence," Ritter said. "Because a second-degree plea will save a lot of trouble and money and somebody's neck. Want to offer a plea, Jervis?"

"I'm not representing Mrs. Marston," Jervis objected.

"You're representing Lucinda Bell," Ritter said, "and Lucinda killed Doc Marston."

DR. COFFEE switched on the light behind his microscope. "Before you say anything, Mr. Jervis," he advised, "I wish you'd take a look at this. The objects you see are hairs, one full mount and the other in cross section. The width of the medulla and the arrangement of the pigment indicate that they are animal hairs. And if Dr. Mookerji will pluck a few hairs from the right sleeve of Miss Bell's fur coat—"

"Keep away from me!" screamed Lucinda, as the Hindu pinched the sleeve of her silver-fox jacket.

"—we will prepare another slide to show that the hairs come from the same fur. The specimen you have just seen, Mr. Jervis, was prepared from several hairs which I found lightly imbedded in the fabric of the back of Dr. Marston's coat, just below the point at which he was stabbed. A fur sleeve driven against the coat by a blow strong enough to drive a paper knife into a man's heart would certainly leave just such traces."

"Want to change your story, Lucinda baby?" Ritter asked.

"I—I don't remember a thing," Lucinda said. "I had a terrible shock."

"You're forcing us to reveal the fact that the father of the child my client is expecting was Dr. Marston," Jervis said.

"I loved him." Lucinda dabbed at her eyes with a square of lace. "And he loved me, too. He didn't tell me he was married, but he told me he loved me."

"That's a lie!" Alice Marston sobbed. "George was in love with me—deeply, and completely in love. His love for me was such complete fulfillment, so all-consuming, that there couldn't really be room for anyone else—certainly for no one like you."

"No jury in the world would believe your uncorroborated statement, Mrs. Marston," Jervis said. "And no jury would convict a trusting woman who, in a moment of insanity when her lover spurned her, struck back at the man who betrayed her. No jury—"

"Look, Jervis," Ritter broke in. "If you knew why Lucinda really knocked off Doc Marston, you wouldn't talk this way. I know you've been blackmailed into defending her, because she told you the rabbit test meant *you* were going to be a papa, and you're paying off in legal services instead of cash—"

"You're making a lot of wild accusations, Ritter," Jervis said.

"You were in Lucinda's apartment alone the night of the murder," Ritter went on, "so I guess you've got a key, and it's probably gold-plated, because I find it's an old habit of Lucinda's to give out gold-plated keys to her boy friends."

"Mr. Jervis, make that flatfoot stop insulting me," Lucinda said.

"Okay, baby, I'll stop," Ritter said, grinning, "if you'll tell Jervis about the big dough you've been collecting from putative papas all over the country. A hundred a week from a respected citizen of Cleveland, two hundred a month from a St. Louis gent who's just as respected only not so well heeled; three hundred from Kansas City, three fifty from a Cincinnati papa—or putative papa. The names and addresses come from the postal inspector. So even if you beat the murder rap, you'll still face a charge of using the mails to defraud."

"It's not fraud to accept money for the support of a child," Jervis said.

"It's a fraud when there's no child," Ritter said. "All this baby talk is just talk. There's never been a baby and there's not going to be any."

"I think Dr. Coffee must have something to say about that," Jervis said. "You made your own test, Doctor. Aren't you convinced?"

"Max is right," Dr. Coffee said. "I'd like to point out that Miss Bell has consistently refused to submit to a complete examination. And while the rabbit test is usually accurate, there are certain pathological conditions in which the blood stream abounds with the same hormones which give a positive reaction for an A-Z or Friedman test, even when there has been no conception. This condition sometimes occurs in Cushing's syndrome, a tumor of the pituitary, the master gland at the base of the brain which seems to control all other ductless glands in the body."

Dr. Coffee stepped closer to Lucinda.

"I call your attention to the peculiar disposition of fatty tissue about the upper part of Miss Bell's body," he said, pointing with a pencil. "While her extremities are slender and the lower part of her body is well proportioned, she has an overdevelopment of the neck and shoulders which we call 'buffalo type.'"

Dr. Coffee poured some colorless liquid on a wad of cotton and without warning swabbed a broad streak across Lucinda's heavily made-up cheek. Lucinda screamed and slapped the pathologist's face. Dr. Coffee appeared not to notice the interruption.

"You will note further," he said, "that there is a fairly heavy growth of hair on Miss Bell's cheek, chin and upper lip, which she has been concealing with bleach and the extravagant use of cosmetics. These are all symptoms of Cushing's syndrome. Miss Bell has obviously been making a very nice living by producing positive rabbit tests from coast to coast, and then collecting for the support of purely imaginary offspring.

"When she tried to add you to her list, Mr. Jervis, Dr. Marston obviously recognized the symptoms of Cushing's syndrome, and when she refused the usual examination, he suspected fraud. I say 'obviously' because he called police shortly before his death, promising an interesting case at seven o'clock. Miss Bell arrived ahead of time, unfortunately. She killed Dr. Marston to keep him from exposing her racket.

"If you insist on this case going to trial, the prosecution will ask the court to order an examination by a gynecologist. The examination will show Miss Bell is *not* going to become a mother."

THERE was a moment of silence broken only by James B. Jervis clearing his throat. "Under the circumstances," said the attorney, "perhaps we will enter a plea to a lesser charge."

"Under the circumstances," said the deputy district attorney, "I am not sure the state will accept a lesser plea. Shall we go to my office to discuss the question?"

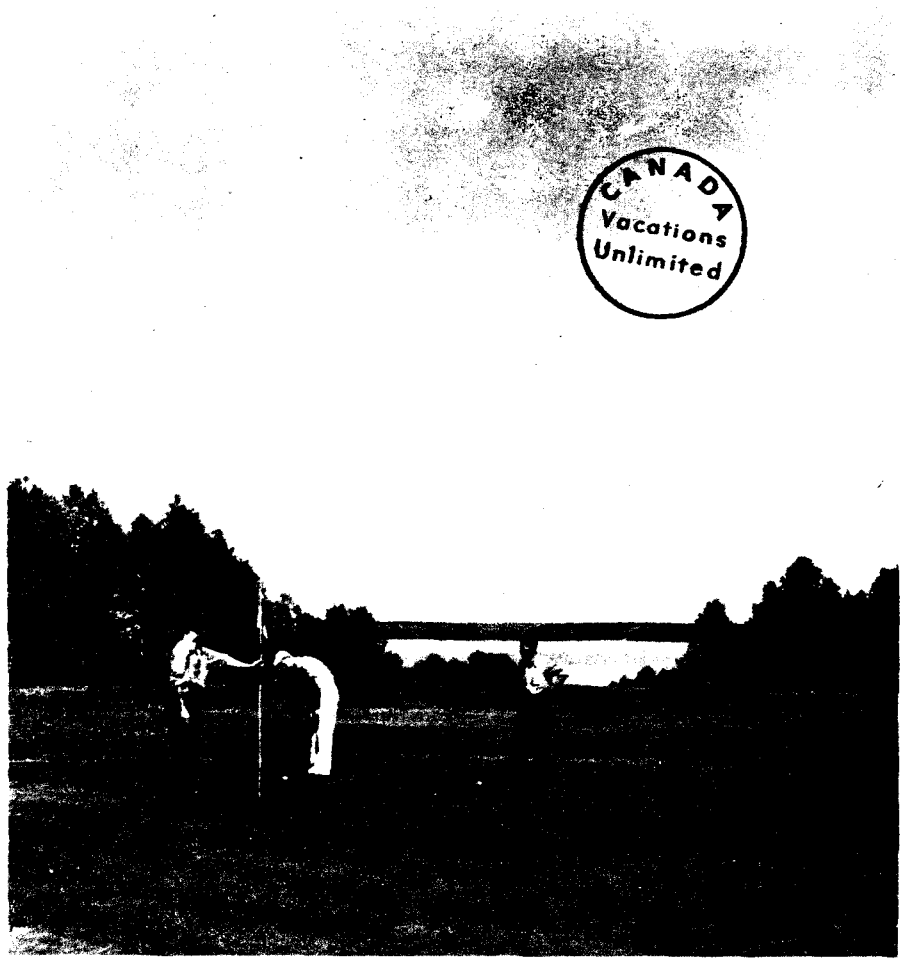
"Please do," said Dr. Coffee, "and please stop your client from shrieking like that, Jervis. This is a hospital."

When the wailing of Lucinda Bell had grown faint in the corridor of the surgical wing, Alice Marston turned to Dr. Coffee with tear-bright eyes.

"Thank you," she said, "for George's sake."

"It was tragic irony," said Dan Coffee, "that your husband's keen diagnostical eye should have caused his death."

Dr. Motilal Mookerji nodded his approval. "Most extraordinary diagnosis," the Hindu said. "Have never previously observed ladies with built-in positive A-Z reaction. Homicidal damsel was indeed counting unhatched chicks in large monetary denominations. Beg to point out moral: Golden geese willy-nilly encounter fatal endings."



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PRIDE'S CASTLE

Continued from page 25

"Saint Joseph's Hospital."

"She—she's not—"

"No, she ain't dead. Not yet."

Tim got his hat and greatcoat and went down to the cab that Pride had left waiting before the building. Tim gave the address of the hospital and they moved off. Tim sat tight-lipped and grim, looking neither to the right nor the left. Pride touched his arm.

"What happened, Tim?" he demanded.

"She read in the paper that you'd married your forty million dollars. So she took a walk—in the worst blizzard in fifteen years. Father Shannon happened to remember the habit she'd got into of going up to that shanty to look at the place where her paw used to live—he died a couple of months ago—so's we were able to find her. Too late. Pneumonia. The docs at St. Joseph's don't give her a Chinaman's chance."

AT THE hospital an orderly led them to the door of the room, but there one of the sisters motioned them to wait.

The door opened suddenly and Father Shannon came out. Seeing the priest, Pride's big face turned gray as death.

"No, son," the old priest said gently, "she is not dead. In fact she's going to recover. She took a turn for the better about an hour ago."

Pride's knees buckled suddenly, so that if the sister had not pushed forward a chair, he might have fallen. As it was, he sat there a long moment, wiping his face with a large handkerchief.

"I'd go in to see her now," Father Shannon said.

Pride got to his feet and walked into Sharon's room. She lay there upon her narrow bed, so small and pale that she was half lost among the pillows and coverlet. When she saw him, she let out a glad cry, and Pride went down on his knees beside her and buried his big face against the hollow of her throat.

"Don't, darling," Sharon whispered, "please don't—"

Then as he raised his head she kissed him, covering his face with kisses.

"I shouldn't kiss you," she murmured. "But it was so good of you to come—so very good. You know I tried to die? I won't again, Pride—not any more."

"I'm not going back!" Pride said suddenly, fiercely. "I was a fool. I love you, Sharon; and nobody else on earth is going to—"

But her thin fingers, blue-white and almost transparent, came up and rested across his mouth.

"No, Pride," she said gently. "Marriage is a sacrament, blessed in the sight of God. I shall pray for your happiness."

"But your happiness?" Pride muttered.

"Oh, I shall find it. In a different way, perhaps. Maybe by doing good and helping other people and living the best way I know how here upon earth."

"You'll find somebody else, Sharon," Pride said. "Some nice young fellow, who—"

But Sharon's dark head shook fiercely.

"After having known you, Pride?" she whispered. "Never!"

The sister tiptoed into the room and touched Pride on the shoulder.

"I'll come back tomorrow," he said.

"No," Sharon said weakly, "don't. Please don't. Go home to your—wife."

And Pride Dawson coming out of the hospital under a sky turned black velvet suddenly wondered where all the light had gone—all the light in the whole world.

Still there was work to be done—in Millville, where Esther waited. Still there was a life to be lived, sons to be conceived, and a fortune built up. Why was it, then, that these things that had meant so much to him were tasteless suddenly? Why was it that he no longer cared if he succeeded?

So thinking, he took his seat beside Tim in the cab and pushed up the little door in the roof so that he could see the driver.

"Take me to the Chambers Street train ferry," he ordered.

And then he was back in Millville again after a train ride that lasted up to the borders of forever. He was striding the now-familiar street once more in the darkness and the cold. And his hand at last was upon the knob of his own door, hesitating there before pushing it open. His hand moved convulsively and it was done—he was inside the hall, hearing the tangled rush of Esther's breathing.

She stood there in the lamplight paler than he had ever seen her before, and infinitely more beautiful.

"Pride," she whispered, "you came back! Oh, my darling, you did come back!" Then she was running wildly into the shelter of his arms.

IF PRIDE thought his difficulties were over once he had obtained the money to extend his railroad to Saint Croix and the lakes, one month sufficed to show him how badly mistaken he was. In Black Tom Stillworth he faced a man whose determination equaled his own.

He was able to forestall Stillworth in the opening battle of their private war, for, when the old financier visited Millville and demanded that Esther return to his home, Pride guessed at once what his next move would be. Esther of course refused, and Pride knew that he had to obtain another source of funds, for as clearly as though it were written upon the old buccaneer's forehead he read Thomas Stillworth's intention to go at once to Pittsburgh and frighten the bankers into calling Pride's loans.

But Pride had one more weapon, the angry vengefulness of the men whom Stillworth had cheated in many a financial deal. He contrived to delay his father-in-law and reached Pittsburgh before him. There he laid his plans and his difficulties before Edward Bolley, the worst enemy Tom Stillworth had in the world. Bolley jumped at this chance to hit back at Stillworth, and Pride was shrewd enough to show him how he too could gain by the transaction.

Black Tom refused to give up. He countered by hiring men from the Hard-scrapple district of Pittsburgh to sabotage Pride's efforts. This they did with terrible effectiveness: tearing up rails, dynamiting the tracks.

Fiercely, stubbornly, Pride fought back. He armed his men, and a pitched gun battle resulted in which he was so seriously wounded that Esther despaired of his life. By this outrage, Black Tom lost the daughter he worshiped, and, in the long run, the battle itself, for Pride arose from his bed after two months with utter hatred in his heart.

Now, he struck back with measures that Black Tom could not match. He dynamited the bridge over which Black Tom's Millville Valley Branch line had to run to get into Millville, and continued to wreck it faster than Stillworth could build it back. While the old financier was thus kept occupied, Pride completed his line to the sea. Then, in one terrible stroke, he dynamited the half-completed bridge once more, and the rocky ledges that formed its approaches so that Black Tom's engineers ruefully informed their employer that it would take more than a year to reopen his line.

Now, at last, Pride Dawson had his enemy where he wanted him. When, in desperation, for his mills and mines were unable to ship one pound of their products out of Millville, he came to Pride with overtures of peace, suggesting a partnership which would be profitable to them both and literally begging Pride to take his pigs of iron and tons of coal northward to the lakes for transshipping by barge, Pride refused him, pointing out that he had made prior commitments for all his available space to the farmers who had helped build the Millville and Western Pennsylvania.

Ruin stared Thomas Stillworth in the face. When he did the only thing he could do under the circumstances, which was to dump the stocks of his holdings upon the open market, Pride was ready. Backed by Bolley and Waters and offering the entire railroad as security, Pride borrowed more than a million dollars and bought Stillworth's Millville holdings, lock, stock and barrel. He even took over the Millville Valley Branch line.

Thereupon, he consolidated the Millville Valley Branch and the M & WP into one line, and enormously watered the stock in the process. In less than six months he paid off the Pittsburgh banks. By the fall of 1871, Pride Dawson was a millionaire.

He did not remain in Millville. As soon as he had gained possession of Black Tom's holdings there, he took Esther back to New York. He brought her at once to the fine, new French flats that had been built on Sixty-eighth Street, next to Central Park.

"I'm going up," Pride boasted. "I'm going to be richer than your paw."

"I know you will, darling," Esther said. "But I don't care about that really. All I want is—"

"Is what?" Pride demanded.

"You," Esther whispered. "All to myself—not divided three ways between myself and your business—and that girl."

PRIDE'S face was as black as a thundercloud suddenly. "Don't talk like that!" he snapped.

"I won't," Esther said quietly. "There's another thing I want. A child. A son—who'll look like you and act like you. Why hasn't it happened before now?"

Pride stiffened.

"Don't be angry. It's just because you—you haven't cared enough. A great deal of love should go into a son, Pride. And I don't want you ever to look at him and think—"

"Go on," Pride said ominously.

"That he has the wrong woman for his mother!" she said.

Pride got up slowly. "Pierre!" he bawled.

The valet appeared as if by magic.

"My hat and gloves," Pride growled. "And my cane."

Esther looked up at him, her face taut and still. "Where are you going?"

"Out!" Pride growled and marched from the room. . . .

When Pride reached Sharon's shop, it was closing time. So he told the driver to wait, and sat there in the cab while the girls came out by twos and threes until they were all gone. Then he paid the man and got down, crossing the street very slowly. Inside he could see Sharon, her back turned toward him.

He stepped inside the door and watched her. She turned, holding up a frock to the dying light so that she could inspect the seams. Her eyes widened little by little until her thin cheeks were dominated by them. Then she was running toward him.

But, when she had come halfway, she stopped abruptly, and the joy drained quite visibly out of her face. Then she came forward once more, walking slowly, awkwardly; and when she was close, she put out her hand.

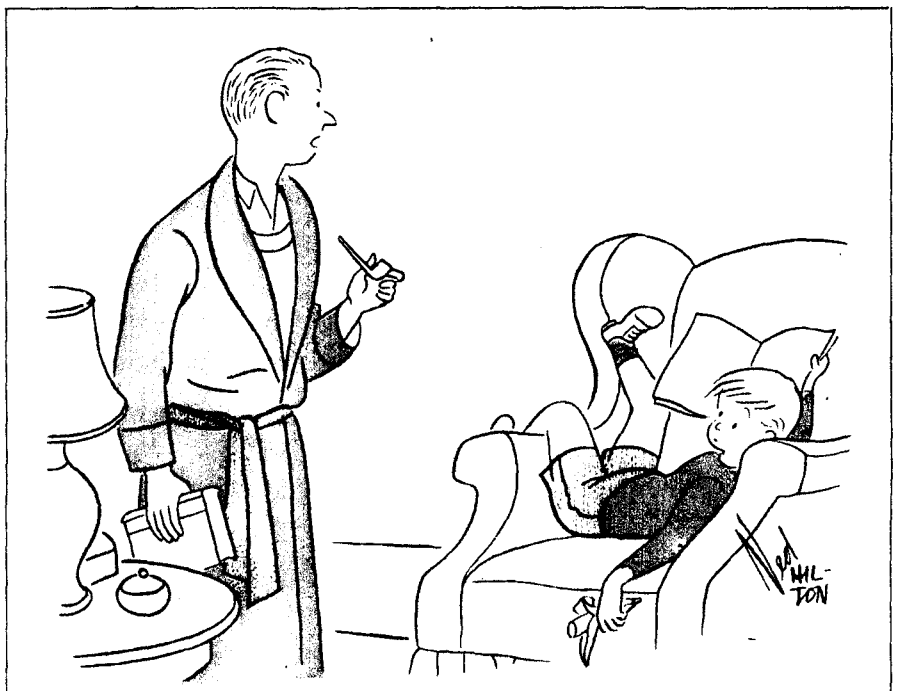
"Hello, Pride," she said.

Pride did not answer her. He stood there, staring down at her hand. Then he put out his big hand, and covered it, holding it lightly for a long moment, before he gave a quick hard pull, so that Sharon was hurled into his arms.

"Hello, Pride!" he mimicked, growling. "That's a fine thing! You came running at first, didn't you? Then you remembered what's happened, and you thought about all the rules that says what you're supposed not to do—so you stopped. Those rules don't apply to us."

Sharon rested her small face against his broad chest. "Don't they, Pride?"

"Why, hell no! The rules that were meant for us haven't been written yet. I was a fool. I made a mistake. But that



"When I was your age I had to walk three miles to school through the snow. The bus broke down once"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

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doesn't mean I got to go through the rest of my days being miserable from wanting you. I'm going to get myself a divorce."

"A divorce wouldn't make any difference. I still couldn't marry you."

"Why in thunderation couldn't you?"

"I would be no better than a—than a—"

"There's only one answer to the whole thing," Pride exploded. "You don't love me! If you did you couldn't talk like this."

Sharon looked up at him, and her heart was there, naked in her eyes. "Don't I, Pride?" she whispered. Then going up on tiptoe, she kissed him with so much tenderness that Pride could feel the pain inside his chest like white fire and brine. When she drew away her face, her eyes were wet.

"I don't love you!" she whispered. "I—who have been dying by slow inches since the day you went away. I—who smother my head in my pillow every night so the people next door won't hear me crying. Have you ever prayed for death, Pride? I have. I do still. For love of you—you great unthinking beast! For wanting you—whom I can never marry!"

She collapsed against him and gave way to wild and bitter weeping.

"There, there, hon," he mumbled. "Don't you cry. I love you just the way you love me—maybe worse. There're laws all right and there're sacraments. But there is nothing, absolutely nothing, that says we got to be tormented like this. Let me come to see you once in a while. Go riding with me. Go walking. Talk to me. All right?"

"All right, Pride," Sharon said without hesitation, but the moment she said it, she knew that it was wrong.

THOMAS STILLWORTH woke up one morning with the abjectly certain knowledge that he was going to die. And, as men of his type always do, he tried desperately to rectify the sins that lay heavily upon his soul. Even before breakfast he sent for his attorney, and set forth the terms of a new will.

Black Tom had no sooner finished with his lawyer when Malcholm appeared with a bulky envelope. It had been delivered by messenger, Malcholm informed his employer, and the man waited below. He wanted, Malcholm added, the address of Mistress Dawson and her husband.

"I was unable to give him the information," Malcholm said stiffly. "I do not know where Mistress Esther resides."

"Send the man up," said Tom.

After the butler had gone, Black Tom tore open the envelope, and looked at the heavily embossed card it enclosed. The card bore the emblem of a double-headed eagle. He, Thomas Stillworth, ex-clerk from Liverpool, was invited to a banquet honoring Prince Alberich, youngest son of one of the crowned heads of Europe. The affair was to be given at Nilsson Hall.

Black Tom chuckled, rubbing his thin, spidery hands together. All the inherent snobbery in his middle-class English soul came to the surface.

Malcholm came back into the room, followed by the messenger. The man stood respectfully before the tiny, frail old man.

"I'd like to know," the financier demanded, "why you want my daughter's address?"

"She and her husband," the man said, "are also invited."

Black Tom frowned. That ox! Still the messenger had said, "She and her husband—" just as one said, "The princess and her consort—" It was, after all, the magic of the Stillworth name that did it.

"All right," he said, "she lives at Sixty-eighth and Fifth—in the new French flats." Then a thought struck him. "Here," he said, "give it to me. I'm going there tonight. I'll save you the trip."

"Thank you, sir," the man said. . . .

Pride threw down the letter he had been reading with a muffled "Damn!" and stood up, frowning.

"What is it, dear?" Esther said.

"Tim. He's still writing me about those damnable mines. Says they're unsafe. Hell, show me a mine that isn't! The minute you go poking around under the earth you take your life in your hands."

"Doesn't he have any suggestions?"

"Yep. That's the trouble. He's got a million of 'em. Hoses on the face so the dust won't be set off by the blasting. Ventilation to take care of the firedamp, whatever in blazes that is!"

"Human life is more important than coal, Pride," Esther said.

"Is it?" Pride said cruelly. "Seems to me like it's about the cheapest commodity there is. Every minute another carload of brats comes into the world."

"Pride Dawson!" Esther began.

"I know, I know. I don't mean it. And I'm going to put in all these things Tim wants as soon as I get the money to do it with. Right now it isn't profitable. It would cost more'n those mines are producing."

"So," Esther whispered, "until *you* make a profit, other men will have to go on dying."

"They'll go on dying after I put 'em in. Look, hon, nobody rightly knows why mines catch fire and—"

The shrill cry of the bell interrupted him. "Now who the devil can that be?" he muttered.

The elevator creaked into view a few minutes later. Pride, who had been looking down the hall, made an explosive sound. "Black Tom!" he growled.

"Father?" Esther demanded. She looked out. She felt a swift surge of pity at the sight of the tiny old man. Thomas Stillworth's gait was halting and feeble. He was bent far over above his massive cane. Esther ran forward and caught him by the arm.

"Good day, daughter," he cackled, "you look lovely!"

"You look fine yourself, Father," Esther lied.

"Poppycock!" Black Tom snorted. "I'm at death's door and you know it. That's why I came to see you. You, too," he added, looking up at Pride.

"Come in," Pride said gently.

The old man sank, sighing, into the big chair that Pride pushed forward for him. "I had to bring you this, anyway," Thomas Stillworth said. "The committee didn't know your address—"

"Prince Alberich!" Esther gasped. "Oh, Pride, we're invited to meet the prince!"

"Calm yourself," Stillworth said. "I want to talk to you two, today."

"Why, of course, Father," Esther said.

"I," Black Tom announced, "am going to die. No, Esther—no denials. I am. I'm resigned to it. I've lived a long life—and a full one. Just one thing though. I want to make my peace—with you and with Pride. Sorry I fought you, son. I should have known you couldn't be beaten." He put out a hand that was all bones under its purplish cover of skin. "Can you forgive an old fool?"

"This isn't a trick?" Pride growled.

"No. I haven't the strength to fight any more. Bernstein has the order to liquidate all my holdings. I've provided for Esther well in my will—and I'm turning over my seat on the Exchange to you, Pride—as of now. Is that proof enough?"

Pride took his hand. "Good enough for me. But there's something you've got to do for me. I bought myself a couple of key legislators in Michigan and Illinois. Now I got a right of way from Detroit to Chicago. Only I'm not well enough fixed to build another railroad. That's where you come in."

"Pride, that's positively idiotic! What about the Michigan Central? What about the Pennsylvania? How much business can you expect to get away from men like Vanderbilt and Thompson?"

"Damn little," Pride said, "but I sure can make one hell of a nuisance of myself!"

"My God!" Black Tom gasped, his thin face lighted with pure respect. "That's right! Just like Vanderbilt bought that competing Canadian line and tied it into the Central, he'd have to—"

"Pay me my price to get my dinky little road off'n his neck."

And so that afternoon weary old Black Tom agreed to Pride's proposal. Even before the new road reached Chicago, Commodore Vanderbilt bought it for the sum of twenty million dollars. With his share, Pride promptly bought the controlling interest in the barge companies with which he did business. . . .

On the fifth of October, 1871, New York City went quietly crazy. You could, Pride discovered, get a Prince Alberich cocktail in any bar on Broadway—and the staid Astor House hung out bunting of blue, on which white letters read: "Prince Alberich, Son of a noble father, Representative of This Nation's Dearly Cherished Ally—This Country most heartily welcomes You."

Sharon, Pride found, was as excited as all the rest. She, as the direct result of the ball in the prince's honor, had more orders from the four hundred than she could possibly fill. Yet, to Pride's astonishment, she was ready to take a holiday.

"But I must see him!" she said. "Oh, please, Pride, take me down to the docks!"

"All right," Pride said indulgently.

"They say he's so handsome! A real, live prince! Pride, I wouldn't miss this for anything!"

"I," Pride declared solemnly, "am jealous."

"Don't be," Sharon whispered, her dark eyes tender. "You know I'll never love anyone else."

"All right," Pride said gruffly. "Let's go."

PRIDE'S luck, that day, was miserable. He knew Esther was going to be there. Within ten minutes after his arrival with Sharon he was seen by no less than three friends of his wife's, each of whom promptly forgot all about the prince in her haste to report the scandal to Esther.

By the time the third woman reached her, Esther was in tears. She knew that she should not make a scene, that, indeed, she should appear utterly indifferent. She allowed herself to be led to the spot where Pride stood with Sharon, quietly appraising young Prince Alberich as he stepped ashore in the simple uniform of a naval lieutenant.

Pride felt Sharon's fingers, suddenly fierce upon his arm.

"Oh, Pride," she whispered, "your—your wife."

Pride turned and looked at Esther, seeing her face ghost-white, her lips trembling visibly though thirty feet of space separated them. Then he turned once more to Sharon, who was crying helplessly beside him.

"Come," he said gruffly, "we'd better go."

That night, watching Esther sweeping through the graceful measures of a waltz in the prince's arms, Pride stared over the menus printed in gold upon satin, over the wreckage of the monumental banquet, past the spun-sugar statuettes of Wilhelm II and Walther I facing a chocolate George Washington against a background of two nougat men-of-war floating on a sea of meringue, and thought bitterly: Wonder what the hell *he's* looking so sad about?

Alberich could have told him. In Europe there was beautiful young Ernestine Bauer, a commoner, his mother's lady in waiting, from whom he was being exiled with royal calculation. . . .

Esther's problem was simpler. She merely had a broken heart.

"You must give her up," Esther said. "I will not stand for it, Pride."

Pride ran one hand through his heavy mustache, breaking the smooth lines of its contour so that it looked shaggy and unkempt. It made his face appear much fiercer.

"Be patient with me, Esther," he murmured. "I can't help this thing. I could love you. You're good as gold and so damn' pretty it hurts. Give me a chance. This business about Sharon is going to die—of pure starvation if for no other reason. If you love me enough, you'll be there, waiting. It would be so easy to love you, Esther."

Esther sat up suddenly, a quick flare about her fine nostrils. "I," she said grimly, "don't want to play second fiddle any longer! Go to your Sharon, Pride. Go and don't come back!"

Pride stood up, looking down at her.

"All right," he said quietly, "maybe I will."

He turned and stalked out of the room and out of the house.

(To be continued next week)

"Nothing to declare—just my own personal belongings"

COLLIER'S — IRWIN CAPLAN

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OUR REEKING HALLS OF JUSTICE

Continued from page 19

no money for support he says: 'Take 'im down to the police pistol range: The police will use you for a target, then they can sell your body for $1,000 and give the money to your family.' These ignorant jerks believe him."

"Yeah," chimed in the bailiff who had led away the prisoner. "This last one almost collapsed on me before I could put him away for the Psychiatric."

When I told Chief Justice Edward S. Scheffler of Chicago Municipal Court of my findings, he deplored the fact that some unfit judges could discredit the whole municipal bench. Not long ago he was forced to admit that the Chicago municipal courts were a "legal cesspool."

Chief Justice Scheffler is a sincere official with a city-wide reputation for honesty, and he feels that the Chicago municipal courts generally have improved since he made that statement. That appears to be true. In fact, many cities have claimed an improvement in their lower courts of late years. This report is simply an attempt to show you what many of the courts are like today, after improvement. In doing so, it cannot dwell upon the few excellent lower courts and judges who need no criticism.

Hard as the good courts may strive, in cities like Chicago, their accomplishments are offset by incidents like that of the twenty-three-year-old girl who appeared in court with her four-year-old child. She told the judge that she had been engaged to a youth who had been drafted into the Army five years ago. A week before his final induction they became intimate, and the child holding her hand was the result. Now the youth was out of the Army and refused to marry her, she said.

During the hearing of her complaint, the judge sat with his feet on the bench, reading his morning mail. At this point, the child carefully scrubbed and neatly dressed, began to fidget in the strange surroundings and talk in a high piping voice. The judge put down his feet, leaned across the bench and shouted: "Tell the little b—— to shut up!"

The girl broke down. The case had to be continued.

Vile language from the bench is not exceptional. In women's court, particularly, some judges seem to revel in gutter talk, especially (as one of them put it) "talking to prostitutes in their own language."

One metropolitan judge used to take the names, addresses *and phone numbers* of pretty defendants who appeared before him. For "official reasons," of course.

From coast to coast, from the Canadian border to below the Mason and Dixon's line, I have sat in these courts and have come away feeling that, by and large, Justice needs not only a blindfold on her eyes but a clothespin on her nose to survive in their atmosphere. Yet, as Chief Justice Fred W. Vinson of the United States Supreme Court told me, these are the courts where the great mass of our people are likely to form their ideas of justice and democracy. For most people, the inferior courts are in actual practice the courts of last appeal —and last impression.

Let me describe a typical court. You approach it down a street lined with blatant signs advertising bail-bond brokers, attorneys, notaries public. You enter a battered building, pass a police booking desk, and a barred door, through which escapes the fetid odor of a city jail. As you climb creaking stairs to the second floor, you hear a babble of voices. It comes from a corridor teeming with people through whom you must thread your way to get to the courtroom. Linger a while under the "No Loitering" signs. Push your hat on the back of your head and light a cigar so you don't look conspicuous.

Snatches of conversation will reveal the professional complexion of these busily conferring men—bail-bond runners, lawyers, a man who "just came from the Boss's office," another who "ain't worried—Jim says it's all taken care of." Occasionally, a pay-station phone bell pierces the clamor and a policeman answers it and bellows a name. Some of the lawyers use this corridor as their offices. Down the hall a steady stream of confident-looking men pass in and out of a door marked "Judge's Chambers. Private." There is much handshaking down the length of the corridor—and not all hands come away empty.

It is 10:00 A.M., the time that all the summonses, writs and subpoenas say people must be in court. The scene inside duplicates the animated scene in the corridors: hatted men, smoking and talking. Adorning the grimy plastered walls are three calendars, advertising respectively, a tailor, an insurance company and a funeral home. Behind the empty judge's seat is a dusty American flag.

The spectators' benches are filling up and the rear aisle is already crowded, so you slip into a seat. As time passes, the policemen, sitting in a row awaiting to appear as prosecuting witnesses, make loud jokes.

"What're you beefing about?" one of them says. "Can'tcha see the judge is too busy to open court?"

"I ain't beefing," is the reply. "I love to work all night and sit around here all day!"

The spectators join in the laughter at this.

Sometime between 10:20 and 10:40 a short-sleeved man with a badge on his vest, a bailiff, yells something unintelligible. Hats come off, cigarettes rain to the floor, and for a moment there is silence. The judge whisks out of his private door to the bench.

"Hey, you!" the bailiff growls at a laggard. "Take yer hat off!"

The first 30 cases are all drunkenness charges. Most of the defendants are "repeaters." The judge greets several by their first names. They are disposed of in 15 minutes—all guilty, some freed on suspended sentences, some sent to the workhouse. It is justice at the rate of two cases per minute.

Conversation and the milling about in the courtroom have picked up. The judge calls for order. "Tell those guys to shut up!" he shouts. Most of the noise, though, is being made by the bailiffs hollering for "order in court!" and by court attachés conferring with privileged characters who walk through the rail separating court officials and public.

Quiet is of little consequence, however. Even if there were complete silence, you could hear little of what is going on because most of the cases are conducted in the form of a football huddle around the judge's bench and disposed of inaudibly. The clerk and the prosecutor seem to be running the show. The judge frequently holds back-of-the-hand conferences with them, and every now and then an important-looking character walks around behind the bench, shakes hands with the judge and holds a long private conversation. But court business goes right on and the judge occasionally interrupts his conversation to pass sentence.

There is an attitude of vast impatience in the judge and all the court officials. The bailiff shoves defendants up to the bar, pulls witnesses into place. The clerk administers the oath as if it were a single word: Yousolomswear-telltrutholtruthnothbutruthselpyaGod?" The prosecutor continually interrupts witnesses and defendants, snarling, grimacing in disbelief, showing that he is human only in flashes of sarcastic humor: "Oh, so all you did was say 'yessir' to the lovely policeman?" If anyone besides court attachés snigger after such sallies, the bailiff growls for order.

A list of female names is called, and seven girls and two older women step up to the bar.

"This is that big call-house raid last night," the knowing fellow alongside you says.

Everyone strains forward. Even the judge pays attention. The vice-squad officer introduces a little black book in evidence, "names and addresses of the customers." The judge takes it, leafs through it noncommittally, announces, "Court recessed for 10 minutes," and strides into his chambers with the book. When he returns there is no book in evidence.

Invariably, in prostitution raids, there is "a little black book" entered as evidence, and almost as invariably it never appears in the record. One of the things "expected" of a police judge is to protect the names of "our better citizens" in prostitution cases. As a vote-getting device it's a sure thing.

The next case is a wizened little man and a young man with delicate features —homosexuals. Psychiatrists would tell you that these people, a growing problem in our courts, can often be cured or adjusted to society, but that they are

ziuQ

(*See Page 54*)

1. Who was Mrs. Lot?
2. What do you call a man from Poland who has an attractive personality?
3. If Hamlet was the Melancholy Dane, who is the gloomy Russian?
4. What gives off a terrible smell when you burn it?
5. Who hands out traffic tickets in Keystone, West Virginia?
6. What does a girl say when her fellow asks her for a kiss?
7. Name three objects made mostly of metal.
8. Ooze itsy bitsy ittle baby is oo?
9. How far off is the average wife in her checkbook account each month?
10. Who won (A) the battle of Little Big Horn, (B) the Russo-Finnish war, and (C) the Civil War?

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PUBLIC NAY

likely to become a menace under the stigma of shame and ostracism. Penologists know jails are hotbeds of homosexuality. But in city court, scorn is written over the face of every official, and the prosecutor cannot resist a small-boy urge to mimic the affected voice of the young prisoner. The judge gives them each a stiff jail sentence.

Gradually, the crowd has been thinning. The last case is an acquittal, but the judge does not seem satisfied with his own finding of "not guilty." He dismisses the defendant with the words: "Get out of here now, and stay out!"

It is five minutes to twelve. "Court adjourned!"

The fresh air outside makes you aware of the foulness you have breathed.

I have given a composite description—about average. I have witnessed worse courts, and better. Every character and every incident in this court is a repetition of what I have seen in others.

That a spectator cannot tell what is going on during these proceedings is obvious. Far worse is the fact that the average defendant, his freedom in jeopardy, is equally confused. He is hauled before the bar, addressed in legalistic jabberwocky, accused of a statute violation by number, interrupted when he tries to speak, seldom apprised of his rights, then sentenced, often without his understanding even the charge against him.

In Detroit, a Negro brought to court on a writ (not even a warrant) in an assault case, paid a shyster $250 to defend him. The writ was promptly dismissed, but the Negro understood so little of the proceedings that he did not know he was free, and was preparing to pay the lawyer's demand of another $250 for a "trial" that would never take place, when a reporter discovered the despicable swindle and intervened.

His Honor Is Usually Tardy

Only twice during my two-and-a-half-months' investigation did I see a court which opened on time. At the convenience of a tardy judge, I found witnesses, defendants, lawyers, police and the public sometimes kept waiting as long as four and a half hours before court convenes—then they must wait for their cases to be called.

Generally, though, city courts are only 20 to 30 minutes late in opening. They rush through their calendars, trying to finish by lunchtime. This gives the judge, who in most big cities is paid as a full-time public servant, the afternoon off to golf, fish or mend his political fences. A study of St. Louis magistrates courts revealed that one "full-time" judge spent an average of from one to two hours a day in the Courts Building.

Small-town lower courts are frequently presided over by a justice of the peace who holds court only when it's necessary or convenient, often in a barbershop, business office or the judge's parlor. A California defendant in a traffic case discovered in the course of conversation with a justice of the peace that he had been tried, convicted and fined without realizing his trial had commenced.

Some municipalities demand that their judges inflict heavy fines, especially on out-of-towners—it swells the treasury, keeps taxes down. One Western town fired three judges in a year until it got one who handed out fines severe enough to balance the budget.

Fee System Enriches J. P.s

Instead of paying local justices of the peace a salary, some states permit them to pocket the court costs they assess. Not only does this encourage the notorious speed traps that swell the incomes of the justices of the peace, but it makes it next to impossible for a defendant to win a small-claims suit in these courts. For if the justice were to rule against the plaintiff, that gentleman might take his future "business" to some other justice.

"What our fellow citizens see and hear (and in some instances smell) in our police courts, our traffic courts and in proceedings before our justices of the peace quite naturally determines their idea of American Justice," says Chief Justice Arthur T. Vanderbilt of the New Jersey Supreme Court.

In our traffic courts the average citizen is more likely to see and hear bedlam compounded than the majesty of the law: smothered humanity spilling into the halls, the din of a political convention, bailiffs crying for order, clerks bawling out fines.

Much of this chaos and delay in the big-city traffic courts is the result of maladministration and inefficiency. What it amounts to is that the average person is judged, tried and sentenced by the traffic cop, because it is cheaper for him to pay his fine automatically to the Traffic Bureau than to plead not guilty and lose a day's income waiting around traffic court for a trial. Either that, or he gets his traffic summons fixed!

Recognizing these conditions, Justice Vanderbilt has written: "In many places traffic courts are in fact integral parts of

"You rustle up another dinner, honey, while I go fix the tire!"

COLLIER'S — DICK SHAW

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COLLIER'S "And if you can't keep up the payments, the finance company only repossesses the sections not paid for" JON CORKIN

the political rather than of the judicial system."

I sat in open traffic court in San Francisco for 30 minutes during which not a single case was called. The judge was too occupied with a procession of people whispering to him across the bench, turning in their summonses and walking away.

Of 45,000 traffic summonses handed out in Newark, New Jersey, in 1947, 15,000 were said to have been fixed.

New York City discovered that in a number of traffic cases marked "five dollars' fine" on the court records the defendants had actually paid much higher sums—in most cases, to avoid waiting hours in court. Court attachés were suspected of pocketing the difference.

A questionnaire was sent to 1,000 Philadelphians whose cases were marked "dismissed" in traffic court. Of the 900 who answered, many blatantly replied, "I saw my committeeman." But 248 of them said they had paid. The only logical conclusion was that they had paid some fixer, probably a ward leader, who pocketed the money and arranged the dismissal.

Publicity-loving show-offs on the bench have become such a menace that in many courts, such as one I visited in Missouri, smart defense attorneys plead with reporters to leave the room during the hearing of their cases "so the judge won't throw the book at the prisoner to get his name in the papers." A Cincinnati judge justified this practice with the explanation: "It's like any other selling job. If people keep seeing your name in the paper, they recognize it on the ballot."

In every big city there seems to be at least one judge whose opinions from the bench have given him the reputation of "Jew hater" or "Negro hater" or both. Many times this latter prejudice takes an odd turn, as expressed by a municipal judge in a Western city to a Negro defendant in a knifing case: "I don't care how much you people cut each other up. There'll be fewer of you and that's okay with me!" So saying, he freed the prisoner.

Negro leaders are fighting this attitude because it turns dangerous criminals back on the Negro communities.

These are the courts where you may have to look for justice someday, where your liberty or your property may be at stake, where you could be sentenced to as long as three years in jail.

Oh, yes, *you*.

The fact that you are a respectable citizen and have never been in trouble carries no immunity. Fifty per cent of the people arrested each year are in custody for the first time. The average person becomes involved with the lower courts at least once in his lifetime.

Anyone May Be a Criminal

Don R. Sanson, Chief Adult Probation Officer of Los Angeles, says, "I don't know anybody who at sometime or other couldn't be convicted of what is generally considered a serious crime. The 11,000 adults handled by our department annually are a perfect cross section of the community, weighted only by the more congested areas."

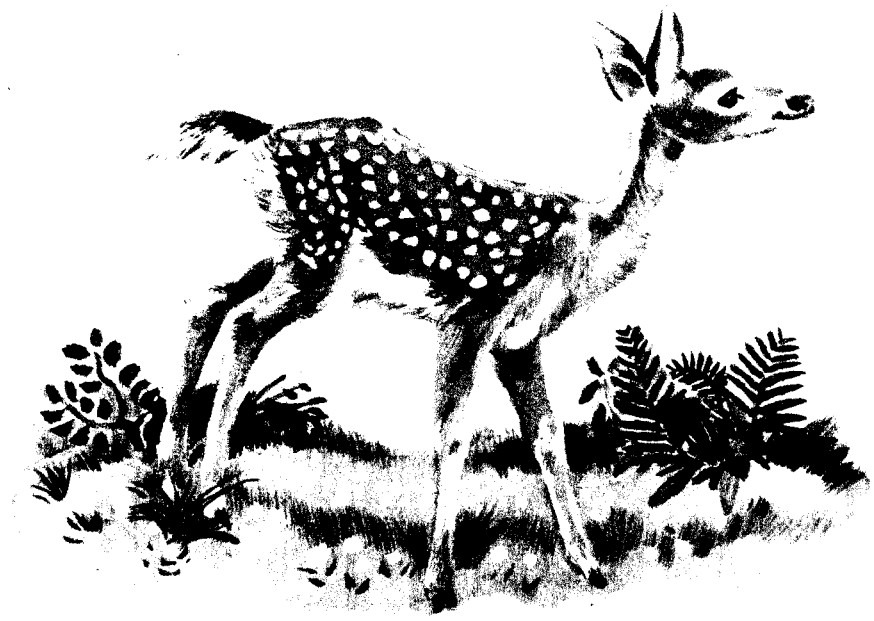
At the same time, we must depend on the lower courts for our protection against real criminals. Some of the gravest crimes in the statute books come before the lower courts first, and the lower courts can whitewash them or eliminate them.

Every mistake and misconduct of the lower courts may not mean a criminal's bullet in somebody's body, but at best it means money out of your pocket. The prostitutes routinely sentenced in these courts go back to prostitution, the alcoholics go back to alcohol, the gamblers never close shop even while paying their fines, and it all helps to pile up the cost of law enforcement which is already taxing Americans $6,000,000,000 a year.

The inferior courts are the people's perimeter in the battle against crime. The psychopath made sport of here may become a dangerous maniac, the sex offender treated with scorn instead of understanding may become the "fiend" of tomorrow's headlines, the petty thief introduced to this summary justice may become Public Enemy No. 1. In fact, they do.

Dillinger, Floyd, Bailey, the most dangerous killers of our times, were "graduated" from our lower courts.

Though they degrade our lower courts, judges almost inevitably bounce back into office when their terms expire. Ward leaders, not the people, pick them in many communities. Get the facts in the concluding installment of this amazing article. Read it in Collier's next week.



Facts about fawns...and hats

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Collier's
EDITORIAL

DONALD F. MOSS

Collier's believes...

This Is Worth Fighting For

COLLIER'S thinks intelligent, public-spirited citizens should support the recommendations of the Hoover Commission for the reorganization of the federal government.

Enough of the petty private interests are opposing it. It would be tragic to lose the great gains in governmental efficiency and economy that are now within our grasp.

Taxes are due to go up. The federal tax collector will try to take some 45 billion dollars. This sum is about as large as the national income of some 15 or 16 years ago. Surely anything that can be done should be done to avoid wasteful expenditures of the taxpayers' money.

Thanks to Herbert Hoover and the reorganization commission he has headed, we have the best opportunity we have ever had to simplify and make more efficient our federal government. Thanks also to President Truman, who has supported Mr. Hoover and his commission when it needed help.

This is a remarkable partnership: the President of the United States and the only living ex-President, combined with a Joint Congressional Commission to improve the effectiveness of the governmental organization.

Mr. Hoover and the commission—of which Dean Acheson, now Secretary of State, was vice-chairman—assembled task forces of about 300 citizens to make practical studies for improvement of the executive branches of the government. The structure of the government has been studied and considered more thoroughly and more constructively than at any other time in our history.

The opportunities for greater efficiency and larger economy are remarkable. The truth is that now nobody in the government, certainly not the Congress, knows or can know the actual costs of many of the great public enterprises.

Because of the way in which the government has been built up bit by bit with a law one year and an amendment the next, nobody has a comprehensive picture of what he is doing. A reservoir that may eventually cost $140,000,000 starts off as a $9,000,000 enterprise. Authority is so divided between bureaus and departments that no official gets the opportunity to see clearly and as a whole the project to which he may be assigned.

The Post Office Department, for example, is the product of such divided legislation. The ablest executive in the world—and the present Postmaster General is counted an able executive—has trouble guessing his way through his problems. Yet the Postmaster General, because of the laws under which he operates, must guess.

The opposition to change comes from the bureaus and those who have vested interests. The Army Engineers, for instance, is a public works agency largely employed in river and harbor improvement. The Hoover Commission suggested that the civilian responsibility of the Army Engineers be transferred to a public works agency.

Congress has subsequently been flooded with telegrams from businessmen protesting any revision. Such protests could have been inspired by contractors who have river and harbor contracts. The Army Engineers are a fine body of technically trained men. Like most human beings they resist change.

Obviously, however, the public interest ought not to be subordinated to the reluctance of men in bureaus to have their organizations made more effective and less costly.

Congress and President Truman need the help of an alert and an aroused public opinion if these petty pressures are to be resisted. We can't expect Congress to offend an active pressure group if the general public is apathetic.

The country owes a debt of gratitude to Herbert Hoover, who has been performing what he calls his last public service. Mr. Hoover has been working ten, twelve, sometimes eighteen hours a day to get this work done. It is a great achievement for a man who will be seventy-five years old on August 10th.

The bipartisan support made possible by the interest shown by the President in this project has been of great benefit to the public interest. If we ourselves, the voters, do as well, our government may be made more useful at less cost. That is a goal worth reaching. . . . W. L. C.

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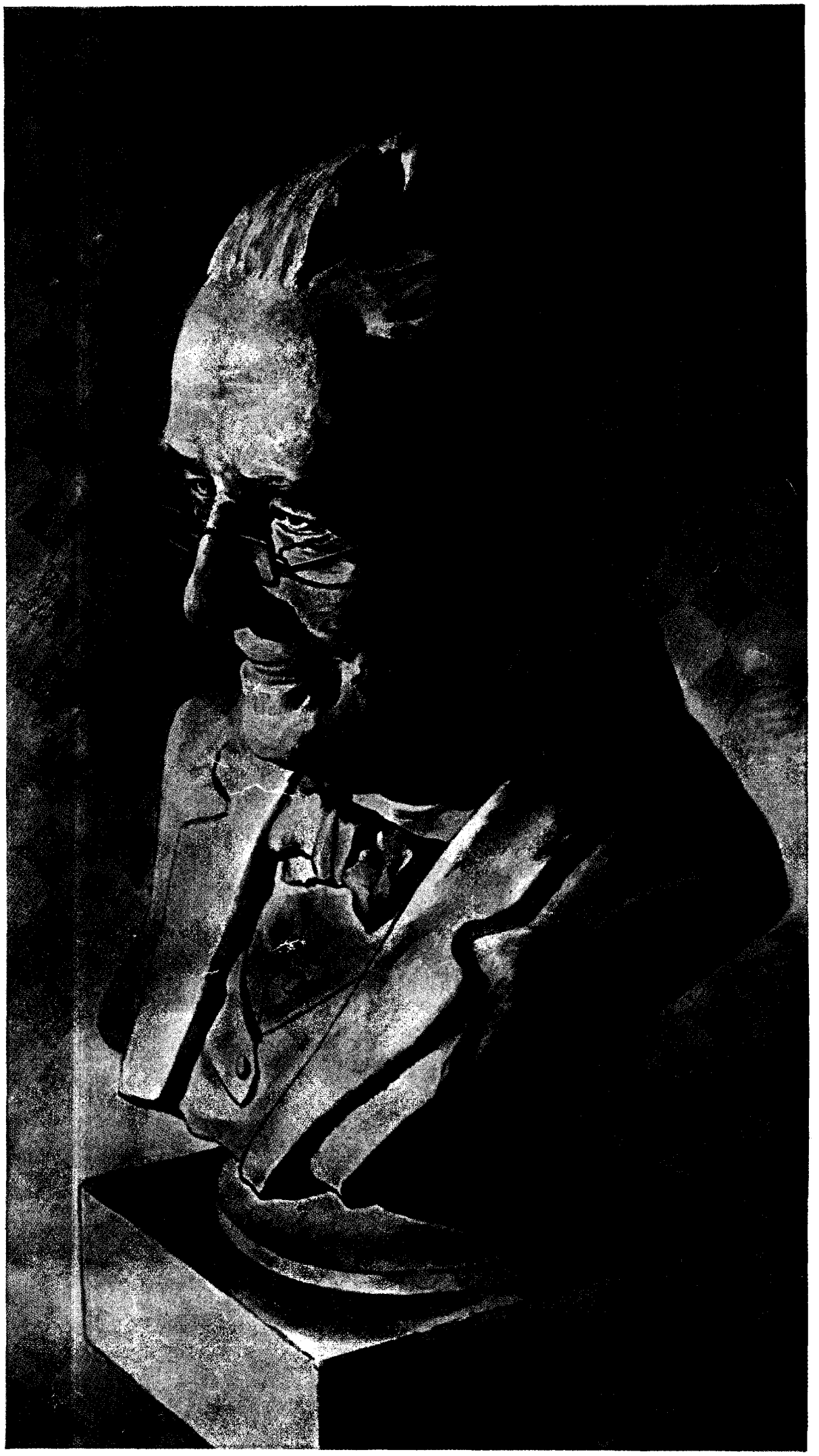

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